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The Writings
of
Matthew Prior

* *

MATTHEW PRIOR

Born 1664

Died 1721

MATTHEW PRIOR

111

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD

AND OTHER WORKS IN
PROSE AND VERSE

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.



CAMBRIDGE :
at the University Press

1907

PR 3641
W 31

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
C. F. CLAY, MANAGER.

London: FETTER LANE, E.C.

Glasgow: 50, WELLINGTON STREET.



Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

New York: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Bombay and Calcutta: MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

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NOTE.

THE present volume contains the whole of Prior's English literary works in prose and verse, other than those published in the folio of 1718, which were contained in the volume edited by me two years ago. It thus completes the publication of the text of Prior's writings as designed, and it is pleasant to remember that this publication has been undertaken by the Press for which Prior negotiated a purchase of Greek type when in Paris in 1700¹.

More than half the pages now published contain additions to the known writings of Prior, and, in respect of this, the thanks of all who are interested in the literature of the 17th and 18th centuries are due to the Marquess of Bath, who kindly permitted me to make an examination of the whole of Prior's literary papers preserved at Longleat, and who readily granted leave to the Syndics of the University Press to publish them. It is but rarely, now, that an addition of this bulk can be made to the works of a writer who exercised an abiding influence on the form of English verse, besides being a person of importance in his day.

The additions thus made are of varying importance. The prose *Dialogues of the Dead* seem to me to be among the best of their kind. They were read by Pope and thought 'very good,' and they were seen and praised by a few other and lesser people in the 18th century. The *Dialogue between Mr John Lock and*

¹ See J. E. B. Mayor, in *Notes and Queries*, S. ii, v. 5, p. 356.

NOTE

Seigneur de Montaigne, especially the encounter between John and Margaret, will be enjoyed by all lovers of Montaigne, and the lines on *Conscience*, a few of which have previously been printed in collected editions of Prior, can now be read, in their original and unabridged form, in the delightful *Dialogue between The Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas Moor*.

The poems now first printed consist of juvenile lines and mature verses, further addresses to the Lady Margaret, foundress of St John's—his Cambridge college, to which he was ever attached and to which he left his library—Hudibrastic lines, political verse, songs, an imperfect attempt at a theme frequently undertaken in his days (*A Session of the Poets*), light *vers de société*, personal addresses, ballads, translations, fragments intended for *Alma*, an *Answer to the Female Phaeton*, prologues, essays in blank verse, portions of an ambitious work on *Predestination*, epigrams and, perhaps finest and most characteristic of all, the three-line stanzas which, adapting a phrase in the poem, I have ventured to call *Fenny the Just*.

All these, together with a few fragments which I have kept only in my notes, are printed as found in the Longleat papers, where they are preserved in the form of rough originals or fair transcripts, the latter showing evidence here and there of correction. They have been printed from photographs or from transcripts, and any alterations I have made (which have been as few as possible) will be found indicated in the notes.

The appearance of the present volume has been considerably delayed in order to examine the anonymous poetry contained in miscellanies, collections of *State Poems* and other anthologies of the 18th century. It was natural to suppose that some of the Longleat

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poems would be found in these collections, for we know that much of Prior's work was published anonymously and much, it may be added, attributed to him upon the most flimsy evidence. Two or three of the Longleat poems and part of one song, as indicated in the notes, have been found by me in these anthologies or elsewhere, but nothing else has been discovered, or pointed out in answer to the list of titles and first lines which, by the courtesy of the editor, was printed in *The Athenæum* some few months ago. I need hardly add that if any of the poems now printed are recognised as occurring elsewhere, I shall be extremely obliged if the fact be communicated to me.

In addition to this fresh material, perhaps the most interesting result of the examination of the Longleat papers has been the discovery of fresh evidence as to the authorship of poems repudiated by Prior. In the preface to the edition of the poems contained in the folio, before I had had an opportunity of going through the Longleat papers, the opinion was expressed, based upon knowledge gained in collating Prior's earlier and later versions, that his disclaimer of the *Satyrs* might be regarded in a diplomatic sense. Both *Satyrs*, in their printed form, are preserved among the Prior papers at Longleat, and the *Satire upon the Poets, in Imitation of the Seventh Satire of Juvenal* has a hitherto unprinted and signed postscript in verse, which will be found in my notes (p. 389). These facts, and the very significant verse on p. 336 (ll. 25-8), seem to place the authorship of the poems beyond reasonable doubt.

Lastly, so far as the Longleat papers are concerned, the discovery that there are a great many more Latin poems by Prior than have hitherto been printed as his has caused me to leave out of the present edition

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the few Latin verses hitherto published with his poems. Limits of space seemed to urge that the present edition should be confined, as in the case of Cowley, to English writings. I had collected a few published items and done a certain amount of collation when I came to this decision, and it may be of interest to mention one slight matter. The Latin poem *On the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark, and the Lady Anne*, 'Conjunctum Veneri Martem, Danosque Britannis,' signed A. Prior, Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn., in certain editions, has, usually, a note attached to it signed K (= Kynaston) to the effect that 'This copy, notwithstanding the signature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious Matthew Prior.' Had editor or annotator referred to *Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis*, 1683, in which the poem first appeared, while 'the facetious Matthew Prior' was an undergraduate at St John's, it would have been seen 'beyond a doubt' that the printed signature to that poem is 'M. Prior.'

A few words seem necessary respecting the arrangement of the miscellaneous contents of this volume.

After *The Hind and the Panther*, in the notes to which will be found an interesting document, hitherto unprinted, abstracted from the Longleat papers, I have followed the text of Curll's *Supplement*. After the *Supplement*, I have followed the text of the *New Collection of Poems on Several Occasions. By Mr. Prior, and Others.*, a rare volume, published in 1725. A few trifling variations between the last printed and earlier appearances will be found in the notes. From p. 83 to p. 152 I have followed the two-volume edition of Prior's *Miscellaneous Works* 'Now first published from His | ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS. | Revised by Himself, and Copied fair for the | Press |

NOTE

By Mr. *ADRIAN DRIFT*, His Executor. | The SECOND EDITION. | LONDON: | Printed for the EDITOR, MDCCXL.' I have not reprinted the second volume of that compilation, containing THE | HISTORY | OF | *His Own Time*, because there appears to be doubt as to how much might fairly be regarded as Prior's; also, because the thorough examination of Prior's historical papers is, I understand, in the hands of the capable editors of the Historical MSS Commission. From p. 153 to p. 175 I have followed the text of the excellent edition that usually goes by the name of T. Evans, 1779. I have not been able to obtain much corroborative evidence that all the additional poems in Evans are by Prior, but, in the case of the *Songs*, I have been fortunate enough to find in the library of St John's College, Cambridge, a copy of the very rare music-book in which the songs were first published, and one verse is reprinted from it for the first time. On p. 364, are printed a few fugitive items collected by previous editors: others, which seemed unsupported by sufficient testimony or which rested on recollection only, have been omitted.

The Appendix of poems attributed to Prior has caused some trouble. Through the kindness of Mr T. J. Wise, who is always willing to place his unrivalled library of first editions at the service of students, I have had an opportunity of reading many rare 18th century poems, published separately in folio, quarto and octavo and attributed to Prior. There is practically nothing but internal evidence on which to rely, and I have not been able to persuade myself that more than a few of these can safely be attributed to Prior. Two are printed from rare copies in the possession of Mr Wise, and I wish to thank him for

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his leave to do this. Others, not printed, are mentioned by name in the notes. One, pointed out to me by Mr Wise, I have printed from Dodsley ; five, though not with any great feeling of certainty, from Lintott's undated *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems* ; one, the paraphrase, may be Dorset's.

It remains to thank other helpers for much kind assistance. Mr G. A. Brown helped me in the collation of some of the early issues, when I was not able to undertake it myself ; the Librarian and staff of the University Library, Cambridge, facilitated in every possible way the examination of the Longleat papers when they were kindly deposited in the Library by the Marquess of Bath for that purpose ; Mr J. Bass Mullinger, Mr J. H. A. Hart and Dr J. E. Sandys helped me in matters relating to St John's College ; Mr G. A. Aitken, Mr Austin Dobson and Dr G. F. Warner, of the British Museum, aided me in various ways ; and Mr R. A. Roberts, of the Public Record Office, helped me to obtain the first transcript of the *Dialogues*, when permission had been granted, and has, I am afraid, been frequently bothered by me since.

There are many questions raised by these poems, published or hitherto unpublished, which I should like to discuss, but this must be left until it is possible to publish a commentary upon them as a whole.

A. R. WALLER.

CAMBRIDGE,

10 May, 1907.

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THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER

TRANSVERS'D

To the Story of

The *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit. *Hind. Pan.*
Nec vult Panthera domari. Quæ Genus.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. Davis*, MDCLXXXVII.

PREFACE.

THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and this naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermits Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Atten[tion]. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book lu' the 17th, 24th,

PREFACE

and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him : But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the Word was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour ? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible ? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest ? Let it be always a Ch[u]rch, or always the cloven-footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every Line. If it is absurd [in] Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the language of the Court ; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther ? To [b]ring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School ? Tho[ugh] as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible ; Knowledg misunderstood is not at all better sense than Unde[r]standing misunderstood, though 'tis confess the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the Pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen : He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility ; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncombs was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, and at least what he aim'd at ; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen ? do they so much as Rhime ?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satyr, to see

PREFACE

his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us ; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind ; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him it seems, to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectuallly he publisht this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construētion Page 90.
we would put on his faults, tho he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What Pref.
else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him this Felicity, that there is no Page 87.
Seēt or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hostility ; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece ; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle ; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

THE
HIND
AND THE
PANTHER,

Transvers'd to the Story of the *Country and
the City-Mouse*

Bayes. Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

HAH! my old friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Swords point, for if you are not *come over to the Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.*

Johns. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *conscience* my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes. *Conscience!* Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the *marks* of your *Conscience* before I trust it, for if it be not of the same stamp with mine, Gad I may be *knockt down* for all your fair promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted, as a dog that has been worrying sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.*

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERSERS'D

Bayes. Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations on the Council of Trent*, and so Gentle-
men your humble Servant.——*Good life be now my Task.* Page 5.

Johns. Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your pallat? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *senses* must be *starv'd* that the *soul* may be *gratified*. Men of your Kidney make the *senses* the *supream Judg*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside. Page 21.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosie-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a *Turk*. Ibid.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

Bayes. *Such was I, such by nature still I am.* But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the *straight gate*. Page 5.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a *true Character*.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *Kings Health* to thee——Communicate.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the world ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your persuasion.

Job. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justifie our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no mans steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be asham'd for your *old friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the world so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach 'em to *heighten*, and *elevate a Fable*. I'll bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Asse* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defie all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

Pag. 1.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o're the Dairy rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn.*

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

Johns. Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cælestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith, Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkins Paws

Ain'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, Pag. 2.
Tho She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to dye.

Smith. How came She that *fear'd no danger* in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave: how was She *doom'd to Death*, if She was *fated not to dye*; are not *doom* and *fate*, much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay *Gentlemen*, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsy line, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half humane, half Divine.

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's, half Humane, half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother*.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. *Johnson*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse*, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Cburch*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signifie *Priests, Martyrs* and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oats's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to

MATTHEW PRIOR

bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiae*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Pag. 2.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood,
Whose sanguine Seed encreas'd the sacred Brood ;
She multipli'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own.*

Pag. 3.

Smith. Was She alone when the sacred Brood was encreas'd?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again ; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, tho the *Members* be encreas'd, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong ; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reign'd* ; had a *Diadem*, *Scepter* and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *encreas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I gad, and so She may before I have done with Her ; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

Pag. 3.

The common Hunt, She timorously past by,
For they made tame, *disdain'd Her company* ;
They grin'd, She in a fright *tript o're the Green*,
For She was *lov'd*, whereever She was *scen*.

Johns. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leasure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I gad, I'll warrant him, who ere he is, *offendet solido* ; but I go on.

Pag. 3.

The Independent Beast.—

Smith. Who is that Mr. *Bayes*?

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

Bayes. Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

—In groans *Her hate* express.

Which I gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for ought I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no, a *Hare*, a quaking *Hare*.—*Armarillis*, because She wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my self. Well, you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking *Hare*
Her cruel Foe, because *She would not swear*,
And had *profess'd neutrality*.

Pag. 3.

Johns. A shrew'd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had bin bloody Wars, tho they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next *Her*, the *Buffoon Ape* his body bent,
And paid at *Church a Courtier's* complement.

Pag. 3.

That *Gauls* somewhere; I gad I can't leave it off, tho I were cudgel'd every day for it.

The brisl'd Baptist Boar, impure as he.

Pag. 4.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'n take it as they will, I gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Pag. 86.

Was whiten'd with the foam of Sanctity.

Pag. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,

And pricks up.—Now in one word will I abuse the whole Party most damnably—and pricks up.—I gad, I am sure you'l Laugh—his *predestinating Ears*. Prethee Mr. *Johnson*, remember little *Bays*, when next you see a *Pres-*

MATTHEW PRIOR

byterian, and take notice if he has not *Predestination* in the shape of his *Ear*: I have studied men so long. I'll undertake to know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his *Wig*.

His predestinating Ears. I gad there's ne're a *Presbyterian* shall dare to show his *Head* without a *Border*: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. *Bays*, if any of 'em should come over to the *Royal Party*, would their *Ears* alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I gad, they would shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for the better within this two years.

Smith. Then if ever the *Party* should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change, may fall*.

Bayes. Mind, mind——

Pag. 11.

These fiery Zuinglius, meagre Calvin bred.

Smith. Those I suppose are some *Out-Landish Beasts*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Beasts; a good *Mistake*! Why they were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em in so bad *Company* because they were *Enemies* to my *Mouse*, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors*, *Captains*, *Horses* and *Horsemen* in the very same *Breath*. You shall hear how I go on now,

Pag. 39.

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd *this Class*,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass.

Pag. 11.

John. For all, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Yes, They were *all* lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a *Catholick Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*, and rose again at *Queenbith*.

The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark.

Pag. 11.

Here I put a *Quære*, Whether there were any *Socinians* before the *Flood*, which I'm not very well satisfied in? I have been lately apt to believe that the *World* was drown'd for that *Heresy*; which among *Friends* made me leave it.

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed
In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed.

Pag. 12.

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

Now to write something new and out of the way, to elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

John. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but my self. Well Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I do'nt know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: And then I'le tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors *creep servilely* after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

John. Could go on with 'em Mr. *Bayes*! there's no Body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

MATTHEW PRIOR

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the Coffee-House.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it Mr *Johnson*?

John. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an Hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail at the *French King*, and show that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

*The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden
Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning Pudding:
Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confessing still the softness of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }
Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire
Did over-boile him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled Blood.

John. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. *Bayes*.

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Bayes. Not at all: do's not *Virgil* bring in his *God Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

John. Ay Sir, but never thought his Hands the fittest to make a *Pudding*.

Bayes. Why do you imagin Him an Earthly dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'le tell you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and *Milton's*. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other *Mouse*, the *City Mouse*.

A spotted *Mouse*, the prettiest next the *White*,
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite, Pag. 16.
With *Phylæteries* on her Forehead spred,
Crozier in Hand, and *Miter* on her Head. Pag. 23.
Three Steeples Argent on her *Sable Shield*, Pag. 22.
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*. Pag. 84.

John. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but, as you have dress'd her, we do'nt know whether she be *Jew*, *Papist* or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore she's a spotted *Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

This Princess—

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left Hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot Pag. 20.
on her *Body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacileged*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This *Princess*, tho *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least Deform'd, because *Reform'd the least*. Pag. 23.

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, Pag. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grub'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.

MATTHEW PRIOR

There's a Jolly Mouse for you, let me see any Body else that can shew you such another. Here now have I one damnable severe, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me Mr. *Johnson*.

She———

Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,

John. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Page 63.

*Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.*

John. But does not this reflect upon some of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring my self off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer Point and Satyr all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish this Peice, the Scheme of Affairs was altered, and those People were no longer Beasts: Here was a Plunge now: Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this: But what do me I, but write a smooth delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satyr was not intended to them*, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! There's the Trick on't. Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnably I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joys Fests*.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

Seneca. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a Wolf as *Isgrim*? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort. Pag. 29.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose *fearful Face*
Bebeld from far the common watering Place,
Nor durst approach—— Pag. 29.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this Mouse is strangely alter'd, since she *fear'd no Danger*.

Bayes. Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet, fear either Man or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lyon bad her fear no more. Pag. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse *in view*,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew! Pag. 30.

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles, I let my self down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil*, to the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hiew!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so fond of me to find I can yet be so

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tender. I hate such a rough unhewen Fellow as *Milton*, that a Man must sweat to read Him; I'gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come
So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted Mouse*, the *Viceroy*!

Smith. But pray why d'e call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily: I'le call her the
Pag. 55. *Crown-General* presently if I've a mind to it. Well.

—————did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o're a sober Pot
Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
Pag. 31. She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame,
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came.

Pag. 32. Well, Gentlemen, here's my first part finish'd, and I think I have kept my Word with you, and given it the *Majestick turn of Heroick Poesy*. The rest being matter of *Dispute*, I had not such frequent occasion for the magnificence of *Verse*, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard *Men*, and considerable *Men* too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

John. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no small advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things myself, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* discourse, without ever troubling ones head with the Books of *Controversie*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed your knotty Reasonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but 'i gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em 'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm mistaken: and pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame, said the *Lady of the Spotted Muff*,
Methinks your Tiff is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.

Pag. 32.

There did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smোক ;
And the Weed worse than e're *Tom*. I—s took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave (†*she's earnest you see*) this hoary *Shed* and †*Poeta*
lonely Hills, *Loquitur*.

And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smোক at *Will's*.

What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,

When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?

Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go;

Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he nere was in 'em. But heark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head our selves we'll treat,

Champain our Liquor, and *Ragousts* our Meat.

Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,

To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.

With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the *Park*,

Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' *Dark*.

Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors

Of *English Manufactures*—*Pimps*, and *Whores*.

Pag 63.

John. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort of a *Manufecture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of Trade at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite

From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proselyte*.

Oh! with what ease we follow such a *Guide*,

Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratif'd.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now would not you think she's going? but I gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about Infallibility, before she stirs yet.

Pag. 69.

But here the *White*, by *observation wise*,
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,
 With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
 Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.
 Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right,
 Through the *brown horror* of the starless Night.

Pag. 37.

Hast thou *Infallibility, that Wight?*
Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.

Pag. 37.

That I deny, said the immortal Dame,
 There is a Guide—Gad I've forgot his Name,
 Who lives in *Heaven or Rome*, the Lord knows where,
 Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.

*Spotted
 Mouse,
 Loquitur.*

But heark you, Sister, this is but a Whim;
 For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him.

Here you see I don't trouble my self to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks* or *dapple Speaks* by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margent any-where else. Well now says *White*,

Pag. 69.

What need we find Him? we have certain proof
 That he is somewhere, *Dame*, and that's enough:
 For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,
 Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I Gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for her self, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprise.

Pag. 37.

Bayes. Every Jot, I Gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission* or *Reception* of Light, or

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

else about *Epsom-waters* ; but I think the last is most familiar ; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*.
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this dissention that they work by neither.

And I Gad, she's in the right on't ; but mind now, she comes upon her swop !

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I Gad, if they had been never so good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I*. Pag. 54.

There's a Surprize for you now ! How sneakingly t'other looks ? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one ? Who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly ? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this ; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they say,
Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay
Which I gad is new, and my own. } Pag. 101.
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.
Then on they jogg'd, *and since an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk* ;
As I remember said the sober Mouse,
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.
Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see
Priests sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea* ;
Here rugged Freeze, there *Quality* well drest,
These baffling the *Grand-Seignieur* ; those the *Test*.
And hear shrew'd guesses made, and reasons given,
That humane *Laws* were never made in Heaven. Pag. 111.
But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy *Eye-Balls* with a vast delight ;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,
Who do's i' th' *Darkness of his Glory sit*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Pag. 28.

*And as the Moon who first receives the light,
With which she makes these neither Regions bright ;
So does he shine, reflecting from a far,
The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star :*
For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.
From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense. }

Hah ! Is not that right, Mr. *Johnson* ? Gad forgive me he is fast a sleep ! Oh the damn'd stupidity of this Age ! a sleep ! Well, Sir, Since you're so drousy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard you all the while. *The white Mouse.*

Bayes. The white Mouse ! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your Servant.

John. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy Pardon, I was up late last Night, Prithee lend me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on ! Pox I don't know where I was, well I'll begin here ; mind, now they are both come to Town.

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive ;
But at *St. Clement's Church*, eat out the Back ;
And slipping through the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, Many a *young Templer* will save his shilling by this Stratagem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach ?

Bayes. No, I gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
Of *Clergy kind*, or Councillour *Chough* was there ;
Or Mr. *Dove*, a Pigeon of Renown,
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known,
Or Sister *Partlet*, with the Hooded head ;
No, Sir. She's boot'd hence, said *Will*, and fled.
Why so ? Because she would not pray a-Bed.

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Pag. 130.

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

John. aside. 'Sdeath! Who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

Bayes. Mr. *Johnson*, How d'e like that Box? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a *person* of *Honour* for looking over a Paper of Verses; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh! Here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence my *White* takes occasion to talk very well of *Tradition*.

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.
For as an *Author* happily compares
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every step I take my Spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

Page 45.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest Image in the World of a Mouses going up a pair of Stairs. *More a Wit, and more and more?*

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godsokers! Sure you won't serve me so: All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more; and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple stories, with a dry Moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfied with Beasts in the first course,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Varillas.

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serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for I gad I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once translating a very good *French Author*, but being something long about it, as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; What does this *Jack* do, but put's out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: so there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the World know, that he is a *tall, broad-back'd, lusty fellow*, of a *brown Complexion, fair Behaviour*, a *Fluent Tongue*, and *taking amongst the Women*; and to top it all, that he's much a *Scholar*, more a *Wit*, and owns but *two Sacraments*. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him—I gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why that he was much a *Scholar*, and more a *Wit*—

Bayes. Right; and his name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha!

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a *B*, which makes me sllily contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson*; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how *little Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Birds-Nest; and here's three hundred more, Translated from two *Paris Gazets*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czars of Muscovy*, and the *Emperour*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we nere had any *Bibles* at all.

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E're that *Gazet* was printed, said the *White*,
Our Robin told another story quite ;
 'This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
 My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
 By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
 And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.
 Words I confess *bound by, and trip so light*,
We have not time to take a steady sight ;
 Yet fleeting thus are plainer then when Writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

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Page. 3.

Hard things—Mr. *Smith*, if these two lines don't recom-
 pence your stay, ne'r trust *John Bayes* again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
God mends on second thoughts, but Man grows dull.

Page. 15.

I gad I judge of all Men by my self, 'tis so with me,
 I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true, is it not a
 little too severe ?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general reflections
 are daring, and savour most of a *noble Genius*, that spares neither
Friend nor *Foe*.

John. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that *daring*
 of your *noble Genius* ?

Bayes. Afraid ! Why *Lord* you make so much of a beating,
 I' gad 'tis no more to me than a Flea biting. No, No, if I can
 but be witty upon 'em, let 'em en lay on, I Faith, I'll ne'r
 baulk my fancy to save my Carkass. Well, but we must
 dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And, like the gaudy fly, their Wings display ;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well there's an end of the Entertainment ; and Mr. *Smith*,
 if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the
 best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks* : but here
 follows a dispute shall recommend it self, I'll say nothing for it.
 For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this
 while, trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the
 Wine ; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that

MATTHEW PRIOR

she has not one word to say for her self, but what I put in her Mouth ; and I gad, you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

Sirrab, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my tast, and to my Eyes unfine.
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it ; ah ! says *White*,
What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Pag. 38.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and *Deference*, which our Mouse pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah ! ah ! there she has nick't her, that's up to the Hilt, I gad, and you shall see *Dapple* resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes ?
Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes ?
And *palms* upon us *Catholic* consent,
To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
Says *White*, What ancient Evidence can sway,
If you must Argue thus and not obey ?
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands convey'd,
You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack,
Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontack*.
How long, alas ! would the poor Vintner last,
If all that drink must *judge*, and every *Guest* }
Be allowed to have an understanding *Tast* ? }
Thus she : Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,
With weak defence, against so strong a *Charge*.

Pag. 5.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's spotted, which is such a blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw off, I Gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her pride,
Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she *lyed*.

HIND AND PANTHER TRANSVERS'D

White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
And said her Prayers, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
T'other cry'd *Murthber*, and her *Rage restrain'd*:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd.
But now alas——

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*, I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so engaging; hear me but two Lines, I Gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas, I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things befel
These Birds of Beasts——

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*: 'tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: and a *Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you can't imagine. Pag. 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning Mice,
Were separated, banish'd in a trice.
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? There's a *Pathos*, I Gad, Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you: But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarm'd by this noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,
And speaking to the *Watch*, with head aside,
Said, Desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.

Pag. 135.

These *Gentlemen*, for so their Fate decrees,
Can n'ere enjoy at once the *But and Peace*.

Pag. 115.

When each have separate Interests of their own,
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

Pag. 144.

By *Schism* they are torn; and therefore, *Brother*,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,
Or in the *Stocks* all night her *Fingers* blow,
Or in the *Compter* lay, *concerns not us to know*.

} Pag. 98.

But the *immortal Matron*, *spotless White*,
Forgetting *Dapple's Rudeness*, *Malice*, *Spight*,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said, *Good Night*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Pag. 145.

*Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this Mouse,
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House.*

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I Gad.—

John. Come, let's see what we have to pay.

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such hast? You han't told me how you like it.

John. Oh, extreamly well. Here, Drawer.

FINIS.

A
SUPPLEMENT
TO
Mr. *Prior's* POEMS.

Consisting

Of such PIECES as are Omitted in the late Collection of his WORKS, and Others, now first Published, from his Original Manuscripts, in the Custody of his FRIENDS.

*Vain Monuments may Gild Precarious Fame,
A PRIOR bears a Statue in his Name.*

BECKINGHAM.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, at the *Dial* and *Bible*, over-against
Catherine-Street in the *Strand*. MDCCXXII.

(Price 1s. 6d.)



To the Right Honourable the
Countess Dowager of *DEVONSHIRE*,
ON A
Piece of *WISSIN'S*;

Whereon were all her GRANDSONS Painted.

By Mr. *PRIOR*.

WISSIN and *Nature* held a long Contest,
If She *Created*, or He *Painted* best;
With pleasing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew,
She still form'd *Fairer*, He still *Liker* drew.
In these Seven Brethren, they contended last,
With Art increas'd their utmost Skill they try'd,
And Both well pleas'd, they had Themselves, surpass'd,
The Goddess *Triumph'd*, and the Painter *Dy'd*.
That Both, their Skill to this vast Height did raise,
Be ours the Wonder, and be yours the Praise:
For here as in some Glass is well discry'd,
Only your self thus often multiply'd.

When Heaven had You and Gracious *Anna** made,
What more exalted Beauty could it add?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than Copy well, what it well fram'd before. }
If in dear *Burleigh's* generous Face we see
Obliging Truth, and Handsom Honesty;
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move
Reverence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones love:
His every Grace, his fair Descent assures,
He has his Mother's Beauty, She has yours.

* Eldest Daughter of the COUNTESS.

MATTHEW PRIOR

If ever *Cecill's* Face had every Charm
That Thought can Fancy, or that Heaven can Form;
Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,
They are all Fair, because they're all like You:
If every *Ca'ndish* great and charming Look,
From You that Air, from You the Charms they took.
In their each Limb your Image is exprest,
But on their Brow firm Courage stands confest;
There, their great Father by a strong Increase,
Adds Strength to Beauty, and compleats the Piece.
Thus still your Beauty in your Sons we view,
Wissin Seven-Times one great Perfection drew,
Whoever sate, the Picture still is You.
So when the Parent Sun with genial Beams,
Has Animated many goodly Gems;
He sees himself improv'd, while every Stone,
With a resembling Light, reflects a Sun.
So when great *Rhea* many Births had given,
Such as might govern Earth, and People Heaven;
Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
She saw the Deity in every Son:
And to what God soe'er Men Altars rais'd,
Honouring the Off-spring, they the Mother prais'd.
In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys
Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys:
Your stronger Beauty, Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your Race.

Ah! *Wissin*, had thy Art been so refin'd,
As with their Beauty to have drawn their Mind,
Thro' circling Years thy Labours would survive,
And living Rules to fairest Virtue give
To Men unborn, and Ages yet to live;
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what Time, or Spight, or Fate could do,
'Till Thine confus'd with Nature's Pieces lie,
And *Cavendish's* Name, and *Cecill's* Honour Die.

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

The Female PHAETON.

I.

THUS *Kitty**, Beautiful and Young,
And wild as Colt untam'd;
Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forsaken?
Kitty's for other Things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,
And Visit with her Cozens?
At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,
And bring Home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she Better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should Die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my *Earl*, as well as *She*,
Or know the Reason why.

* Lady KATHERINE HYDE: To whom, this, and the following Copy was sent, by the late Honourable *Simon Harcourt*, Esq;

MATTHEW PRIOR

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,
Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty at Heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.

The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN KNELLER'S Works of various Grace,
Were to fair VENUS shown,
The Goddess spy'd in every Face
Some Features of Her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand)*
So shone, says she, my Eyes,
When from Two Goddesses I gain'd
An Apple for a Prize.

III.

When in the Glass and River too,
My Face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the Glass be true,
If true the Chrystal Flood.

IV.

In Colours of this glorious kind†
Apelles painted me;
My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
Sprung from my Native Sea.

* *To the Picture of Lady RANELAUGH.*

† *Picture of the Lady SALISBURY.*

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

V.

Like this, disorder'd, wild, forlorn*,
Big with Ten Thousand Fears,
Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,
Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art
Has far surpass'd Thine here.

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,
By *Myra* am outdone,
And must resign to her the Prize,
The Apple, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had MYRA seen
Majestically Fair,
The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,
The gay and easy Air.

[IX.]

With Fiery Emulation fill'd,
The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,
Apelles, must to *Kneller* yield,
Or *Venus*, must to *HYDE*.

* *Lady JANE DOUGLAS, Sister to the Duke of DOUGLAS.*

MATTHEW PRIOR

SONG

To his Mistress.

I.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot Desire,
In vain, cold Friendship you return ;
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah ! wou'd you have the Flame supprest
That kills the Heart it heals too fast,
Take half my Passion to your Breast,
The rest in Mine shall ever last.

AN

ODE,

In Imitation of the *Second Ode* of the
Third Book of HORACE.

Written in the Year 1692.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lie*
In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
By which thy close thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes ;

*

*Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati
Robustus acri Militiâ Puer
Condiscat, & Partbos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.*

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

Or Wake degenerate Isle, or cease to own
What thy old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won.
WILLIAM, (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;

Thy Father to the Field is gone:
Again MARIA Weeps Her absent Lord;
For thy Repose content to rule alone.
Are Thy Enervare Sons not yet Alarm'd?
When WILLIAM Fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their Ancient Fame restor'd,
As nor to melt at Beauties Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword?

II.

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,
Her Vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:
The Fogs around Her Temples are Dispell'd;
Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd *Belgia* stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lords Command;
Her Lions Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in Her Hand;
And Blushing to have been so long withheld,
Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field:
* Hen[ce]forth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous Toil and Active War:

To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat;
And only Grieve in Winter's Camps to find,
Its Days too short for Labours They design'd:
All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to Watch;
All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach;
And all the rugged Paths to tread,
Where WILLIAM and His Virtue lead.

III.

† Silence is the Soul of War;
Deliberate Counsel must prepare
The Mighty Work which Valour must compleat:
Thus WILLIAM Rescu'd, thus Preserves the State;

* *Vitamque sub Dño & trepidis agat
In rebus.*

† *Est & fideli tuta silentio
Merces, &c.*

MATTHEW PRIOR

Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare ;
As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to Breathe
 Avenging Anger and Swift Death,
In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
 And now too late the Dying Foe
Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;
So whilst in WILLIAM's Breast ripe Counsels lie,
Secret and sure as Brooding Fate,
No more of His Design appears
Than what Awakens *Gallia's* Fears ;
And (tho' Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coasts and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo! the Impending Storms begin :
Britannia safely thro' her Master's Sea
 Plows up her Victorious Way.
The *French Salmoneus* throws his Bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :
'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
 Swift Victory in vengeful Flames
Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names.
They run to Shipwreck to avoid our Fire,
And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast
Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost :
All this the Mild, the Beauteous Queen has done,
And WILLIAM's softer Half shakes *Lewis'* Throne :
 MARIA does the Sea command,
Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husbands Arms by Land,
So, the Sun absent, with full sway the Moon
Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;
So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
Iß Britannia! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow Thy Queen ordains :
Thus Rescu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,
And Bless the Counsel, and Reward the Hand,
Iß Britannia! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

V.

*From MARY's Conquests, and the Rescu'd Main,
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre's* armed Shore,
 And boast her Joy for WILLIAM's Death no more.
 He lives; let *France* confess, the Victor lives:
 Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
 And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
 The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
 In which *That One* of *Lewis'* many Wives,
 Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,
 Has long enthral'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
 Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high
 Cast around her mournful Eye,
 And with Prophetick Sorrow cry:
 Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
 Why does despair provoke his Age to fight?
 As well the Wolf may venture to engage
 The angry Lyon's gen'rous Rage;
 The rav'nous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,
 As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's flight,
 As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
 Yon' Hero, crown'd with blooming Victory,
 Just triumphing o'er Rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from Battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty Fields quite cover'd o're
 With Hostil Troops, and ORANGE at their Head,
 ORANGE destin'd to compleat
 The great Designs of lab'ring Fate,
 ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more:
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallick* Throne,
Darius flies, young *Ammon* urges on.

*

—————*Illum ex manibus hosticis*
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo
Suspiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperam
Tactu leonem quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira Cædes.

MATTHEW PRIOR

VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingl'd Heat,
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing*,
 Impatient to secure a base Retreat:
 Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
 For the vile privilege to breathe,
 To live with shame in dread of glorious Death.
 In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes Him in the Rear,
 Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the Ground,
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;
 Whilst thro' the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,
 Virtue carries on Success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguisht Brave,
 And Armies cannot hurt, whom Angels save.

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives†,
 Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives:
Æneas suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
 The Hero's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's Thought,
 Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage,
 Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age:
 Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
 With Drum's Alarms, and Trumpet's Sounds,
 Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
 From Danger as from Honour far,
 He bribes close Murder against open War:
 In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive
 With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
 Your mould'ring Monuments in vain ye raise
 On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:

* *Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori,
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur Virum
 Nec parit imbellis Juventæ
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.*

† *Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus
 Nec ponit aut sumit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are Prophane,
'Tis Incense to an Idol giv'n,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus*'s Man,
That had no Soul from Heav'n.
Against his Will you chain your frighted King
On rapid *Rhine*'s divided Bed ;
And mock your Hero, whilst ye Sing
The Wounds for which he never bled ;
Falshood does Poyson on your Praise diffuse,
And *Lewis*' Fear gives Death to *Boileau*'s Muse.

VIII.

On its own Worth True Majesty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own Reward,
With solid Beams and Native Glory bright,
She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light ;
True to Her self, and fix'd to inborn Laws,
Nor sunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,
She from her settl'd Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death a Prison or a Crown.
When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
To foreign Arms, and inward Strife a Prey,
Whilst *One Good Man* buoy'd up Her sinking State,
And Virtue labour'd against Fate ;
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot*'s Mind ;
When Storms let loose, and raging Seas
Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm ;
Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,
And dazling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
Cou'd lure his stubborn Virtue down ;
But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He stood,
To that which was severely good ;
Then, had no Trophies justify'd his Fame,
No Poet bless'd his Song with *NASSAU*'s Name,
Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
And Heav'n as plainly pointed out the KING,
As when he at the Altar stood,
In all his Types and Robes of Powr,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whilst at his Feet Religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there Adore.

IX.

Say, Joyful *Macze*, and *Boyne's* Victorious Flood,
(For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)
When WILLIAM's Armies past, did He retire,
Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire?
Could He believe His Person was too dear?
Or use His Greatness to conceal his Fear?
Could Pray'rs and Sighs the dauntless Hero move?
Arm'd with Heav'ns Justice and His People's Love,
Thro' the first Waves He wing'd his vent'rous Way
 And on the Adverse Shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)
Like the great Ruler of the Day,
With Strength and Swiftmess mounting from the Seas:
Like Him, all Day He Toil'd; but long in Night
 The God had eas'd His weary'd Light,
 E're Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,
 Or WILLIAM's Labours found Repose,
When His Troops falter'd, stept not He between;
 Restor'd the dubious Fight again,
 Mark'd out the Coward that du[r]st fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still as She fled Him, did He not o'ertake
Her doubtful Course, still brought Her bleeding back?
By His keen Sword did not the Boldest fall?
Was He not King, Commander, Soldier, All——?
His Danger's such, as, with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet unborn shall Weep to Read,
And were not those the only Days that e'er
 The Pious Prince refus'd to hear
His Friends Advices, or His Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where-e'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns;
To *Belgia's* sav'd Dominions, and the Sea,
Whose righted Waves rejoice in WILLIAM's Sway,

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
'Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for here *ORANGE* Fought,
'Thro' rapid Waters, and thro' flying Fire :
'Here rush'd the Prince, here made whole *France* retire.—
By diff'rent Nations be this Valour blest,

In diff'rent Languages confest,
And then let *Shannon* speak the rest :
Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
And only as'kd some Lives to bribe her o'er.
The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,
And scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With so much Pow'r such Piety did join,
As made a Perfect Virtue soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share
The Prosp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign ;
His Enemies approve the Pious War,
Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain :
More than his Sword, His goodness strikes his Foes,
They Bless his Arms, and Sigh they must oppose.
Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great :
Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
If He were more a Victor, or a Friend :
So much his Courage and his Mercy strive ;
He Wounds, to Cure ; and Conquers, to Forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes, that have Fought your Country's Cause,
Redress'd Her Injuries, or Form'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,
Assist the Pious Muse, and hear her Swear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no flight of Youth,
But solid Story, and severest Truth,

MATTHEW PRIOR

That WILLIAM Treasures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age can Boast :
*And all that Ancient Stock of Fame
He did from His Fore-Fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with Int'rest back ;
And in His Constellation does unite
Their scatter'd Rays of Fainter Light :
Above or Envy's Lash, or Fortune's Wheel,
That settl'd Glory shall for ever dwell,
Above the Roling Orbs and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e're shall Die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd Vessel born,
By Potent Winds too subject to be tost ?
And in the Sea of WILLIAM's Praises lost ?
Nor let Her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore,
Where our abandon'd Youth She sees
Shipwreck'd in Luxury, and lost in Ease ;
Whom nor *Britannia's* Danger can alarm,
Nor WILLIAM's Exemplary Virtue warm :
Tell 'em howe're, the King can yet Forgive
Their guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,
And let their wounded Honour live :
But sure and sudden be their just Remorse ;
Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its Course ;
†For tho' for certain Years, and destin'd Times,
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes ;
Tho' *Jove* seem'd Negligent of Human Cares,
Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs ;

* *Virtus recludens immeritis Mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ
Cætusque vulgares & udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna,*

† *— — Sape Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum
Raro antecedentem Scelustum
Deseruit pede Pana Claudio.*

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

His Justice now Demands the Equal Scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth Prevails:
Fate its Great Ends by slow Degrees Attains,
And *Europe* is redeem'd, and WILLIAM Reigns.

AN
EPISTLE
TO
Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.

WHEN Crowding Folks, with strange Ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And some with Patents, some with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord DORSET's Spirit:
Sneaking, I stood, among the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the Clock struck thrice,
And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-post to send a Letter.
Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little Place,
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much Need, and very small Desert.
When e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted,
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle:
Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting
Kind as I'd been your own begetting;

MATTHEW PRIOR

Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens
 As SUNDERLAND has left *Mun.* STEPHENS.
 No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dogs Estate :
 Nor Parish if they once adopt
 The spurious Brats that Strowlers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up Lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows :
 No thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttl'd 'em at Nurse,
 My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving ;
 Taught me with Cyder to replenish
 My Vats or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
 So when for Hock I drew Prickt White-wine,
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right Wine :
 Or sent me with ten Pounds to *Furni-*
Vall's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney ;
 Where now by forging Deeds and cheating,
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
 All this you made me quit to follow
 That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo.*
 Sent me among a Fidling Crew
 Of Folks, I'ad never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christian People
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way,
 And your Petitioner shall pray—

There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
 But they may do as well in Post-script ;

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

My Friend CHARLES MOUNTAGUE's prefer'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one *Mouse* eats while t'other's starv'd.

A SATIRE ON THE Modern TRANSLATORS.

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

SINCE the united Cunning of the Stage
Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age :
Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,
Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own :
Thumb'd *Rider* with a Catalogue of Rhimes,
Makes the compleatest Poet of our Times :
Those who with Nine Months Toil had spoil'd a Play,
In hopes of Eating at a full Third Day,
Justly despairing longer to sustain
A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Attuning for bad Plays, with worse Translations ;
And like old *Sternbold*, with laborious Spite,
Burlesque what nobler Muses better write ;
Thus while they for their Causes only seem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So breaking Vintners to increase their Wine,
With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine
So barren *Gypsies* for recruit are said
With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade ;

MATTHEW PRIOR

But lest the fairer Bantling should be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the Head of this Gang to *John Dryden* appears,
But to save the Town-censure, and lessen his Fears,
Join'd with a Spark, whose Title makes me civil,
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil;
Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
That the Translation is a work for two;
Who in one Copy join'd, their Shame have shown,
Since TATE could spoil so many, tho' alone:
My Lord I thought so generous would prove,
To scorn a Rival in Affairs of Love:
But well he knew his teeming Pangs were vain,
Till Midwife *Dryden* eas'd his labouring Brain;
And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arse;
So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyful Hollow,
He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.
But how could this learn'd Brace employ their time?
One constru'd sure, while t'other pump'd for Rhime:
Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds:
This from his Partners Acts ensures his Name,
Oh *Sacred Thirst* of everlasting Fame!
That could defile those well-cut Nails with Ink,
And make his *Honour* condescend to think:
But what Excuse, what Preface can atone
For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done?
Bayes, whose *Rose-Ally* Ambuscade injoin'd
To be to Vices which he practis'd kind,
And brought the Venom of a spiteful *Satire*,
To the safe Innocence of a *dull Translator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought most fit
To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* Wit,
And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
When I behold the Rovings of his Muse,
How soon *Assyrian* Ointment she would lose
For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shoes.

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,
 And in Heroicks *Canacè* deplores
 Her Follies louder than her Father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme;
 In lofty Verse make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer Airs *St. Catharine's* Dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last Ages Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er could hit;
 His envy should at powerful *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
 His Sacrelege should plunder *Shakespear's* Urn,
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return,
 To bear a second Death, and greater Pain,
 While the Fiend's Words the Oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,
 The Pyrate would to foreign Borders roam;
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,
 And have his Works or Dictionary lost!
 That he may know what *Roman Authors* mean,
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Behn*.

The Female Wit, who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing *Ovid's* Verse, but *Sands's*;
 She Might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd Grace,
 (Which little helps the Ruin of her Face)
 That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art:
 Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown
 As much of Skill, as Lewdness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,
 Take a new Copy for a second Rover:
 Describe the Cunning of a Jilting Whore,
 From the ill Arts her self has us'd before;
 Thus let her write, but *Paraphrase* no more.

Rymer to *Crambo* Privilege does claim,
 Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name;
 Which Providence in contradiction meant,
 Tho' he Predestination could prevent,
 And with bold Dulness translate Heav'ns Intent.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Rash man! we paid thee Adoration due,
 That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you :
 Each little Wit to your Tribunal came
 To hear their Doom, and to secure their Fame :
 But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,
 Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bays ;
 While wise Reflections, and a grave Discourse,
 Declin'd to *Zoons a River for a Horse*.
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
 From sleeping Judges to the noisy Crew ;
 Chang'd awful Ermin for a servile Gown,
 And to an humble Fawning smooth'd his Frown,
 The Simile will differ here indeed ;
 You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painful *Creech* my last Advice descends,
 That he and Learning would at length be Friends ;
 That he'd command his dreadful Forces home,
 Nor be a Second *Hannibal to Rome*.
 But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow ;
 Nor may thy Fate, O *Rome*, resist his Vow ;
 Debarr'd From Pens as Lunaticks from Swords,
 He should be kept from waging War with Words :
 Words which at first like Atoms did advance
 To the just Measure of a tuneful Dance,
 And jump't to form, as did his Worlds, by *Chance*.
 This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town ;
 The Wits confirm'd his Labours with Renown,
 And swear the early Atheist for their own.
 Had he stopt here—— but ruin'd by Success,
 With a new Spawn he fill'd the burden'd Press,
 Till as his Volumes swell'd, his Fame grew less.
 So Merchants flatter'd with increasing Gain,
 Still tempt the Falshood of the doubtful Main :
 So the first running of the lucky Dice,
 Does eager Bully to new Betts intice ;
 Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
 And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* won.
 Witness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
 Which better have I heard my Nurse relate ;

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

The Matron suffers Violence again,
 Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile, as *Crecch's* Pen ;
 Witness those heaps his Midnight Studies raise,
 Hoping to Rival *Ogilby* in Praise :
 Both writ so much, so ill, a Doubt might rise,
 Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize ;
 Had not the first the Town with Cuts appeas'd,
 And where the Poem fail'd, the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner Rank, I could rehearse,
 But will not plague your Patience, nor my Verse :
 In long Oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their Writings, may their Folly die.
 Now, why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very Book an Exile too,
 In Words more barb'rous than the place he knew ?
 If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated ?
 Had he foreseen some ill-officious Tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song ;
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just Performance of his wise Intent :
 Smiling h'had seen his Martyr'd Work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes, than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may those Thefts excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the Draught of *Homer's* Muse :
 That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* Lyre was strung,
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung.
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould
 They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold :
 Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse ;
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the Lyric up to Rhime,
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime :
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
 To ravish *Milk-maids* in our *English* Plains ;
 And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our Shore,
 Must like our Locust *Hugonots* be poor ;
 I'd bid th' importing Club their Pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely Ware,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,
I'd like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin;
Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for Wit;
And praise what *Durfey*, not Translating, writ.

A SATIRE upon the POETS, in Imitation of the Seventh SATIRE of Juvenal.

Et Spes & ratio studiorum, &c.

SIR,

ALL my Endeavours, all my Hopes depend
On you the Orphans, and the Muses Friend;
The only great good Man, who will declare
Virtue and Verse the object of his Care;
And prove a Patron in the worst of Times,
When hungry *Bayes* forsakes his Empty Rhymes,
Beseeching all true Cath'licks Charity,
For a poor prostitute which long did lie,
Under the Mortal Sins of Verse, and Heresy. }

Shadwell, and starving *Tate* I cease to name,
Poets of all Religions are the same:
Recanting *Settle* brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge* Fair;
Protests his Tragedies and Libels fail
To yield him Paper, Penny-loaves and Ale,
And bids our Youth by his Example fly
The Love of Politicks, and Poetry.

And all Retreats except *New-Hall* refuse
To shelter *Durfey*, and his Jocky Muse;
There to the Butler, and his Grace's Maid,
He turns, like *Homer*, Sonneteer for Bread;
Knows his just Bounds, nor ever durst aspire
Beyond the swearing Groom, and Kitchin fire.

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
To clinking Numbers fatally design'd?
Who by his Parts would purchase Meat, and Fame,
And in new Miscellanies plant his Name;
Were my Beard grown, the Wretch I'd thus advise,
Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wise;
Take heed, nor be by gilded Hopes betray'd,
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegasus* a Jade;
By Verse you'll starve: *John Saul* cou'd never live,
Unless the Bellman made the Poet thrive;
Go rather in some little Shed by *Pauls*,
Sell *Chevy-chase*, or *Baxter's* Salve for Souls,
Cry Rarree-Shows, sell Ballads, transcribe Votes,
Be *Carr*, or *Keach*, or any thing but *Oates*.

Hold, Sir, some Bully of the Muses cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical, than Wise;
You rail at Verse indeed, but rail in Rhyme,
At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.

True, Sir, I write and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due;
Yet with your leave I'd honestly dissuade
Those wretched Men from *Pinus* barren shade:
Who tho' they fire their Muse, and rack their Brains
With blustering *Heroes*, and with piping Swains,
Can no great patient giving Man engage
To fill their Pockets, and their Title-Page.
Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
By Penny Elegies to get my Bread,
Or want a Meal unless *George Croom* and I
Could strike a Bargain for my Poetry,
I'd damn my Works to wrap up Soap and Cheese,
Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices
To burn the Pope, and celebrate Queen *Bess*.

But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming Crew,
Obtain the empty Title of a Wit,
And be a free-cost, Noisy in the Pit;
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Laurel, and a meager Face.

MATTHEW PRIOR

And may just Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou, blest Author, seest thy deathless Song,
The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And find'st thy Picture starch'd 'gainst Suburb Wall,
With *Johnny Armstrong*, and the Prodigal.

And to compleat the Curse——

When Age and Poverty comes faster on,
And sad Experience tells thou art undone.
May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
Ten Pounds a Year to pay for Bed and Board;
Till void of any fix'd Employ, and now
Grown useless to the Army and the Plow,
You've no Friend left, but trusting Landlady,
Who stows you on hard Truckle, Garret high,
To dream of Dinner, and curse Poetry.

Sir, Iv'e a Patron, you reply. 'Tis true,
Fortune and Parts you say may get one too :
Why faith e'en try, Write, Flatter, Dedicate,
My Lord's, and his Forefathers Deeds relate :
Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways,
To shun a needy Poets fulsom Praise ;
Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condescend to be
A Poet, tho' perhaps a worse than Thee.

Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend,
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend ;
Receives your twelve long Months succesless Toil,
And talks of Authors, Energy, and Stile ;
Damns the dull Poems of the scribbling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own,
Whilst thou in Complaisance oblig'd, must sit
T' extol his Judgment and admire his Wit ;
And wrapt with his *Essay on Poetry*
Swear *Horace* writ not half so strong as He,
But that we're partial to Antiquity.
Yet this Authentick Peer perhaps scarce knows
With jingling sounds to tag insipid Prose,

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

And should be by some honest **Manly* told,
He'ad lost his Credit to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry hopes of kind third Day,
And he believes that in thy Dedication
Thou'lt fix his Name, not bargain for the Station,
My Lord his useless Kindness then assures,
And to the utmost of his Pow'r he's yours ;
How fine your Plot, how exquisite each Scene !
And play'd at Court, would strangely please the Queen.
And you may take his Judgment sure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry ;
And might with equal Judgment have put in
For Poet-Laureat as Lord *Chamberlain*.

All this you see and know, yet cease to shun ;
And seeing, knowing, strive to be undone.
So kidnapt Dutchess once beyond *Gravesend*,
Rejects the Council of recalling Friend ;
Is told the dreadful Bondage she must bear,
And sees unable to avoid the Snare.
So practic'd Thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
Forgets the Sentence, and persues the Trade.
Tho' yet he almost feels the Smoaking Brand,
And sad *T. R.* stands fresh upon his Hand.
The Author then, whose daring hopes would strive
With well-built Verse to keep his Fame alive,
And something to Posterity present,
That's very New and very Excellent ;
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
Beyond what *Bayes* can write, or I describe ;
Shou'd in substantial Happiness abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with plenty Crown'd.
No early Duns should break his Learned Rest,
No sawcy Cares his Nobler Thoughts molest,
Only the *God* within should shake his labouring Breast. }

In vain we from our Soneteers require,
The Height of *Cowley's* and *Anacreon's* Lyre.

In vain we bid 'em fill the Bowl,
Large as their capacious Soul,

* The Chief Character in Mr. *Wycheberley's plain Dealer*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Who since the King was crown'd ne'er tasted Wine,
But write at sight, and know not where to dine.
In vain we bid dejected *Settle* hit
The Tragick Flights of *Shakespear's* towring Wit;
He needs must miss the Mark, who's kept so low,
He has not strength enough to draw the Bow.
Sedley, indeed, and *Rochester* might write
For their own Credit, and their Friends Delight,
Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,
As in their Fortunes, in their Writings too.
But should Drudge *Dryden* this Example take
And *Absaloms* for empty Glory make,
He'd soon perceive his Income scarce enough,
To feed his nostril with inspiring Snuff;
Starving for Meat, not surfeiting on Praise,
He'd find his Brains as barren as his *Bayes*.

There was a Time when *Otway* charm'd the Stage,
Otway the Hope, the Sorrow of our Age;
When the full Pit with pleas'd attention hung,
Wrapt with each accent from *Castalio's* Tongue.
With what a Laughter was his Soldier read!
How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* struck, and Bled!
Yet this best Poet, tho' with so much ease,
He never drew his Pen but sure to please;
Tho' lightning were less lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' Pit,
He had of's many Wants much earlier dy'd,
Had not kind Banker *Betterton* supply'd,
And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
Till he could pay himself the next *third Day*.
Were *Shakespear's* self to live again, he'd ne'er
Degenerate to a Poet from a Player.
Now *Carlisle* in the new-rai'd Troop we see,
And chattering *Mountfort* in the Chancery;
Mountfort how fit for Politicks and Law,
That play'd so well Sir *Courtly* and *Jack Daw*.
Dance then attendance in slow *Mulgrave's* Hall,
Read Maps, or court the Sconces till he call;

A SUPPLEMENT, ETC.

One Actor's Commendation shall do more
Than Patron now, or Merit heretofore.
Some Poets I confess, the Stage has fed,
Who for Half Crowns are shown, for two Pence read;
But these not envy thou, but imitate,
Much rather starve in *Shadwel's* silent Fate,
Then new vamp Farces, and be damn'd with *Tate*.
For now no *Sidneys* will three hundred give,
That needy *Spenser* and his Fame may live;
None of our new Nobility will send
To the *King's Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend*.
Chymists and Whores by *Buckingham* were fed,
Those by their honest Labours gain'd their Bread;
But he was never so expensive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for his Wit;
And *Cowley* from *Hall-Clifden* scarce could have
One grateful Stone, to shew the World his Grave.
Pembroke lov'd Tragedy and did provide
For Butcher's Dogs, and for the whole Bankside;
The Bear was fed, but Dedicating *Lee*,
Was thought to have a larger Paunch than he.
More I could say, but care not much to meet
A Crabtree Cudgel in a narrow Street.
Besides, your Yawning prompts me to give o'er:
Your humble Servant, Sir, not one word more.

* *Nat Lee*.

FINIS.

EPITAPH *Extempore*.

Heralds, and *Statesmen*, by your leave,
Here lye the BONES of MATTHEW PRIOR;
The SON of ADAM and of EVE,
Can BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher?

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE TURTLE *and the* SPARROW.

A TALE.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Eugh* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles* by the bye,
Can think as well as *You* or *I*:
But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shows by *T*, and *S*.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his Tomb:
Sing *Philomel* his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious *Redbreasts* deck his Herse:
Fair *Swans* extend your Dying-Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friends, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play:
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods ;
The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
And say, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The *Driads* all forsook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,
The tripping *Fauns* and *Fairies* came,
All conscious of our mutual Flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

VENUS disdain'd not to appear
To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear ;
But what avails her Kindness now ?
She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow* :
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung ;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead :
For Him I sigh, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis Ours to Weep, great VENUS said,
'Tis JOVE's alone to be Obey'd :
Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move
The just Behests of Fatal JOVE ;
I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
And curs'd the *Fowler's* cruel Net :
Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well !
I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound ;
And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep all ye Streams, ye Mountains groan,
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night that Grief restrain,

MATTHEW PRIOR

I said, and VENUS still reply'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Case,
And just thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care?
Come then, wi[t]h Me thy Sorrows join,
And ease My Woes by telling Thine:
*For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella dead and gone.*

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,
But neither suits the Place nor Time;
That *Fowler's* Hand, whose cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* set the Snare,
The Snare again for Thee may set;
Two Birds may perish in One Net.
Thou shou'd'st avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.
'Tis sad to Die. T. It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth disprove,
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts;
Of his black Shafts let Death send One,
Alas! the pleasing Game is done,
Ill is the poor Survivor sped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
VENUS said right, nor Tears can move,
Nor plaints revoke the Will of JOVE.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from ALCIDES to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim PLUTO will not be withstood
By Force or Craft; *Tall Robinhood*,
As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You see how deeply I am read)

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where e'er you lodge.
AJAX to shun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain absconded in a *Flower*.
An idle Scene TYTHONUS acted,
When to a *Grass-hopper* contracted :
Death struck them in those Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles perish, Plants decay,
Flesh is but Grass, Grass turns to Hay,
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay. }

Thus Heads extreamly nice, discover,
That Folks may Die, some Ten times over ;
But oft by too refin'd a touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
What e'er PYTHAGORAS may say,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submission I pronounce,
That People Die no more than Once :
But Once is sure, and Death is Common
To *Bird* and *Man* including *Woman*.
From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas ! no Mortal Fowl knows when ;
All that wear Feathers first or last,
Must one Day perch on CHARON's Mast ;
Must lye beneath the *Cypress* Shade,
Where STRADA's *Nightingale* was laid.
Those Fowl who seem Alive to sit,
Assembled by *Dan* CHAUCER's Wit,
In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
And laid in State upon their Herse,
Are truly but embalm'd in Verse.
As sure as LESBIA's *Sparrow* I,
Thou, sure as PRIOR's *Dove*, must Die :
And ne'er again from *Lethe's* Streams
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled ;

MATTHEW PRIOR

I therefore must for ever moan

My dear Columbo dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
A Wall of *Brass*, and one of *Lead*,
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,
In t'other the Collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What Time it-self can ne'er retrieve,
By Nature soft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love*;
Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What, *I* to make a *second Choice*?
In other Nuptials to rejoyce?

S. Why not my Bird? T. No *Sparrow* no,
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, coeing, ease my Pain,
But never wish nor love again:
Distress'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love:
I tell thee, *Dame*, the t'other Day
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone.— S. *Encore!*
For Shame forsake this *BION*-style,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Sense or Health agree,
To sit thus mopeing on a Tree?
To throw away a *Widow's Life*,
When you again may be a *Wife*.

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows but they may infl'ence Yours?
Example draws, where *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are less read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee, I descend;
Hop on and talk, but honest Bird,
Take care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.—

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear,—
By Method Things are best discours'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the *first* :
A handsome, senseless, awkward Fool
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:
Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had she,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with every Wind:
She courted the *Beau Monde* To-night,
L'Assemblée her supreme Delight.
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great Care set all amiss;
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all, God knows why:
Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd,
Proceed we to my *Second Bride* ;
Well Born she was, genteely Bred,
And Buxom both at Board and Bed,
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as TOM SOUTHREN wisely says,
No other Fault had she in Life,
But only that she was my WIFE.
O *Widow-Turtle* ! every She,
(So *Nature's* Pleasure does Decree)
Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd,
But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Was HERCULES One Woman's *Man*?
 Or JOVE for ever LEDA's *Swan*?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow*-Bacon.
 Variety alone gives Joy,
 The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:
 What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive?
 Tho' VENUS shou'd the Char'ot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the Harness-Weight,
 If always Coupled to One Mate;
 And often wish the Fetter broke,
 'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious to wish to Wed again,
 E'er Death dissolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,
 She brought me Sons, but JOVE be blest,
 She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Nest. }

Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:
 But must I therefore lye alone?
 What, am I to her Memory ty'd?
 Must I not Live, because she Dy'd?
 And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a Reas'ning-Head)
 Is this my WIFE? *Probatur*, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
 But, is a Piece of *Clay*, a WIFE?
 Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye see,
 Why then no Kin at all to me:
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
 For Folks that happen to be Dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those who never yet were born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logick* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were just pen feather'd:
 Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
 So left that Brood to get another.

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

And as Old HARRY Whilome said,
Reflecting on ANNE BULLEN Dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
The jolly'st Batchelor i'th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My *first*, my *only Love* is Dead.

With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss. S. Let me go on.

As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
O'th' Elder House of *Chirping-End*,
From whence the younger Branch descend;
Well seated in a Field of *Pease*

She liv'd, extreamly at her Ease:

But when the *Honey-Moon* was past,
The following Nights were soon o'ercast,

She kept her own, could plead the *Law*,
And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw*;

Both, you may judge became less kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:

She soon grew *sullen*, I, *hard-hearted*,

We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.

To *LONDON*, blessed Town, I went,
She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:

A *Magpye* from the Country fled,

And kindly told me she was Dead:

I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,

And set my Heart again to Sale.

My *Fourth*, a meer Coquet, or such

I thought her, nor avails it much,

If true or false, our Troubles spring

More from the Fancy than the Thing.

Two staring Horns, I often said,

But ill become a *Sparrow's Head*;

But then, to set that Balance even,

Your *Cuckold-Sparrow* goes to Heaven.

The Thing you fear, suppose it done,

If you enquire, you make it known.

Whilst at the Root your Horns are sore,

The more you scratch, they ake the more.

MATTHEW PRIOR

But turn the Tables and reflect,
All may not be, that you suspect :
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns, we mean,
Are only in Ideas seen,
'Tis from the inside of the Head
Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ;
Fruitful Suspicions often bear them,
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that Echo'd word,
Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird ;
But those of finer Taste have found
There's nothing in't beside the sound.
Preferment always waits on Horns,
And Houshold Peace the Gift adorns :
This Way, or That, let FaCTIONS tend,
The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;
This Way, or That, let Madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, Loss and Gain,
And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
Is serious Truth, in such a Case ;
Who slights the Evil, finds it least,
And who does Nothing, does the best.
I never strove to rule the Roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast :
In Visits if we chanc'd [t]o meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet ;
We neither much caress'd, nor strove,
But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.
T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
'Tis only Light it-self can show :
Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, foolish Bird,
A Moment's Patience, in one Word,
The Three kind Sisters broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more ;

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

Let me with constan[t] Tears bewail.—

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My *Fifth* she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life!
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas This, To-day, To-morrow, That.
Sometimes forsooth, upon the Brook,
I kept a Miss; an honest *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it those, who told it her.
One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me stroleing in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge,
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me, from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd these Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My dearest *Dove*, One wise Man says,
Alluding to our present Case,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
Then what avails superfl'ous Sorrow?
Another full as wise as he,
Adds; that a Marry'd Man may see
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The First and Last, perhaps you'll say;
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to Bed,
And when she peaceably lies Dead;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of Lead.

Now cur'd of HYMEN'S Hopes and Fears,
And sliding down the Vale of Years,

MATTHEW PRIOR

I hoped to fix my future Rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my Nest.
 Ah *Turtle!* had she been like Thee,
 Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
 JOVE in PANDORA'S *Box* confin'd
 A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind;
 To vex one Bird, in her Bandore
 He hid at least a Hundred more:
 And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
 The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;
 Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
 And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye,
 Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
 And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
 We, Young or Old, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
 All liv'd in ÆOLUS'S Den;
 The nearest her, the more accurst,
 Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
 But JOVE amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
 In short, she Dy'd, why then she's Dead
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
 Wou'd Heaven this Mourning Year was past,
 One may have better Luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The DEVIL'S *Wife* was but a *Fiend*.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
 Dar'st thou defile these Sacred Groves,
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves?
 Begone, with flagging Wings sit down
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;
 In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled Rain:
 And hear thy dirty Off-spring Squall
 From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
 Where Thou hast been, return again,
 Vile Bird! Thou hast convers'd with Men;

THE TURTLE AND THE SPARROW

Notions like these, from Men are giv'n,
Those vilest Creatures under Heav'n.
To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flatt'ry and Falshood flourish there :
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy* ;
Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* Barter,
And *HYMEN* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter ;
Where *Truth* by *Point of Law* is *Parry'd*,
And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are *SIX-Times* *Marry'd*.

APPLICATION

OF THE

TURTLE and SPARROW.

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends,
To thee, my muse, this little tale commends ;
Loving, and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, tho' deplore his fate.
Seem young, when old, in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms ;
And when I lie low sepulcher'd in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say e'er I cou'd write or spell,
The Bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
Told me I should the prating SPARROW blame,
And bid me imitate the TURTLE's fame.

MATTHEW PRIOR

DOWN-HALL ;

A

BALLAD.

*To the Tune of King JOHN, and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY.*

I Sing not old JASON, who Travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To Kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich *Fleece* :
Nor Sing I ÆNEAS, who led by his Mother,
Got rid of One WIFE, and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor Him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home ;
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and Converse with old PEN.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL ; their meaning to seek,
A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek* ;
Those who Love our own Tongue, we have Reason to hope,
Have read them Translated by DRYDEN and POPE.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done
By Two *British* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN :
And how they rid Friendly from fine *London-Town*,
Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly suppose,
How much they Discours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Prose* :
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concerted,
Full often they met ; and as often they parted.

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend *John*,
I fairly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One ;
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

DOWN-HALL

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, t'wixt the *Court* and the *Grave*;
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die—
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbors so Thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabrick* of Brick.
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be Paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,
We Both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy RENOWN.
I'll bring You to see; he must fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*,
You have Sold all our Premisses over and over.
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

But a word to the Purpose; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
And if with a Garden and House I am blest;
Let the *Devil* and *Con*—y go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calesch*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash:
I love Dirt and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure,
To take with me much of the Soil which I Measure.

But *Matthew* thought better: for *Matthew* thought right,
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
That extreams both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the 'other was *Glass*.

Draw up quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down quoth Friend
We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon. (*John*,
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed;
And RALPHO pac'd by, under NEWMAN the Sweed.

Into an old Inn, did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*;
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Come here my sweet Landlady, pray how do you do?
Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hostler that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear,
By my Troth, She replies, you grow Younger, I think:
And pray Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first.
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
And the Hostler is Hang'd, and the Widow is Marry'd.

And PRUE left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;
And SISLEY went off with a Gentleman's Purse;
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; what signifies Grief:
She Roasted red-*Veal*, and she Powder'd lean-*Beef*:
Full nicely she knew to Cook up a fine Dish;
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Drest:
And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-*Eggs* shall be next Course, tost up with rank-*Bacon*.

The Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
And MORLEY most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.
The Maid was She handsome? why truly so, so:
But what MORLEY whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,
And their Horses like his, were prepared to Run.
Now when in the Morning MATT. ask'd for the Score,
JOHN kindly had paid it the Evening before.

DOWN-HALL

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat :
A Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,
And thus with great Friendship and glee they went on
To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon ?
Why, of Spots in the *Sun*, and the Man in the *Moon* :
Of the CZAR's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Committee.

So to HARLOW they came ; and hey, where are You all ?
Show Us into the Parlor, and mind when I call :
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no life ;
Well Master, I hear you have Bury'd your *Wife*.

Come this very instant, take Care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a Horse, and a Guide.
Are the *Harrison's* here, both the Old and the Young ?
And where stands fair DOWN, the delight of my Song ?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart, I may say,
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* since you Travell'd this way ;
And the *Harrison's* both may be presently here ;
And *DOIN* stands, I think, where it stood the last Year.

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Toast* ;
And the *Wine* was froth'd-out by the Hand of my Host :
But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet so fast,
That the *Harrison's* both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the Guide he was got :
The *Chariot* was mounted ; the *Horses* did trot ;
The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round :
But O ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O ! thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he ; how the Devil shou'd I know the way ?
I never yet travell'd this Road in my life :
[B]ut *Down* lyes on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways she had trod :
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy House
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Souse.

MATTHEW PRIOR

What is this thing MORLEY, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
Have Patience, soft MORLEY in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us send off our Guide.

O here I spy *Down*: cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly Confest.
On the *West* reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find:
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-wind*.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy;
But faithful ACHATES, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* stands before; and the *House* lyes behind.

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,
Untyl'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*,
A *Barn*? why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House shou'd be Built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all One.
And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
Been called a *Hall*, and has given its Name

To Down, down, hey derry down.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;
The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall——
With your Friend JIMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a duce your head ails:
I show'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?
Then take House and Farm, as JOHN BALLET will let you:
For better for worse, as I took my Dame BETTY.

And now, Sir, a word to the Wise is enough;
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple.
Are You Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimple*?
If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:
And in Yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate:
E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate.

DOWN-HALL

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part.
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb ; and here MATT, is my Heart.
To *Halstead* I speed ; and You go back to Town.
Thus ends the *First part* of the *Ballad* of *DOIVN*.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

Spoke to the

LADY *Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley*,

In the LIBRARY of

St. *John's* COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the *9th*, *An.* 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE ANNA visited the Muses Seat,
(Around Her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Best,
Most gracious Neighbour, and most welcome Guest.
Not HARLEY's Self to *Cam* and *Isis* dear,
In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,
Not HE such present Honours shall receive,
As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

Writings of Men our Thought to Day neglects,
To pay due Homage to the Softer Sex :
Plato and *Tully* We forbear to read,
And their great Followers whom this House has bred,
To study Lessons from Thy Morals given,
And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.
Science in Books no longer We pursue,
Minerva's Self in HARRIET's Face We view ;
For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,
To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King,
With grateful Hand, due Altars let Them raise
To some good Knight's, or holy Prelate's Praise ;
We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,
Your Eyes We bless, your Praises We proclaim,
St. *John's* was founded in a Woman's Name :
Enjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow ;
In Spight of Time, We keep our antient Vow ;
What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the *Westminster*-Scholars
at *Hickford's* Dancing-Room, the 2d of
February, 1720.

Spoken by the LORD *DUPLIN*, who Acted
CORDELIO.

WHAT wou'd my humble Comrades have Me say ?
Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the Play ?
Such Work by hireling Actors shou'd be done,
Whom You may Clap or Hiss, for half a Crown :
Our generous Scenes for Friendship We repeat ;
And if We don't delight, at least We treat.
Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder ;
We may be ask'd whose Patent We act under.

How shall We gain you? *A-la-mode de France* ?
We hir'd this Room ; but none of Us can dance :
In cutting Capers We shall never please :
Our Learning does not lye below our Knees.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound?
Then You must Each subscribe Two hundred Pound.
There We shou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice:
Mistake Us not; We're no ITALIAN Boys:
True BRITONS born, from *Westminster* We come;
And only speak the Style of ancient ROME.
We wou'd deserve, not poorly beg Applause;
And stand or fall by *Freind's* or *Busby's* Laws.

For the Distress'd Your Pity We implore:
If once refus'd, We trouble You no more,
But leave Our *Orphan* squawling at your Door. }

THE CONVERSATION, A TALE.

I T always has been thought discreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And sure there may be secret Danger,
In talking much before a Stranger.
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale:
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
The Persons were but odly mixt;
When Sober DAMON thus began:
(And DAMON is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
Have held for Modesty and Truth:
The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,
In Life's great Voyage never Err:
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World: I pause for a Reply.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Sir, Either is a good Assistant :
Said One who sat a little distant :
Truth decks our Speeches and our Books ;
And Modesty adorns our Looks :
But farther Progress We must take,
Not only born to Look and Speak :
The Man must Act. The STAGYRITE
Says thus, and says extremely right :
Strict Justice is the Sov'raign Guide,
That o'er our Action shou'd preside :
This Queen of Virtues is confest,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice Happy, if You once can find
Her equal Balance poize your Mind :
All different Graces soon will enter,
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,
Thro' many Points divinely dark,
And WATERLAND assaulting CLARKE ;
'Till, in Theology half lost,
DAMON took up the Evening-Post ;
Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politics held forth.

Methinks We're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION :
That Stroke, for All King WILLIAM's Care,
Begot another Tedious War :
MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League.
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man, He found enough to do :
Sometimes to Me He did apply ;
But down-right Dunstable was I,
And told Him, where They were mistaken ;
And counsel'd Him to save his Bacon :
But (pass His Politics and Prose)
I never herded with his Foes ;
Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend,

THE CONVERSATION

I still found Something to commend:
Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID;
Whate'er severer Critics said:
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd:
The Women All were on my Side.
For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks:
I lik'd Her with Her little Pranks:
Indeed poor SOLOMON in Rhime
Was much too grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition:
So on He ran a new Division;
'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit:
(Chance often helps Us more than Wit)
'T'other that lucky Moment took,
Just nick'd the 'Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)
The greatest is a Friend; whose Love
Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
From such a Treasure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights Me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well——
Know Him! d'ye question it? Ods-fish!
Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish?
I lov'd Him, as I told You, I
Advis'd Him——Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloak,
And thus unwilling Silence broke:
DAMON, 'tis Time We shou'd retire:
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my Friend,
DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS Live.

MATTHEW PRIOR

COLIN'S
MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Insania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred :
Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard That sacred Stream,
To *Wimpole's* woody Shade his Way he sped :
Flourish those Woods, the *Muses* endless Theme !
As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,
Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said
What Father *Spenser* sung in *British* Verse.
Who reads that Bard desires like Him to write,
Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
And Light discover'd Nature's chearful Face ;
The sounding Clarion, and the sprightly Horn
Call'd the blyth Huntsmen to the distant Chace.
Eftsoons They issue forth, a goodly Band ;
The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the Air ;
The fiery Coursers strike the rising Sand ;
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frighted Deer ;
Harley the Honour of the Day supports ;
His Presence glads the Wood ; His Orders guide the Sports.

COLIN'S MISTAKES

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did sit
An Amazonian Dame; a scarlet Vest
For active Horsemanship adaptly fit
Enclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Crest
Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
Full well knew She the Steed to turn and guide:
The willing Steed receiv'd her soft Command:
Courage and Sweetness in her Face were seated;
On Her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake:
For alltydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
Ah me too nigh! Or, *Clio*, I mistake;
Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,
Is *Jove's* fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
Of liberal Arts; with Wonder and Delight
In *Homer's* Verse we read Her; well I ween,
That emulous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,
Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite Goddess known;
When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is shown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,
Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feast:
Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
The Lord's Delight, and Wonder of the Guest.
With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
As well became her Dignity and Place;
But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright:
O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight!

VI.

Liberal *Munificence* behind her stood;
And decent *State* obey'd her high Command;
And *Charity* diffuse of native Good

MATTHEW PRIOR

At once portrays her Mind, and guides her Hand.
As to each Guest some Fruits She deign'd to lift,
And Silence with obliging Parley broke;
How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift?
But how more gracious what the Giver spoke?
Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,
That every Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin*; *Clio*, if my feeble Sense
Can well distinguish Yon illustrious Dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense;
In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,
Great Goddess who with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
Diffuseth Bliss, and thro' the World around
Pours wealthy Ease, and scatters joyous Chear;
Certes of Her in semblant Guise I read;
Where *Spenser* decks his Lays with *Gloriana's* Deed.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Evening near the Wood;
A Nymph undress'd, besemeth, by Him past:
Down to her Feet her silken Garment flow'd:
A Ribbon bound and shap'd her slender Waste:
A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers:
They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to Others.

IX.

Daisies and Violets rose, where She had trod;
As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted:
And led by *Hymen*, *Wedlock's* mystic God,
Ten thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
Quoth *Colin*; now I ken the Goddess bright,
Whom Poets sing: All human Hearts enthralld
Obey her Pow'r; her Kindness the Delight

COLIN'S MISTAKES

Of Gods and Men; great *Venus* She is call'd,
When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her Charms rehearse;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which show'd soft Anger mixt with friendly Love:
Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove?
But *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn:
Who slights his Guide shall deviate from his Way.
Me to have ask'd what Thou could'st not discern,
To Thee pertain'd; to Me, the Thing to say.
What Heavenly Will from human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen;
When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chac't:
Nor *Jove's* great Wife, nor *Spenser's* Fairy-Queen
At Noon-tyde dealt the Honors of the Feast:
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* did'st Thou spy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley* stood confest,
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit drest.

Considerations on part of the 88th Psalm.

A College Exercise. 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan;
And ev'ry place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, arise, and let thy beams controul
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul:
Save the poor wand'rer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

MATTHEW PRIOR

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place ;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd :
Is mercy there ; or sweet forgiveness found ?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand ;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of pow'r.

III.

Behold the prodigal ! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguish end !
Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend :
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of love.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, 1692.

THE town which LOÛIS bought, NASSAU reclaims,
And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
Now LOÛIS take thy titles from ABOVE,
BOILEAU shall sing, and we'll believe thee JOVE.
JOVE gained his mistress with alluring gold,
But JOVE like THEE was impotent and old :
Active and young he did like WILLIAM stand,
And stunn'd the DAME, his THUNDER in his HAND.

TO
A CHILD of QUALITY,
FIVE YEARS OLD,
The AUTHOR FORTY.

Written in 1704.

I.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the num'rous band,
That wear the fair miss MARY's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Shou'd dart their kindling fires, and look,
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds,
With all the tender things I swear,
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair.

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For tho' the strictest prudes shou'd know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

MATTHEW PRIOR

VI.

Then too alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

VII.

For as our diff'rent ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd fate but mend it,
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

TWO RIDDLES.

1710.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat,
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.

OEDIPUS was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts would do:
Says SPHINX on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis MAN, said he, who weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four, as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.

Now in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam SPHINX,
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four*.

* A Prime-Minister.

A
FABLE.

*Personam Tragicam forte vulpes viderat,
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!*

PHÆDR.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round :
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old PHÆDRUS heard him say :
*What noble part can'st thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain?*

A
SONG.
SET BY
Mr ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
Wine breeds vices and diseases,
Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
Only FRIENDSHIP truly pleases :
My wealth, my books, my flask, my MOLLY,
Farewel all, if FRIENDSHIP ceases.

MATTHEW PRIOR

CONSUMMATION.

To a FRIEND.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his ALCMÆNA's charms,
Three nights, in One, he prest her in his arms;
The sun lay set, and conscious nature strove
To shade her GOD, and to prolong his love.

From that auspicious night ALCIDES came,
What less could rise from JOVE, and such a DAME?

May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir,
He strong as JOVE, She like ALCMÆNA fair.

THE
FORTUNE-TELLER.

To A YOUNG LADY

IN SEARCH OF HER DESTINY.

YOU, MADAM, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know.
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as your's are only given
To chosen favourites of heaven.

But such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate:
For I would only know from art,
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My care deserve, or life concern;
But this will so important be,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

I dread to search the dark decree :
For while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains.
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease :
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, nor art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in love,
How long or short my life will prove ?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste enquire,
How great, how wealthy, I shall be ?
O ! what is wealth or pow'r to me ?
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from You alone.

AN

ENIGMA.

BY birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, my self having none.
I'm obliged by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies, I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, tho' ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades, we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your hands.
But this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

MATTHEW PRIOR

CUPID

TURNED STROLLER.

FROM

ANACREON,

ODE III.

AT dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong BOOTES turns the BEAR ;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
CUPID was knocking at my gate ;
Who's there, says I, who knocks so late ?
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest ?
O fear not me a harmless guest,
He said, but open, open pray ;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow :
In haste I ran, unlockt my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate ;
I set the Child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair ;
Brought friendly cups of chearful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine ;
All this did I with kind intent ;
But he, on wanton mischief bent
Said, dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow belongs to me :
Observe, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite :

CUPID TURNED STROLLER

He drew it then, and strait I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
Kind host adieu, we now must part,
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.

SNUFF.

AN EPIGRAM.

JOVE once resolv'd (the Females to degrade)
To propagate their Sex without their aid.
His brain conceiv'd, and soon the pangs, and throws
He felt, nor could th' unnatural birth disclose:
At last when try'd, no remedy would do,
The God took SNUFF, and out the Goddess flew.

DAPHNE and APOLLO.

IMITATED.

Nympha, Precor, PENEI mane.—

OID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

A BATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head,
With kind regard a panting lover view,
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue;
Pathless alas, and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (*Aside.*)

This care is for himself, as sure as death,
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t' other round,
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

MATTHEW PRIOR

APOLLO.

You fly, alas, not knowing who you fly,
Nor ill bred swain, nor rusty clown am I;
I Claros-isle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE.

Thank ye, I wou'd not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know :

DAPHNE.

Pish, PARTRIDGE has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks. (DAPH.) A fig—
That may be counterfeit, a *Spanish*-Wig;
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare.

APOLLO.

I sing. (DAPH.) That never shall be DAPHNE's choice,
SYPHACIO had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of ev'ry herb I tell the mystic pow'r,
To certain health the patient I restore,
Sent for, caress'd; (DAPH.) Ours is a wholesome air,
You'd better go to town and practise there:
For me, I've no obstructions to remove,
I'm pretty well, I thank your father JOVE,
And physic is a weak ally to love. }

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd fine verses I compose,

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux,
Memorials only, and reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.—

DAPHNE AND APOLLO

DAPHNE.

Then leaving me whom sure you wou'd n't kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill,
Shoot there at beasts, but for the human heart
Your cousin CUPID has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid, yet deign to hear
A love-sick Deity's impetuous pray'r;
O let me woo thee as thou wou'dst be woo'd,

DAPHNE.

First therefore don't be so extremely rude ;
Don't tear the hedges down, and tread the clover,
Like a hobgoblin rather than a lover ;
Next to my father's grotto sometimes come,
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics, how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers Rhine or Po. }
As any maid or footman comes or goes
Pull off your hat, and ask how DAPHNE does :
These sort of folks will to each other tell
That you respect me ; That, you know, looks well :
Then if you are, as you pretend, the GOD
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa ;
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
And now and then a jewel from the east,
A lacquer'd-cabinet, some China-ware,
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin-fair.
Next, *Nota Bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your, lord what startles you, your wife ;
I'm now, they say, sixteen, or something more,
We mortals seldom live above fourscore ;

MATTHEW PRIOR

Fourscore, y' are good at numbers, let us see,
Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three,
Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me. }
Mean time if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life,
They'll quickly end you see, what signify
A few odd years to you that never die;
And after all y' are half your time away,
You know your business takes you up all day,
And coming late to bed you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear.
Or if a winter-evening shou'd be long
E'en read you physic book, or make a song.
Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest God-head's time,
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another DAPHNE have her reign,
Now love, or leave, my dear: retreat, or follow,
I DAPHNE, this premis'd, take thee APOLLO,
And may I split into ten thousand trees
If I give up, on other terms than these.

She said, but what the am'rous GOD reply'd,
So fate ordain'd, is to our search deny'd,
By rats alas! the manuscript is eat,
O cruel banquet which we all regret;
BAVIUS, thy labours must this work restore,
May thy good will be equal to thy pow'r.

PROLOGUE,
 SPOKEN BY
 Lord BUCKHURST,
 AT
WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,
At a Representation of Mr DRYDEN'S CLEO-
MENES, The Spartan HERO.
 At CHRISTMAS. 1695.

PISH, lord, I wish this PROLOGUE was but GREEK,
 Then young CLEONIDAS would boldly speak:
 But can Lord BUCKHURST in poor ENGLISH say,
 Gentle spectators pray excuse the play?
 No, witness all ye GODS of ancient GREECE,
 Rather than condescend to terms like these,
 I'd go to school six hours on CHRISTMAS-DAY,
 Or construe PERSIUS while my comrades play.
 Such work by hireling actors should be done,
 Who tremble when they see a critic frown.
 Poor rogues that smart like fencers for their bread,
 And if they are not wounded are not fed.
 But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
 We act our TRAGEDY to see our FRIENDS:
 Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
 And if you are not pleas'd, at least your treated.
 The candles and the cloaths our selves we bought,
 Our TOPS neglected, and our BALLS forgot.
 To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
 Most of you snored whilst CLEOMENES read;
 Not that from this confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know our selves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
 For those are WESTMINSTER and SPARTA'S laws.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow ;
And that your little HERO does inherit
Not CLEOMENES more than DORSET's spirit.

[THE SECRETARY.]

WRITTEN at the HAGUE,

In the year 1696.

WHILE with labour assid'ous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the bus'ness of six,
In a little Dutch-chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my HORACE, a NYMPH on my right.
No Memoire to compose, and no Post-Boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love ;
For her, neither visits, nor parties of tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugée.
This night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,
To good or ill fortune the third we resign :
Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state ;
So with PHIA thro' Athens PYSISTRATUS rode,
Men thought her MINERVA, and him a new GOD.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse,
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in int'rest and prose :
By Greece and past ages, what need I be try'd,
When the Hague and the present, are both on my side,
And is it enough, for the joys of the day ;
To think what ANACREON, or SAPPHO would say.
When good VANDERGOES, and his provident VROUGH,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That search all the province, you'd find no man there is
So bless'd as the *Englischen Heer* SECRETARIS.

THE
MICE
A
TALE.
TO
Mr *ADRIAN DRIFT*,
in the Year 1708—9.

TWO MICE (dear boy) of genteel fashion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay, in infant years,
Equally shar'd their parents cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three male, one female kind.
The sire b'ing under ground, and bury'd,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd; and show'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought,
Has thousand, and ten thousand, fancies brought;
Tell me, O! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs,
Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
Cloyster'd from common joys, and just delights:

MATTHEW PRIOR

How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn ;
How it employ'd your thoughts, and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb ;
How your first care by num'rous griefs opprest,
Under the burthen sunk, and went to rest ;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast ;
How you alas ! tyr'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Tho' not inspir'd, O ! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee,
Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt,
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this ? is this your fable ?
Believe me MATT, it seems a bauble,
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't.

Well then dear brother,——
As sure as HUDI's sword could swaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle,
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court :
They parted, (did they so an't please you)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you ;
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
HORACE and PRIOR tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages.)
Many days past, and many a night,
E'er they could gain each other's sight ;
At last in weather cold (not sultry)
They met at the Three-Cranes in Poultry.
After much buss, and great grimace,
(Usual you know in such a case)

THE MICE

Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's sun ;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mobbs rudeness,
That ended ; o'er a charming bottle,
They enter'd on this tittle tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by preheminance
In years, tho' (God knows) not in sense ;
All's gone dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity ;
Marry you brother ; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table,
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother, and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it,
Or may I perish by this claret.
The dice are thrown, chuse this or that,
('Tis all alike to honest MATT)
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After some thought, some Portugeeze,
Some wine, the younger thus replies.

Fair are your words, as fair your carr'age,
Let me be free, drudge you in marr'age,
Get me a boy call'd ADRIAN,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart-free from care, as purse from money,
Resolving full to please his taudy,
He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body ;
At last when teeming time was come,
Out came her burthen from her womb,
It prov'd a lusty squalling boy,
(Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy.)
In short, to make things square and even,
ADRIAN he nam'd was by DICK, STEPHEN.

MATTHEW PRIOR

MATT's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle (brother) and a basket,
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling,
These too were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
Nay add to these the fine gum-rubber ;
Yet these wo'nt do, send t' other coat,
For (faith) the first e'nt worth a groat,
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable, and stronger ;
Send it next week, if you are able,
By this time, Sir, you know the fable ;
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-sake.

Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it,
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London ;
MOLLY sends greeting, so do I Sir,
Send a good coat, that's all, good b'ye Sir.

Your's entirely,

MATTHEW.

Wednesday Night,
10 o'Clock, Feb. 16, 170 $\frac{8}{9}$.

THE
VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

TO

The Tune of The Lady ISABELLA's Tragedy :
Or : The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

Written in 1714.

I.

OF NERO, tyrant, petty king,
Who hertofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

II.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear,
So ill he exercis'd his pow'r,
That he himself did fear.

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal,
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthrall.

IV.

He with a haughty impious nod
Would curse and dogmatize,
Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

MATTHEW PRIOR

V.

A patriot of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

VI.

And arm'd with truth impeach'd the Don,
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rimes.

VII.

The articles* recorded stand,
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor GAPHNY's fall.)

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

X.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia,
Th' illegal oath to take.

* *Sabbati 16. die Decembris 5 Gulielmi & Mariæ 1693.*

THE VICEROY

XI.

Free-quarters for the army too,
He did exact and force,
On Protestants, his love to show,
Than Papists us'd them worse.

XII.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick.

XIII.

The suttlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

XIV.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die,
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine cou'd they fly.

XV.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could nor hear or see,
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief pardie.

XVI.

That above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree.

XVII.

That he, O! Ciel, without trial,
Straitway shou'd hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet NERO judge wou'd be.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XVIII.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The Borreau did his worst,
GAPHNY alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

XIX.

In this concise, despotic way,
Unhappy GAPHNY fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He set'led on his fav'rite dear,
And CULLIFORD can say't.

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To FIELDING his own scribe,
Who was his bail, one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile,
None did him prosecute,
His old friend helpt him o'er the stile,
With SATAN who'd dispute?

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe
A trade he carry'd on,
Had any other don't, I trow,
To Tripas he had gone.

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly,
O thief without compare.

THE VICEROY

XXV.

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzel and purloin,
Of the King's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

XXVI.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all.

XXVII.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one souse had they,
His EXCELLENCE' had each man fobb'd,
For He had sunk their pay.

XXVIII.

NERO, without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

XXIX.

The Protestants whom they did rob,
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good JOB,
To rest themselves content.

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy,
The Romans he still well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this VICEROY did reign,
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXXII.

The best of QUEEN's he hath revil'd,
Before, and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind,
She had on him bestow'd,
Like LUCIFER, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor Her nor GOD.

XXXIV.

But listen NERO, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what BRITANNIA says with tears,
Of ANNA, dead and gone.

XXXV.

“O! sacred be Her memory,
“For ever dear Her name,
“There never was, or e'er can be,
“A brighter, juster, DAME.

XXXVI.

“Blest be My SONS, and eke all those,
“Who on Her praises dwell,
“She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
“She did all Queens excel.

XXXVII.

“All Princes, Kings, and Potentates,
“Ambassadors did send,
“All nations, provinces, and states,
“Sought ANNA for their friend.

XXXVIII.

“In ANNA They did all confide,
“For ANNA They could trust,
“Her royal faith they all had try'd,
“For ANNA still was just.

THE VICEROY

XXXIX.

“Truth, Mercy, Justice, did surround
“Her awful judgment-seat,
“In Her the GRACES all were found,
“In ANNA all compleat.

XL.

“She held the sword and ballance right,
“And sought Her people’s good,
“In clemency she did delight;
“Her reign not stain’d with blood.

XLI.

“Her gracious goodness, piety
“In all her deeds did shine,
“And bounteous was her charity,
“All attributes divine.

XLII.

“Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
“Adorn’d the words she spoke,
“When they from Her fair lips did fall,
“And sweet her lovely look.

XLIII.

“Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
“She caus’d dire war to cease,
“A greater Empress ne’er was known,
“She fix’d the world in peace.

XLIV.

“This last and Godlike-act atchiev’d,
“To Heav’n She wing’d Her flight,
“Her loss with tears all Europe griev’d,
“Their strength, and dear delight.

XLV.

“Leave we in bliss this heav’nly SAINT,
“Revere ye just Her urn,
“Her virtues high and excellent,
“ASTREA gone we mourn.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XLVI.

“Commemorate my SONS the day,
“Which gave great ANNA birth,
“Keep it for ever, and for aye,
“And annual be your mirth.”

XLVII.

Illustrious GEORGE now fills the throne,
Our wise, benign, good king,
Who can his wond'rous deeds make known?
Or his bright actions sing?

XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite NERO, he has deign'd,
To raise to high degree,
Well Thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well voucht Thy ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass—These honours on Thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white,
Don't GAPHNY's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

L.

O! is there not, grim mortal tell,
Places of bliss and wo?
O! is there not a Heav'n, a Hell?
But whither wilt Thou go?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt Thou for ever rail?
The prophet on Thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

LII.

How Thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be,
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

THE VICEROY

LIII.

Dame Justice waits Thee well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high,
Nought can thee from Her vengeance screen,
Nor can'st Thou from Her fly.

LIV.

Heavy Her ire will fall on THEE,
The glitt'ring steel is sure,
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

LV.

To Her I leave Thee, gloomy PEER,
Think on Thy crimes committed,
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be DE-WITTED.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN SCALIGERIANA.

Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel
Vin ils boivent pouveu que ce soit
Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pouveu
que ce soit Latin.

WHEN you with High-Dutch HEEREN dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd Wine,
They never Taste who always Drink,
They always Talk who never Think.

MATTHEW PRIOR

NELL *and* JOHN.

An EPIGRAM.

I.

WHEN NELL, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And JOHN at the chimney stood decently crying,
'Tis in vain said the WOMAN, to make such ado,
For to our long home, we must all of us go.

II.

True, NELL, reply'd JOHN, but what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare.

BIBO.

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN BIBO thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne, as an egg's full of meat;
He wak'd in the boat, and to CHARON he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern CHARON reply'd,
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you dy'd.

GABRIEL *and his* WIVES.

An EPIGRAM.

I.

DEATH how thou spoil'st the best projects of life,
Said GABRIEL, who still as he bury'd One wife,
For the sake of her family marry'd her cousin;

II.

And thus in an honest collateral line,
He still marry'd on till his number was Nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his Dozen.

SILVIA.

An EPIGRAM.

HER time with equal prudence SILVIA shares,
First writes her Billet-doux, then says her pray'rs,
Her mass and toilet; vespers, and the play;
Thus GOD and ASHTAROTH divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week, and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
Loose without band, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal;
Envy her self from SILVIA's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint.

RICHARD *and* NELLY.

An EPIGRAM.

QUOTH RICHARD in jest, looking wistly at NELLY,
Methinks child you seem something round in the belly:
NELLY answer'd him snapishly, How can that be?
My husband has been more than two years at sea.
Thy husband! quoth DICK, why that matter was carry'd
Most secretly, NELLY, I ne'er thought thou wer't marry'd.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

IT oft to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
All public sports to favour young desire,
With opportunities like this conspire;
Ev'n where his skill, the Gladiator shows,
With human blood, where the Arena flows.

MATTHEW PRIOR

There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing-Boy,
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy :
While the spectator gazes on the fight,
And sees 'em wound each other with delight.
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains ;
Slily the GOD takes aim and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

NANNETTE.

A SONG.

I.

HASTE my NANNETTE, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower, thy swain has made.

II.

For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.

III.

None but my Sheep shall near us come,
VENUS be prais'd, my sheep are dumb.

IV.

Great GOD of love, take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from NANNETTE's flock.

V.

Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear,
My own, alas ! are less my care.

VI.

But of the wolf, if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid.

VII.

For with her swain my love shall stay,
Tho' the wolf strole, and the sheep stray.

The PRIEST *and the* SHEPHERD.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
"Call in ALCIDES, said a crafty priest,
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock to ruin me;
To their commands I willingly resign,
Pow'r is their character, and patience mine:
Tho', troth to me, there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or Gods?

ON A FART, LET IN THE HOUSE of COMMONS.

READER I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like JULIUS CÆSAR's was MY death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble ROMULUS and I;
And when I dy'd, like FLORA fair,
I left the Common-Wealth my heir

MATTHEW PRIOR

On HALL'S DEATH.

An EPIGRAM.

POOR HALL caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight, when NAN would come out ;
But fatal his patience, as cruel the Dame,
And curst was the Weather that quench'd the Man's flame.
"Who e'er thou art that reads these moral lines,
"Make love at home, and go to bed betimes."

PROMETHEUS.

An EPIGRAM.

PROMETHEUS forming Mr DAY,
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry ;
He that does heav'n and earth controul,
Has only pow'r to form a soul,
His hand is evident in HARRY.
Since One is but a moving clod,
T'Other the lively form of GOD,
'Squire WALLIS, you will scare be able,
To prove all poetry but fable.

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

Sir THOMAS FRANKLAND, Bar^t.

Post-Master, and Pay-Master-General to
Queen ANNE.

I.

WILL PIGGOT must to Coxwould go,
To live, alas ! in want,
Unless Sir THOMAS say No, no,
Th' Allowance is too scant.

THE WANDERING PILGRIM

II.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do,
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

III.

A Rechabite poor WILL must live,
And drink of ADAM's ale,
Pure-Element, no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

IV.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good ;
Who diet's thus need never fear,
A fever in the blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, y'are in the right,
Prescriptions All can sell,
But he that does not eat can't sh* * *
Or piss if good drink fail.

VI.

But pass—The Æsculapian-Crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their fast.

VII.

Could Yorkshire-Tyke but do the same,
Than He like Them might thrive,
But FORTUNE, FORTUNE, cruel DAME,
To starve Thou do'st Him drive.

VIII.

In WILL's Old master's plenteous days,
His mem'ry e'er be blest ;
What need of speaking in his praise,
His goodness stands confest.

MATTHEW PRIOR

IX.

At His fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array,
CERES, and Hospitality,
Dwelt there both night and day.

X.

But to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must WILL's voucher be,
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is She.

XI.

There is but One, but One alone,
Can set the PILGRIM free,
And make him cease to pine and moan,
O! FRANKLAND it is THEE.

XII.

O! save him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he must hye,
Bereft of thee he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must dye.

XIII.

O! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what Thou may'st command,
Thus WILLIAM's wishes crown.

THE ADVICE OF VENUS.

THUS to the MUSES Spoke the CYPRIAN-DAME ;
Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My SON shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my GIRLS, have at your hearts.

THE ADVICE OF VENUS

The MUSES answer'd,—VENUS we deride,
The Vagrant's malice, and his Mother's pride.
Send him to NYMPHS who sleep on IDA's shade,
To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade :
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse, and moral book ;
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us studying-hard he flies.

CUPID TURNED PLOWMAN. FROM THE GREEK OF *MOSCHUS.*

HIS lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd :
Sly CUPID always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.
Like any PLOWMAN toil'd the little GOD,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd ;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted JOVE.
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plow,
What once EUROPA was NANNETTE is now.

MATTHEW PRIOR

HUSBAND

AND

WIFE.

AN

EPIGRAM.

H. O WITH what woes am I opprest !

W. Be still you senseless Calf :

What if the Gods should make you blest ?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh :

But if they won't, I'll wail, and cry.

W. You'll hardly laugh, before you die.

TO

FORTUNE.

ANOTHER.

WHILST I in Prison on a Court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain malicious FORTUNE, hast thou try'd,
By taking from my state to quell my Pride :
Insulting GIRL, thy present rage abate ;
And would'st thou have me humble, make me GREAT.

CHAST

FLORIMEL.

I.

NO, I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
E'er any farther I comply ;
O! Sir, no man on earth that breathes,
Had ever yet his hand so high.

CHAST FLORIMEL

II.

O! take your sword and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound;
O! will you act a TARQUIN's part?
A second LUCRECE you have found.

III.

Thus to the pressing CORYDON,
Poor FLORIMEL, unhappy maid,
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken, dying, accents said.

IV.

DELIA, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that sixteen months before,
Our LUCRECE had her second child.

V.

And, hark ye, Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the 'Squire, or quit the lodging.

VI.

O! have I, FLORIMEL went on,
Have I then lost my DELIA's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friends she is betray'd?

VII.

O! curse on empty friendship's name;
Lord, what is all our future view?
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you.

VIII.

From DELIA's rage, and FORTUNE's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
O! tip me but another Crown,
Dear Sir, and make me Your's for ever.

MATTHEW PRIOR

PARTIAL
FAME.

I.

THE sturdy MAN if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns ;
The subtil WOMAN if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Tho' HE for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
Tho' SHE can always keep the field,
He vaunts His CONQUEST, She conceals Her SHAME ;
How PARTIAL is the voice of FAME ?

A
SONG.

SET BY
Mr *PURCEL*.

I.

WHITHER would my passion run,
Shall I fly Her, or pursue Her ?
Losing Her I am undone,
Yet would not gain Her to undo Her.

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and Reason ! cease your war,
And order Death to give me rest ;
So each will equal triumph share.

NON PAREIL.

In Praise of PHYLLIS.

I.

LET others from the town retire,
And in the fields seek new delight ;
My PHILLIS does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.

II.

In Her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country-landscape grace ;
No shades so lovely as Her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as is Her face.

III.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flow'ry field ;
Transparent is Her skin, so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

IV.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Tho' sung by nightingale or lark,
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them the sun is dark.

V.

Both light and vital heat they give,
Cherish'd by Them my love takes root,
From Her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant ; bears flow'rs, and fruit.

VI.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind ;
And made transgress our mother EVE :
Poison it's core, tho' fair it's rind.

VII.

Yet so delicious is it's taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Tho' I were sure 'twou'd end in pain.

MATTHEW PRIOR

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest FAME,
I mean the substance, not the name ;
(Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
Of Ermin, Coronets, and Stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flatt'ry oft'ner bought.
The shade, for which Ambition looks,
In SELDEN's or in ASHMOLE's books :)
But the true glory which proceeds,
Reflected bright from honest deeds,
Which we in our Own breast perceive,
And KINGS can neither take nor give.

THE OLD GENTRY.

I.

THAT all from ADAM first began,
None but ungodly WOOLSTON doubts,
And that His son, and His son's son,
Were all but plowmen, clowns, and louts.

II.

Each when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right,
'Twas only who left Off at noon,
Or who went On to work till night.

THE OLD GENTRY

III.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection,
By nature we are ADAM's sons,
And sons of ANSTIS by election.

IV.

KINGSALE, eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held the plow,
When this shall be in story told,
Add, That my kindred do so now.

V.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independant state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix, or change his fate.

THE INCURABLE. AN EPIGRAM.

PHILLIS you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain :
That with a frequent fever CLOE burns,
And STELLA's plumpness into dropsy turns.
O! PHILLIS, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But Thou for all Thy seeming health art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or BLACKMORE's skill ;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
I tell Thee, 'Tis incurable—'tis AGE.

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE
Insatiable PRIEST.

I.

LUKE PREACH-ILL, admires what we laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd;
He has but three livings, and would be a DEAN,
His wife dy'd this year, He has marry'd His maid.

II.

To suppress all His carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near;
And to take off His thought from the things of this earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.

DOCTORS Differ.

AN

EPIGRAM.

WHEN WILLIS of Ephraim heard ROCHESTER preach,
Thus BENTLY said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'st Thou this Sermon? 'tis out of My reach,
His is One way, said WILLIS, and Ours is Another.
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

PONTIUS

AND

PONTIA.

I.

PONTIUS, (who loves you know a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA

II.

Talking of you, said he, my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd, If that high fuzz of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your Own.

III.

Her own, most certain, t'other said,
For NAN, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd DUCAILLY.

IV.

PONTIA, (that civil prudent She,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in Her own defense)

V.

Reply'd, These friends of your's, my dear,
Are given extremely much to satire,
But pr'ythee husband, let one hear,
Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

VI.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That wou'd have spoil'd your friend's conceit ;
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
Pray bring your brother-wits to see't.

Cautious ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth LISSY make,
That from all company She flieth.
Such virtuous courses doth She take,
That She all evil tongues defieth.
And for her dearest Spouse's sake,
She with His brethren only lieth.

MATTHEW PRIOR

TO A
POET of QUALITY,
PRAISING THE
Lady *HINCHINBROKE*.

I.

OF thy judicious MUSE's sense,
Young HINCHINBROKE so very proud is,
That SACHARISSA, and HORTENSE,
She looks, henceforth, upon as Doudies.

II.

Yet She to ONE must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay Her duty,
She wonders praising WILMOT's wit,
Thou shou'dst forget His DAUGHTER's beauty.

The PRATER.

An EPIGRAM.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content Ye:
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk, he practises
Full fourteen hours in four and twenty.

TRUTH
TOLD AT
LAST.
AN
EPIGRAM.

SAYS PONTIUS in rage, contradicting his Wife,
"You never yet told me one Truth in your life :"
Vext PONTIA no way could this Thesis allow,
"You're a Cuckold, say's she, do I tell you Truth now?"

AN
ENIGMA.

FORM'D half beneath, and half above the earth,
We Sisters owe to art our second birth :
The Smith's and Carpenter's adopted Daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground :
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

TWO BEGGARS

Disputing their RIGHT to an OYSTER they had
Found ; a LAWYER thus decides the CAUSE.

BLIND PLAINTIFF, lame DEFENDANT, share
The friendly LAWS impartial care.
A SHELL for HIM, A SHELL for THEE,
The MIDDLE is the LAWYER'S-FEE.
So Judge's WORD decrees the People's RIGHT,
And MAGNA CHARTA is a PAPER-KITE.

MATTHEW PRIOR

A FRENCH SONG.

I.

WHY thus from the Plain does my Shepherdess rove,
Forsaking Her swain, and neglecting His love?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
O! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray;
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone,
When I leave all the Plain, you may guess 'tis for ONE.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT trifling coil do we poor mortals keep;
Wake, eat, and drink, evacuate, and sleep.

A CASE STATED.

I.

NOW how shall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear DICK give me counsel, if Friendship has any,
Pr'ythee purge, or let blood, surly RICHARD reply'd,
And forget the Coquet in the arms of your NANNY.

A CASE STATED

II.

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
For the pains and the torments for more than a year;
She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to BARTLEMEW-FAIR.

III.

My COWLEY, and WALLER, how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only Hears with her Eye,
In a long flaxen-wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

FOR

My own MONUMENT.

I.

AS DOCTORS give physic by way of prevention,
MATT alive and in health, of his TOMB-STONE took care,
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.

II.

Then take MATT's word for it, the SCULPTOR is paid,
That the FIGURE is fine, pray believe your own eye,
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter our selves, and teach marble to lye.

III.

Yet counting as far as to FIFTY his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are,
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

MATTHEW PRIOR

IV.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree,
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord how merry was he.

V.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

VI.

This verse little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view,
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So MATT may be kill'd, and his bones never found,
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same,
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his FAME.

TO My Lord HARLEY. EXTEMPORE.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper send,
To the kind WIFE, the lovely FRIEND;
Smiling bid Her freely write,
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of Virtue, Goodness, Peace, and Love,
Thoughts which ANGELS may approve.

M. P.

A
LETTER

TO

The Honourable LADY

Miss MARGARET-CAVENDISH-
HOLLES-HARLEY.

M^Y noble, lovely, little PEGGY,
Let this, my FIRST-EPISTLE, beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven:
In double beauty say your pray'r,
Our father first, then notre pere;
And, dearest CHILD, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my LORD and LADY,
So GOD shall love, and ANGELS aid, Ye.

If to these PRECEPTS You attend,
No SECOND-LETTER need I send,
And so I rest Your constant Friend,

M. P.

TRUTH
AND
FALSHOOD.

A
TALE.

O^{NCE} on a time, in sun-shine weather,
FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,
The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Thro' many a blooming mead They past,
And at a brook arriv'd at last.
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itin'rant maid
To rest a while beneath the shade;
Under a spreading beach They sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd;
ONE spoke her thoughts; the OTHER feign'd.

At length, quoth FALSHOOD, Sister TRUTH,
For so She call'd Her from Her youth,
What if to shun yon sult'ry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near?—
With all my heart, the NYMPH reply'd,
And threw Her snowy robes aside,
Stript her self naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
FALSHOOD more leisurely undrest,
And laying by Her tawdry vest,
Trick'd her self out in TRUTH's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour, the FRAUDFUL DAME,
Of sacred TRUTH usurps the name,
And with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain, pretended fears;
In visits, still appears most wise,
And rolls at church Her saint-like-eyes.
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising-stock Her conscience pricks,
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets ope'd, and all unravell'd.
But on She will, and secrets tell
Of JOHN and JOAN, and NED and NELL,

TRUTH AND FALSHOOD

Reviling ev'ry One She knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind,
It always runs before Her mind;
As times do serve She slyly pleads,
And copious tears still shew Her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds.—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
To-day a SAINT, to-morrow DEVIL.

Poor TRUTH She stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely MAID,
Who scorning from Her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever NAKED will appear,
Belov'd by ALL who TRUTH revere.

NELLY'S Picture.

A SONG.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
This Nymph, or that Swain,
Dearest NELLY, the lovely, I'll sing;
She shall grace ev'ry verse,
I'll her Beauty rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion's divinely fair;
Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a Hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

MATTHEW PRIOR

III.

Her breath like a rose,
It's sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There CUPID discovers her charms;
O! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis heaven to dye in her arms.

V.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The GRACES play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wond'rously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

PROLOGUE FOR *DELIA*'s PLAY.

The Royal Mischief.

A TRAGEDY.

LADIES, to You with pleasure we submit,
This early offspring of a VIRGIN-WIT.
From your good nature nought our AUTHRESS fears,
Sure you'll indulge, if not the MUSE, her YEARS,

PROLOGUE FOR DELIA'S PLAY

Freely the praise she may deserve bestow,
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow ;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let Critics follow RULES, she boldly writes
What NATURE dictates, and what LOVE indites.
By no dull forms her QUEEN and LADIES move,
But court their HEROES, and agnize their love.
Poor MAID ! she'd have (what e'en no WIFE would crave)
A HUSBAND love his SPOUSE beyond the grave :
And from a second-marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things STEPMOTHERS are.
Howe'er, to CONSTANCY the PRIZE she gives,
And tho' the SISTER dies the BROTHER lives.
Blest with success, at last, he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his MISTRESS and a CROWN.
Learn, LADIES, then from LINDARAXA's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous Lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heav'n and Fate should adverse prove,
(For Fate and Heav'n don't always smile on love)
Learn with ZELINDA to be still the same,
Nor quit your FIRST for any SECOND flame,
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

AMARYLLIS.

A

PASTORAL.

IT was the fate of an unhappy SWAIN
To love a NYMPH, the glory of the plain ;
In vain he daily did his courtship move,
The NYMPH was haughty, and disdain'd to love.
Each morn as soon as the SUN's golden ray
Dispers'd the clouds, and chaced dark night away,

MATTHEW PRIOR

The sad despairing Shepherd rear'd his head
 From off his pillow, and forsook his bed.
 Strait he search'd out some melancholy shade,
 Where he did blame the proud disdainful MAID,
 And thus with cruelty did her upbraid :
 Ah ! SHEPHERDESS will you then let me dye ;
 Will nothing thaw this frozen cruelty :
 But you, lest you should pity, will not hear,
 You will not to my suff'rings give ear ;
 But adder-like to listen you refuse
 To words, the greatest charm that man can use.
 'Tis now noon-day, the Sun is mounted high,
 Beneath refreshing shades the beasts do lie,
 And seek out cooling rivers to assuage,
 The Lion's sultry heat, and Dog-Star's rage :
 The Oxen now can't plow the fruitful soil,
 The furious heat forbids the reaper's toil.
 Both beast and men for work are now unfit,
 The weary'd Hinds down to their dinner sit ;
 Each creature now is with refreshment blest,
 And none but wretched I, debarr'd of rest,
 I wander up and down thro' desert lands,
 On sun-burnt mountain-tops, and parched sands.
 And as alone, restless I go along,
 Nothing but eccho answers to my Song.
 Had I not better undergo the scorn
 Of JENNY ? is it not more easy borne ?
 The cruelty of angry KATE ? altho'
 That She is black, and you as white as snow.
 O ! NYMPH don't, too much, to your beauty trust,
 The brightest steel is eaten up with rust :
 The whitest blossoms fall, sweet roses fade,
 And you, tho' handsom, yet may dye a maid.
 With THEE I could admire a country life,
 Free from disturbance, city noise, or strife :
 Amongst the shady groves and woods we'd walk,
 Of nothing else but love's great charms we'd talk,
 We would pursue, in season, rural sports,
 And then let knaves and fools resort to courts ;
 I could, besides, some country-presents find,

AMARYLLIS

Could they persuade you, but to be more kind :
But since with scorn you do those gifts despise,
Another SHEPHERDESS shall gain the prize.
O ! AMARYLLIS, beauteous Maid, observe,
The NYMPHS themselves are willing THEE to serve,
See where large baskets full of flowers they bring,
The sweet fair product of th' indulgent spring.
See there the Pink, and the Anemony,
The purple Violet, Rose, and Jessamy.
See where they humbly lay their presents down,
To make a chaplet thy dear head to crown.
See where the beasts go trooping drove by drove,
See how they answer one another's love :
See where the Bull the Heifer does pursue,
See where the Mare the furious Horse does woo :
Each Female to her Male is always kind,
And Women, only cruel Women blind,
Contradict that for which they were design'd. }
So CORYDON loves an ungrateful Fair,
Who minds not oaths, nor cares for any prayer.
But see the SUN his race has almost run,
And the laborious Ox his work has done.
But I still love without the thought of ease, }
No cure was ever found for that disease,
But CORYDON, what frenzy does thee [seize]. }
Why dost thou lie in this dejected way ? }
Why dost thou let thy Sheep and Oxen stray ? }
Thy tuneful Pipe, why dost Thou throw away. }
Had not you better dispossess your mind
Of Her who is so cruel and unkind ;
Forget Her guile, and calm those raging cares,
Take heart again, and follow your affairs,
For what altho' this NYMPH does cruel prove,
You'll find a thousand other Maids will love.

MATTHEW PRIOR

CUPID's Promise.
PARAPHRASED.

I.

SOFT CUPID, wanton, am'rous Boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

II.

O! raise thy voice, One SONG I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious string,
To THYRSIS easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
THYRSIS thy due reward shall be,
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
PARIS has vouch'd this Truth for me.

IV.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
That brightest CLOE rules my breast,
I'll sing thee Two instead of ONE,
If Thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

V.

One Kiss from CLOE's lips, no more
I crave, He promiss'd me success,
I play'd with all my skill and power,
My glowing passion to express.

VI.

But O! my CLOE, beauteous Maid,
Wilt thou the wisht reward bestow?
Wilt Thou make good what LOVE has said,
And by Thy grant, His power show?

Lamentation *for*
DORINDA.

FAREWEL ye shady walks, and fountains,
Sinking vallies, rising mountains :
Farewel ye crystal streams, that pass
Thro' fragrant meads of verdant grass :
Farewel ye flowers, sweet and fair,
That us'd to grace DORINDA's hair :
Farewel ye woods, who us'd to shade
The pressing youth, and yielding maid :
Farewel ye birds, whose morning song
Oft made us know we slept too long :
Farewel dear bed, so often prest,
So often above others blest,
With the kind weight of all her charms,
When panting, dying, in my arms.
DORINDA's gone, gone far away,
She's gone, and STREPHON cannot stay :
By sympathetic ties I find
That to Her sphere I am confin'd ;
My motions still on Her must wait,
And what She wills to me is fate.

She's gone, O ! hear it all ye bowers,
Ye walks, ye fountains, trees, and flowers,
For whom you made your earliest show,
For whom you took a pride to grow.
She's gone, O ! hear ye nightingales,
Ye mountains ring it to the vales,
And eccho to the country round,
The mournful, dismal, killing sound :
DORINDA's gone, and STREPHON goes,
To find with Her his lost repose.

But ere I go, O ! let me see,
That all things mourn Her loss like me :

MATTHEW PRIOR

Play, play, no more ye spouting fountains,
Rise ye vallies, sink ye mountains ;
Ye walks, in moss, neglected lie,
Ye birds, be mute ; ye streams, be dry.
Fade, fade, ye flowers, and let the rose
No more it's blushing buds disclose :
Ye spreading beach, and taper fir,
Languish away in mourning Her ;
And never let your friendly shade,
The stealth of other Lovers aid.
And thou, O ! dear, delightful bed,
The altar where Her maidenhead,
With burning cheeks, and down cast eyes,
With panting breasts, and kind replies,
And other due solemnity,
Was offer'd up to love and me.
Hereafter suffer no abuse,
Since consecrated to our use,
As thou art sacred, don't profane
Thy self with any vulgar stain,
But to thy pride be still display'd,
The print her lovely limbs have made :
See, in a moment, all is chang'd,
The flowers shrunk up, the trees disrang'd,
And that which wore so sweet a face,
Become a horrid, desart place.
Nature Her influence withdraws,
Th' effect must follow still the cause,
And where DORINDA will reside,
Nature must there all gay provide.
Decking that happy spot of earth,
Like Eden's-Garden at it's birth,
To please Her matchless, darling Maid,
The wonder of her Forming-Trade ;
Excelling All who e'er Excell'd,
And as we ne'er the like beheld,
So neither is, nor e'er can be,
Her Parallel, or Second SHE.

On Absence.
TO
LEONORA.

IF absence so much racks my Charmer's heart,
Believe that STREPHON's bears a double smart,
So well he loves, and knows thy love so fine,
That in his Own distress he suffers Thine :
Yet, O forgive him, if his thoughts displease,
He would not, cannot wish Thee more at ease.

What need you bid me think of pleasures past ?
Was there one joy, whose image does not last ?
But that One ; most extatic, most refin'd,
Reigns fresh, and will for ever in my mind,
With such a power of charms it storm'd my soul,
That nothing ever can it's strength controul.
Not sleep, not age, not absence can avail,
Reflection, ever young, must still prevail.
What influence-divine did guide that hour,
Which gave to minutes the Almighty Power,
To fix (whilst other joys are not a span)
A pleasure lasting as the life of man.

TO
LEONORA.
ENCORE.

I.

CEASE, LEONORA, cease to mourn,
Thy faithful STREPHON will return.
Fate at thy sighs will ne'er relent,
Then grieve not, what we can't prevent ;
Nor let predestinating tears,
Increase my pains, or raise thy fears.

MATTHEW PRIOR

II.

'Tis but the last long winter night,
Our Sun will rise to morrow bright,
And to our suff'ring passion bring
The promise of eternal Spring,
Which thy kind eyes shall ever cheer,
And make that Season all our Year.

ON A PRETTY MADWOMAN.

I.

WHILE mad OPHELIA we lament,
And Her distraction mourn,
Our grief's misplac'd, Our tears mispent,
Since what for Her condition's meant
More justly fits Our Own.

II.

For if 'tis happiness to be,
From all the turns of Fate,
From dubious joy, and sorrow free;
OPHELIA then is blest, and we
Misunderstand Her state.

III.

The Fates may do whate'er they will,
They can't disturb her mind,
Insensible of good, or ill,
OPHELIA is OPHELIA still,
Be Fortune cross or kind.

IV.

Then make with reason no more noise,
Since what should give relief,
The quiet of Our mind destroys,
Or with a full spring-tide of joys,
Or a dead-ebb of grief.

The Torment of
ABSENCE.

I.

WHAT a tedious day is past!
Loving, thinking, wishing, weeping:
Gods! if this be not the last,
Take a life not worth my keeping.

II.

LOVE, ye Gods, is LIFE alone!
In the length is little pleasure:
Be but ev'ry day Our-Own,
We shall ne'er complain of measure.

THE
NEW-YEAR'S GIFT
TO
PHYLLIS.

I.

THE circling months begin this day,
To run their yearly ring,
And long-breath'd time which ne'er will stay,
Refits his wings, and shoots away,
It round again to bring.

II.

Who feels the force of female eyes,
And thinks some Nymph divine,
Now brings his annual sacrifice,
Some pretty boy, or neat device,
To offer at Her shrine.

MATTHEW PRIOR

III.

But I can pay no offering,
To show how I adore,
Since I had but a heart to bring
A downright foolish, faithful thing,
And that you had before.

IV.

Yet we may give, for custom sake,
What will to both be New,
My Constancy a Gift I'll make,
And in return of it will take
Some Levity from You.

Coy JENNY. A SONG.

I.

FOR God's-sake—nay, dear Sir,
Lord, what do You mean?
I protest, and I vow Sir,
Your ways are obscene.

II.

Pray give over, O! fie,
Pish, leave of your fooling,
Forbear, or I'll cry,—
I hate this rude doing.

III.

Let me die if I stay,
Does the DEVIL possess You;
Your hand take away,
Then perhaps I may bless You.

TO
CELIA.
AN
EPIGRAM.

YOU need not thus so often pray,
Or in devotion spend the day,
Since without half such toil and pain,
You surely Paradise will gain.
Your HUSBAND's impotent and jealous,
And CELIA that's enough to tell us
You must inhabit Heaven herea'ter,
Because you are a VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Upon a FRIEND,
WHO HAD
A PAIN in his Left-Side.

I.

LAY not the Pain, so near your heart,
On chance, or on disease,
So sensible, so nice a smart,
Is from no cause like these.

II.

Your Friends, at last, the truth have found,
Howe'er you tell your story,
'Twas CELIA's eyes that gave the Wound,
And they shall have the Glory.

MATTHEW PRIOR
ENGRAVEN
On THREE Sides of
An Antique-LAMP,
GIVEN BY ME
To the Right Honourable
THE
Lord HARLEY.

M. P.

ANTIQUAM hanc Lampadem
è Museo COLBERTINO allatam,
Domino HARLEO inter *Κειμήλια* sua
Reponendam D. D. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

This Lamp which PRIOR to his HARLEY gave,
Brought from the altar of the CYPRIAN-Dame,
Indulgent time, thro' future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno ;
I fove Casto Vigil HARLEANAS
Igne Camœnas.

THE EXAMINER.

N^o 6. *Thursday* Sept. 7. 1710.

THE Collective Body of the Whigs have already engrossed our Riches; and their Representatives, the *Kit-Cat*, have pretended to make a Monopoly of our Sense. Thus it happens, that Mr. *P—r*, by being expelled the Club, ceases to be a Poet; and Sir *Harry F—e* becomes one, by being admitted into it. 'Tis here that Wit and Beauty are decided by Plurality of Voices: The Child's Judgment shall make *H—y* pass for a Fool; and *Jacob's* Indulgence shall preserve Lady *H—t* from the Tallow-Candle.

It is the Misfortune of our *Athens*, like that of antient *Greece*, to be governed by a Set Number of Tyrants: The Works of learned Men are weighed here by the unerring Ballance of Party, and he is sure to be most ingenious in his Writings, who is, in their Phrase, most thorough-paced in his Politics. *Treelooby* kept the general Applause for a whole Winter; while poor *Phædra* could scarce get into the Theatre, 'till she had thrown herself at the Feet of one of these *Reguli*. It was in this Mint that a curious Piece of poetical Workmanship was lately wrought, and, by the Masters of the Company, allowed as current and authentic Coin. Notwithstanding which Stamp of Authority, a Critic, unknown to me, has presumed to make some Observations upon this Performance; both which, I hope Dr. *Bentley* will excuse me for publishing, since this is such Poetry as he has never found among the *Greek* or *Latin* Writers.

MATTHEW PRIOR

To the Earl of GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
And where the Sword destroys not, Famine kills;
Our Isle enjoys, by your successful Care,
The Pomp of Peace amidst the Woes of War.
So much the Public to your Prudence owes,
You think no Labours long for our Repose:
Such Conduct, such Integrity are shown,
There are no Coffers empty but your own.
From mean Dependance Merit you retrieve;
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give.
Your Favour, like the *Nile*, Increase bestows,
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows:
So pois'd your Passions are, we find no Frown,
If Funds oppress not, and if Commerce run.
Taxes diminish'd, Liberty entire,
Those are the Grants your Services require.
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
But moves in matchless Order by your Care:
Free from Confusion, settled and serene,
And, like the Universe, by Springs unseen.
But now some Star, sinister to our Prayers,
Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs.
No Anguish in your Looks, nor Cares appear,
But how to teach the unpractis'd Crew to Steer.
Thus, like some Victim, no Constraint you need,
To expiate their Offence, by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a Weed in every Clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in Time.
The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same,
The Vapours you have rais'd, obscure your Flame.
But though you suffer, and a while retreat,
Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.

THE EXAMINER

A Letter to the EXAMINER.

I SEND you these Verses enclosed, which I have read with great Attention; and from the Character of the Patron, as well as of the Poet, with no ordinary Inclination to be pleased. But so dull am I, that there does not appear, to my Apprehension, either Poetry, Grammar, or Design in the Composition. The whole seems to be, as the sixth Editor of the *Dispensary* happily expresses it,

A strong unlabour'd Impotence of Thought!

If we examine it by the new Test of good Poetry, which the Doctor himself has established, Pleasing at first Blush, has this Piece the least Title even to that? Or, if we compare it with the only Pattern, as he thinks, of just Writing [in] this Kind, *Ovid*, is there any Thing in *De Tristibus* so wild, so childish, or so flat?

What can the ingenious Doctor mean? Or at what Time could he write these Verses? Half of the Poem is a Panegyric on a Lord-Treasurer in being; and the rest a Compliment of Condoleance to an Earl that has lost the Staff.

In thirty Lines his Patron is a River, the *Primum Mobile*, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing and Nothing. He bestows Increase, conceals his Source, makes the Machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our Offences, raises Vapours, and look[s] larger as he sets.

Nor is the Choice of his Expressions less exquisite, than that of his Similes. *For Commerce to run, Passions to be poized, Merit to be retrieved from Dependance, and a Machine to be Serene*, is perfectly new. The Doctor has a happy Talent at Invention, and has had the Glory of enriching our Language by his Phrases, as much as he has improved Medicine by his Bills.

But to be more particular——

*And where the Sword destroys not (says our Panegyrist)
Famine kills.*

MATTHEW PRIOR

I could wish the Verse would have allowed of the Word *Plague*, or *Pestilence*; for I suppose that's what the Author means. I have heard of the Plague at *Dantzick*; but what Part of *Europe* Famine rages in, I know not. Why won't *Physic* stand here? It is better Sense, and runs as well. What the *Pomp of Peace* is, I as little comprehend, as how it can be enjoyed amidst the Woes of War.

*Such Conduct, such Integrity are shown,
There are no Coffers empty but your own.*

Since there is so little Poetry in this Couplet, I wish there were more Truth in it. Some Coffers, I have heard, were empty three Weeks ago; and if they are not so still, the Nation is more obliged to the Doctor's unpractised Crew, than to the experienced Pilot.

Unask'd you offer——

A great Discovery! I always thought till now, he that was ask'd might be said to give; but not properly to offer. The malicious Part of the World will, I doubt, be apt to observe, That this Sentence, as it stands here, is as true in Fact, as it is exact in Language,

Your Favour, like the Nile, Increase bestows.

If the Beauty of the Simile is to be judged of by the frequent Use which the Poets of all Ages have made of it, scarce any can come in Competition with the Doctor's River. The *Nile* on these Occasions is as trite, as the Stories of *Icarus* and *Phaeton*. I remember I used it when I was about Twelve, in a *New-Year's-Gift* to my Uncle, and was heartily ashamed of it a Year after. A School-Boy can no more miss the *Nile*, than a *French* Author, when he dedicates to the Grand Monarch, can live without the Sun, that other Simile in which the Doctor rejoices.

*——Some Star, sinister to our Prayers,
Contrives new Schemes.*

Alii legunt Five Stars; which makes this Passage intelligible. I have often heard Astrologers talk of a sort of Influence that

THE EXAMINER

Stars have upon human Affairs; but I know of no Stars, but those in Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Constellation, that ever contrived Schemes; and those too were erected under no very benign Aspect.

My Lord's Care, he tells us, is to teach the unpractised Crew to steer. By Crew, we are to understand the Lords of the Treasury. A very civil Expression! But as to the Sense of it: What Affinity is there between Crew and Steering? Is Steering the Business of the whole Ship's Crew? This is a true Image of the *Whig-Scheme*, where every Man is his own Pilot.

If we read the two next Lines, we shall find these People have wounded him; and yet, like the best-natur'd Victim imaginable, he needs no Constraint to expiate their Offence. All this is what the *French* call *Gallimatias*, and what the *English* Critics term *Nonsense*. But what follows? *For whom you bleed*. Bleed! What, is the Devil in the Doctor, to mention such a Word, and give so unlucky a Hint? I hoped that this Point had been so well guarded, that there could be no farther need of an Act of Security.

The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same.

A hundred Pound for a *Genitive* Case! as old *Busby* used to cry out upon such an Occasion.

But to go on, from *Grammar* to *Decency*. Of this Happiness of *Great Britain*, is any Part ascribed to the Queen? To this Machine, which moves so like the Universe, does the Royal Hand give any Turn? Methinks he might at least allow Her Majesty as much as his Friends did in the Coronation-Medal.

VICEM GERIT ILLA.

But, as the Poet observes,

Ingratitude's a Weed in every Clime.

He will give me leave, in my own Turn, to observe, That in *Don Sebastian* it is,

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime.

MATTHEW PRIOR

What Occasion was there of altering a Verse he thought fit to steal? This is being a meer *Banditti* in Poetry, to rob and murder too. But who is to be charged with this Ingratitude? The whole Body of the Nation did indeed wish the Treasurer out; but 'twas Her Majesty only that could displace him. Such are the Compliments which the Crown receives from this Anti-monarchical Academy. Excellent Poets, dutiful Subjects!

I could give you many more Observations upon the Beauties of this sublime Panegyric, if I had my *Longinus* by me. It has been corrected, I find, twice or thrice already; and if the Author corrects it once more, I am so well acquainted with his lucky Performances that Way, that I don't doubt, but I shall be tempted to write to you again upon the same Subject. He will not be like himself, if he does not shift his Patron as well as his Phrases; and it won't surprize me at all, if in the next Edition the Poem should come out inscribed to the late Treasurer of *Ireland*.

But I believe by this Time the Town is tired with the Verses, and you with the Criticisms of

Your most humble Servant,

PHILODINGLE.

My unknown Friend Mr. *Philodingle* has taken my Province from me: However, I am obliged to him for his Essay. The best Return which can be made to an ingenious Man, is to afford him fresh Matter to employ his Thoughts, and more Opportunities of shewing his Sagacity. For this Reason I present my Brother *Examiner* with a *Riddle*, which was sent me by a Sage, studious of *Egyptian* Knowledge, and much addicted to the Hieroglyphics.

TWENTY-FOUR SONGS.

I.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d' ye fly me,
With such rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
Why in vain I you pursu'd;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

II.

PARTING WITH FLAVIA.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart:
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep: the Gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter Fate.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign ;
Who knows but that those powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join ?

But, since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever ;
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score ;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet, should our sun shine out at last ;
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet ;

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd ;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd !

But say, Heaven should bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise :
Why then what's due to such a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

III.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

LET perjur'd fair Aminta know,
What for her sake I undergo ;
Tell her, for her how I sustain
A lingering fever's wasting pain ;
Tell her, the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

SONGS

But, oh ! she scorns to hear, or see,
The wretch that lies so low as me ;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephen hopes, alas ! in vain :
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

IV.

TO PHILLIS.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill ;
Tell me what pleasure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
Keep-in some glowings of desire ;
But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would Love's liberty controul,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart ;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free ;
Thyrsis expects you in yon' grove ;
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

MATTHEW PRIOR

V.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham;
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VI.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

STILL, Dorinda, I adore;
Think I mean not to deceive ye:
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave ye.

Staying, I my vows shall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows stronger;
Fierce desires will prevail;
You are fair; and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

SONGS

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish,
But I cannot promise to
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magick lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I most doating, thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

VII.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

IS it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'st make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'Twould save thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
Despair will soon devour.

Ah! wound then, my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

VIII.

A TWO PART SONG.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark-mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

IX.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

SONGS

X.

SET BY
MR. SMITH.

SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth exprest,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast :

What will move the springs of nature ?
What will make you think me true ?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
Thus, by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair-one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your Reason's law[s] :
Atheist-like (th' effect deceiving)
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XI.

SET BY
MR. DE FESCH.

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair-one's heart ;
Must it be by truth of nature ?
Or by poor dissembling art ?

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends ;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XII.

SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let Fate its Rigour still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.
'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my troubles could control,
And into joys deceive me.
Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking:
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.
But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever:
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XIII.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.
But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.
Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without controul:
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

SONGS

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run :
Victoria shews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in 't divine ;
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when with t'other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, mean while, the fool :
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield :
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XIV.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna, I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight :
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year ;
Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XV.

SET BY
MR. DE FESCH.

FAREWEL, Amynta, we must part ;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall ;
And now, alas ! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move :
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

SONGS

XVI.

LES ESTREINES.

SET BY
MR. SMITH.

A CCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave :
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.
Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live :
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.
And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

New Years day 1709.

XVII.

SET BY
MR. DE FESCH.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.
But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.
Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XVIII.

SET BY

MR. SMITH.

SINCE we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should sully all your charms.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

Let him, by night, his Joys pursue,
And blunder in the dark;
While I, by day, enjoying you,
Can see to hit the mark.

XIX.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

SET BY MR. C. R.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an errant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

SONGS

Faith ! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy ;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy Time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away ;
Then, alas ! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay ?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve ;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XX.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms ;
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on ; and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence fate denies,
I feel, alas ! the killing smart ;
And can with undiscerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

MATTHEW PRIOR

XXI.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing,
A song which shall immortal be ;
Since she I sing 's a deity :
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XXII.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

IN vain, alas ! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast ;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

Ah ! fair-one, why to me so coy ?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness slights the joy,
Than I with love pursue ?

Die then, unhappy lover ! die ;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly ; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

SONGS

XXIII.

SET BY

MR. DE FESCH.

WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a sight;
I rag'd; for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXIV.

SET BY MR. C. R.

CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm does in her meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

MATTHEW PRIOR

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.
Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure 'em,
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure 'em.
And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

TO THE
REV. DR. FRANCIS TURNER,
BISHOP OF ELY
WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF
PRUDENTIUS.

IF poets, ere they cloath'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to just perfection brought,
Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke :
Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse,
The bold requests of an aspiring Muse ;
Who, with your blessing would your aid implore,
And in her weakness justify your power.—
From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
And with unequal strength pursue your flight ;
Yet hopes, she ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your blest commands, and great example too.
Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
And make the Muse and her endeavours live ;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you :

DR. TURNER

So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
Where the Saints' palm and Muses' laurel grow ;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine ;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing ;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A

PASTORAL.

TO

DR. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY ;
ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie ?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast ?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest ?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost ?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost ?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground ?
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd frown'd.

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play :
(Ah ! were their master unconcern'd as they !)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground ;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise ;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away ;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

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ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy ;
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun ?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded Heaven ?

DAMON.

None ; shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares !
And rather pity than restrain my tears ;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys ; how soon they fled ;
I told thee, friend, (now bless the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came,)
That I, even I, might happily receive
The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give :
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain ;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep ;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue :
Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd ;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss ;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne ;
But (oh, my friend !) those joys with Daphnis flew :
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then ? those joys so vast ?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great ;

EPIGRAMS

But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the chearful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all mankind
A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE.

I STOOD, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll KNEEL before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You 'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay HOMAGE to the Queen.

MATTHEW PRIOR

EPIGRAM

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON
BISHOP ATTE[R]BURY'S
BURYING THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
MDCCXX.

"I HAVE no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The Duke though Knave, still "Brother dear," he cries;
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

LINES
WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF
TOM BRITTON,
THE SMALL-COAL-MAN,
PAINTED BY
MR. WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride ;
Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train :
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere :
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

WRITTEN IN
LADY HOWE'S
OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief ;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
But, oh ! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not shew the dart !
What care could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live !

MATTHEW PRIOR

AN
EPISTLE,
MDCCXVI.

I Pray, good Lady Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.

Your humble servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I Pray, Lady Harriot, the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine. }

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

I F wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd,
But envious Fate has claim'd its due,
Here lies the mortal part of True;
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the Queen. }
By long obedience he confest
That serving her was to be blest.—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!

TRUE'S EPITAPH

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes :
Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour !

EPIGRAM.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were safe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Post.

UPON PLAYING at OMBRE, WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that FORTUNE long has wanted sight,
And therefore pardon'd, when She did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That as She wanted Eyes, She could not Hear.
I begg'd, that She would give me leave to lose,
A thing She does not commonly refuse :
Two Matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my Luck's the same :
Unconquer'd in Three suits it does remain ;
Whereas I only ask in One to gain ;
Yet She still contradicting, Gifts imparts ;
And gives success in ev'ry suit—but HEARTS.

MATTHEW PRIOR

ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

I.

I MY dear, was born to day,
So all my jolly comrades say ;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth :
Little, alas ! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and wo ;
To thy denial, to thy scorn,
Better I had ne'er been born,
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to day,
Shall I salute the rising ray ?
Wellspring of all my joy and woe,
CLOTILDA, thou alone dost know.
Shall the wreath surround my hair ?
Or shall the music please my ear ?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live ?
Then let me see great VENUS chace
Imperious anger from Thy face ;
Then let me hear THEE smiling say,
THOU, my dear, wer't BORN TO DAY.

ESSAYS;
AND
DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD.

By *Matthew Prior*, Esq^r.

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An
Essay upon Learning.

Heads for a Treatise upon Learning.

WHAT We commonly call Schole-Learning is so necessary that he who has it not in some Degree can hardly be counted a Man; The several parts of it are to the Mind what our different Limbs are to the Body. As we cannot see without Eyes, or walk without feet so neither can we judge rightly of what we have seen, or tell exactly how or where we have walked without the Assistance of Arethmetic and Geometry: We cannot build or enclose, we cannot Attain or improve many other conveniencies and blessings of Life without some Knowledge in these parts of Mathematicks. We can neither rightly understand our own, or learn any other Modern Language without a previous insight into the Latin and the Greek. The good and Excellence of Learning has been the Theme of the greatest Writers for above Three thousand Years: The inconveniences and ills it may produce if not well regulated is the subject of my present Letter.

As in general, Reading improves the Judgment of a Man of Sense it only renders the Caprice of a Coxcomb more visible. It has been truly said that he who is Master of three or four Languages may be reckoned three or four Men. Understanding and being understood in as many Countries: But if he utters impertinences he is only the same Fool so many times Multiplied. If he had been bred by his Friends at home to what an honest Farmer would call reading and writing he could have been ridiculous only from Isles of Orkney to the Cliff of Dover, but being Sent to One of our Universities first, and thence to a foreign Academy his Sphere of Activity is enlarged and he has

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the Priviledge to be laughed at at Paris or Madrid, at Rome or Constantinople. Languages in the Mouth of a Fool are like weapons in the hand of a Madman the more he has of them the more harm he may do to himself as well as to every body within his reach.

Too great an application to any one sort of Study may spoil a Man of good Natural parts either as to his being agreeable in Conversation or usefull to the Public: being too far involved in Mathematicks and abstracted Science he may become neither heedful enough to mind or able enough to Answer what is said in Company; And from reading of History and Travel he may be at last a Meer Story Teller, rather able to recite matter of Fact then to apply it to a Right Purpose. As to that study indeed which a Man makes his Profession there is an Exception, for life is so short and the avocations of it so various that without a Peculiar application to one kind of Learning he cannot attain to a very eminent Perfection in it. Thus Divines, Lawyers and Physitians are esteemed great Scholars if they understand and Discourse well of what belongs to their own Profession, & allowances are made in other parts of general Learning in which they may not be so perfectly versed: It is therefore incumbent on these Gentlemen to gain this point as well for their Reputation as their Profit. History in general is Pleasurable, and as it depends upon the Memory is to be acquired while we are Young. The History of our own Country from the Conquest and of the other Nations of Europe for about Three hundred Years past is most diligently to be studied especially by Persons of Quality and such as are to make any figure in the State or Design for any public Employ^t. I have heard some quote Alexander and Cæsar who knew very little of Gustavus Adolphus or William of Orange, and were acquainted rather with Thomyris and Zenobia than with Katharine of Medicis, or Queen Elizabeth. They can dispute if there were four Gordions in Rome without being very well assured there were as many Henrys in France. As to Antient History it may be remarked that you find Letters and Orations not Genuine, which tell You not what the Persons spake or wrote but what the Historian fancies they should have done. The Politicians, Soldiers and Women in Tacitus make observations and turn Sentences alike, and all Livys Heroes Harangue in the same

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Style. Julius Cæsar commonly esteemed so happy in that he had a Pen able to grave in neat Language what his Sword had first more roughly cut out if rightly examined may be censured on this head, for he who for the Credit of his own Wit makes the most barbarous People speak in a Style much better than they could possibly have, may for the honor of his Conquests make them fight in an other manner than they really did. But in Modern History it is otherwise. These sort of Memoires are proved to be Authentic, and give You the very Pictures of their minds in whose Name they were Published, or at least such an Idea as you may conceive to be just. Who ever reads the Apology of William the first of Orange, whom I just now Quoted, will find a Patriot determined, Valiant and Great. Who ever peruses the Conferences and Declarations of King Charles the First will presently acknowledge a Prince just and Pious Tenacious of his own Right but with great regard to the good and safety of his People : Pieces of this kind give You as infallibly an Idea of the Situation of Mind and Circumstance of Fortune of the Person you read of as an Original Drawing will show You the hand of any Painter. It can hardly be Counterfeited tho by a better hand, nay even as to Minors and Weak Princes tho it cannot be supposed that they write their own Letters there may be found a likeness of their Thought from the better Draught that their Ministers have given of it.

Again the Customes and Maximes of the Greeks and Romans are so different from those of the present Nations and Times, that tho we may be thought more Learned we are not in proportion so fully instructed from these as from more Modern Authors, and they are only usefull as compared to what is nearer Us, and as to Quoting History the greatest Care imaginable is to be taken that the Story be proper to the Subject upon which it was introduced, In this some have a peculiar happyness, and others often Miscarry therefore every Man is to Consult his own Tallent avoiding long Stories and especially Tautology.

Of History in general, Chronology is the very life and Quintisence, the rest without it is but a Rope of Sand, A Tale of a Tub, where any Writer has failed in it his whole Book has been Condemned, and where any Speaker is not guided

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by it, his Discourse will not be minded. Medals are again a help to Chronology, but the scarcity and expence of good Ones make it difficult for any Man less than a Prince to possess such a Series of them as shal be of real use to him. For, here I make the greatest difference imaginable between Study and Curiosity since one is to profit the Mind the t'other to please the Eye. The Gentleman who likes Medals very well will always be desirous to possess the best of them, and the Antiquary or Vertuose will be sure to top false ones upon him, besides that too much Money may be spent in the Acquisition, too much time may be spent in the contemplation of them. Medals as to reading are what Counters are to Cards, You may contemplate the Figures upon them while you neglect going on with your Game. Monsieur Spanheim one of the greatest Antiquaries and Scholars of the last Centuary had no other Medals but those printed in Series and Books but I stil restrain this Curiosity rather than condemn it.

The antient Poets are more looked into, and oftner quoted than the Historians, the Mythology of their Religion, and the Morality as well as the beauty of their Ideas continuing always the same. Our Judgment as well as our fancy is engaged in favor of Poets, we are taught it very young, and finding when we come into the World that it meets with Universal approbation, as we have learned it from our Fathers we study it our selves, and deliver it to our Children by a kind of Tradition, but here we must take special care for it is easier to play the Pedant by way of Quotation in Poetry than in Prose: There are a hundred scraps of Verses which for above twice as many Years People have successively quoted, and by often hearing them every body are tired of, these are absolutely to be rejected, as are likewise all common Place Jestes or observations in prose, they ought never to be used except they give a greater force to the argument you would maintain, or a new turn to the thought you would express: Then indeed the commonness of the Quotation is so far from taking off that it adds to the Lustre of the Discourse.

The Italian and Spanish Writers have quoted with great Success, but where they have made bold with Passages in Holy Scripture which indeed is too frequently they are not to be Imitated. The French and the English in the Choice of their

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Texts as well as in the body of their Sermons and discourses have done Justice to the Writers of the Bible, who besides the Truth & Loftiness of their Thought have really more Wit than any People who have lived since. Amongst the French the Jesuits have Excelled in this; And amongst our English writers the Author of the whole Duty of Man, and of those books that pass under his Name, some now living as Dr. Atterbury, Smalldridge, Gastrel, have placed Texts of Scripture as advantagiously as expert Jewellers would set precious Stones: Without degrading from others, I think this Nicety of Judgment particularly eminent: Those bred at Westminster Schole and gained probably from their being used very Young to what Dr. Sprat calls the Genius of that place which is to Verses made Extempore, and Declamations composed in very few hours, in which sort of Exercises when Children they take from whence so ever they can, which when Men they repay with great Interest from the abundance of their own Thought thus Exercised, improved and Dilated.

As I have said You must be sure to Quote with justness or you will be insipid, you may quote with freedom in matters of Panygeric but with great reserve in those of Satyr. Your saying is an inscription engraven round an Insense Pot, but a bloody Letter if bound to an Arrow. In the first case your bon mot will be praised for the present and in some time forgot, but [the] ill Nature of Men will help their Memory, and the reflection being conveyed in the Sentence already known the Sarcasm may happen to remain much longer than either He on whom it was spoken, or he who spake it may Desire.

What ever you read you must so observe and digest as to form from it in speaking especially in your own Language a Stile close, distinct and familiar, and in your writing easy and Civil. How many do I know who have read a great deal, and can scarce finish one intelligible Sentence, many have talked to me of Demosthenes' Orations and Tullys Epistles who tell You but very sadly in the beginning of their Letter that they are in health or at the end of it that they are your humble Servant. The First of the first and Second of the second, Namely, Thirdly, and Lastly &c^a. Of the Divines, and the under favor and with submission to better Judgments, and pray spare me

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one word &c^a. of the Lawyers. In short all cant of Words of any Profession must be avoided. *Artis est celare artem* is in this case a true Maxim, your hiding Your Method gives the greatest beauty to it. A plain free Polite gentile Style, must with the greatest Industry be acquired and fixed, for every Man is obliged to Speak and Write Prose, As to Poetry I mean the writing of Verses it is another thing: I would advise no Man to attempt it except he cannot help it, and if he cannot it is in Vain to diswade him from it. This Genius is perceived so soon even in our Childhood, and increases so strongly in our Youth, that he who has it will never be brought from it, do what you will: Cowley felt it at Ten Years old, and Waller could not get rid of it at Sixty. *Poeta Morietur* may be said as truly as *Poeta Nascitur*. The greatest care imaginable must be taken of Those who have this particular bent of Thought, they must begin soon and continue long in the course of some severer Studies. As to my own part I found this impulse very soon, and shal continue to feel it as long as I can think, I remember nothing further in life than that I made Verses, I chose Guy of Warwick for my first Hero and killed Colborn the Gyant before I was big enough for Westminster Schole, But I had two Accidents in Youth which hindered me from being quite possessed with the Muse: I was bred in a College where Prose was more in fashion than Verse, and as soon as I had taken my first Degree was sent the Kings Secretary to the Hague: There I had enough to do in Studying French and Dutch and altering my Terentian and Virgilian Style into that of Articles Conventions and Memorials: So that Poetry w^{ch} by the bent of my Mind might have become the Business of my life, was by the happyness of my Education only the Amusement of it: And in this too having the prospect of some little Fortune to be made, and friendship to be Cultivated with the great Men. I did not launch much out into Satyr, which however agreable for the present to the Writers or Incouragers of it does in time do neither of them good considering the Uncertainty of Fortune, and the various change of Ministry, where every Man as he resents may Punish in his turn of greatness, & that in England a Man is less safe as to Politicks than he is in a Bark upon the Coast in regard to the Change of the Wind, and the danger of Shipwreck.

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Wit in Conversation, which is easier perceived when one hears it then explained by any Diffinition, depend[s] upon the Support of great stock and Plentiful Variety of reading, without which what ever a Mans humor may be his thought will not be sufficiently various and Plentiful, his catching in Discourse upon a Subject which he understands will be too easily perceived, and one shal almost know what he would say before he begins to speak, his Jest will be, if I may so express it, too Identical, he will endeavor to turn every thing into his own way, as those who have not a sufficient plenty of Water bring every Brook to their own Canal. Villiers Duke of Buckingham was too much enclined to Burlesque, Sr. Fleetwood Shepherd ran too much into Romance and Improbability, and the late Earl of Ranelagh in Quibble and Banter, Yet each of these Three had a great deal of Wit, and if They had had more Study than generally a Court life allows as their Ideas would have been more numerous their Wit would have been more perfect. The late Earl of Dorset was indeed a great Exception to this Rule for he had Thoughts which no Book could lend him, and a way of Expressing them which no Man ever knew to prescribe. One general rule is that Wit what ever share a Man has Naturally of it, or however he may have Fortified it by reading, it should be used as a Shield rather than a Sword to defend your self but not to wound another. However this sort of Warfare has sometimes been necessary as the World is at present Ordered, especially in Public Assemblies in our Parliaments and even amongst our Divines in Convocation, when a Man sees a blow coming he is actually obliged to prevent it by striking first for if he deferred the stroke it will be too late to strike at all. In this case no rule is to be given to your Eloquence more than to your Valour in the Field, You must ward Cautiously and strike boldly, and as Poet Bays sayd of his Rant if it is not Civil egad it must be Sublime. But in ordinary Conversation it is a very low Character to be as Witty as you can, many like the thing but few Esteem the Person, and if a Man is thought to have so much Wit that his good Nature begins to be called in Question, in my Opinion he has made but a sad Bargain by the Exchange. I knew one Man, and never but One, who had this Talent of Railry in so particular a manner that while he said things severe enough

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he rather Surprised than hurt the Person he Assailed and brought himself always off so with the mention of some greater Merit to compensate the Foible he Attacked in the same Person that by a turn imperceptible his Satyrs slid into Panygeric, which appeared the finer as it seemed less meant; But this is a perfection so hard to Attain, and a thing so Clumsey if a Man aims at and misses it, that it is safer and better not to Attempt it.

Besides the Serious Study which is to be the general exercise and employment of your life, and without being Master of which You can never make any great figure in the World You should be pretty well Versed in some more Pleasing and if I may so express it, some Secondary Science.

This You will find convenient it will take idle Hours from your hand when alone, and have a proper use in Company, a double one if You are in any public Station, for it will hinder the Curious pressing upon you as to more solemn matter, and enable You without appearing Ignorant or ill bred to turn the Discourse to what may at once conceal your Secret and entertain your Company.

Amongst these Arts of a Mechanical Consideration I reckon Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Gardening &c^a.

The Choice of these must be determined by the bent of every Mans own Mind, and without such an inclination or what we call a Genius he will make a very little Progress in these or any of those Sciences which tho Supported and improved by Judgm^t are founded upon imagination. These Arts I say at once Instruct and amuse, help Men that have Estates to employ them agreably, and to oblige those who have not, and may yet participate of another Mans pleasure; and add at the same time to it; For there is no Man that does any thing of this kind but is pleased to show it, and no Man that understands it but is obliged to him for the Communication; besides the Company w^{ch} the Exercise of these Arts bring a Man into is as well Honorable as agreable, Their Studies are mixed with other Arts, and the conversation they must have met with before they can have arrived to any Perfection in their own Art must needs have rendered them in a great Measure Scholars and Gentlemen.

To these I add Music, but with these Cautions that it takes

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up too much of our Time, and does not furnish Us with the best Company. Those who are obliged to get their Livelyhood by it have Addicted so much of their life to the Study of it, that they have very little knowledge in any other Science. I wish the Art were more encouraged, and that Musicians were not forced even to Practice so much that they have not time to study their own Science much less any other, But so it is. Now a Gentleman Musically given cannot blow his Flute or strike his Violin alone, and as to Conversation he is insensibly in a Chorus instead of a Company, and thô when he came into the Opera he thought he took his Place in the Box or the Pitt before the Entertainment is half done he finds himself in the middle of the Orchestre.

An
Essay upon Opinion.

Opinion.

SINCE Opinion is said to be the Queen of the World and Our Actions must depend a good deal upon the Sentiments which others Conceive of them it may be worth our while to Enquire a little what this Opinion is, How it is commonly formed, Upon what it Subsists, and in what manner it is Altered.

Opinion is in One word the Estimate which every Man makes of every thing he sees, the Product of what he calls Common Sense, and takes it very ill if he is not allowed to be the Master of it; Many cannot read, more cannot write, but all can and will Discourse and Determine: They have Eyes they say, and consequently can see; They have Ears and must be allowed to hear, so all Visible and Audible Objects are properly within their Connoissance, as to any thing shown or proposed to them, They can tell if it Delights or Displeases them, and the greatest Judges can do no more. Then again the General Opinion will be found to be only a Collection of the Sentiments of particular Persons, or to use a Modern Phrase a Majority of Voices.

Let us consider then first the different Sentiments which Men have of Things, those Sentiments guided by difference of Age, Appetite and Inclination as well as by the Degrees of Natural Sense or Acquired Knowledge of which the Person judging is possessed, and then let us Observe the greater difference in Opinion which must flow from the Sentiment of each Society, Province and Kingdom, in which relation must be had to their Utility, their Pleasure, their Manners and Customes.

I dont pretend to Examine the Nature and Essence of this Mind of Ours, This *Divinæ particula auræ* as a Divine or a Philosopher, but as a stander by to take a little notice of some of its Motions, the feats of Activity it plays, and the sudden Escapes and Changes it often makes.

AN ESSAY UPON OPINION

Man is to Himself so great a Stranger that *Nosce Te ipsum* is quoted as one of the wisest Sayings that ever was Pronounced: Our Frame is such as may be Compared to a River, the solid part are no more than Banks and Dykes, which keep the Current within its Natural Course, the fluid are in perpetual motion, in Eternal Flux and Reflux: As in our Body, so is there a continued motion in our Mind; How far one may have an influence or Operation upon the other, I shal not at present Enquire, But certain it is that the same Man at different times alters his Opinion of the same Things.

He that in the Opening of Manhood Delights in Dogs and Horses, Hunting and Exercises (as Horace finely describes it) in the middle of Life turns his Thoughts to the Acquisition of Wealth and search of Honor, and towards the end of it, he insures his Ease, counts his Riches, and Prattles over the Scenes of his Youth to Younger People, who all the while are weary of hearing him. Terence founds his finest Comedies upon the Observation of this change of our Manners with our Ages, and the Concessions that human Nature ought to make to it.

I have read somewhere a Pritty spanish Conceit, that, as we are born our Mind comes in at our Toes, so goes upward to our Leggs to our Middle, thence to our heart and breast, Lodges at last in our head and from thence flies away; The meaning of which is that Childish sports and youthful Wrestlings, and Tryals of Strength, Amorous desires, Couragious and Manly designs, Council and Policy succeed each other in the Course of our Lives 'till the whole terminates in Death; The Consequence of it is Obvious, our Passions change with our Ages, and our Opinion with our Passions.

Let Us next Observe the different Passions by which People of the same Age are moved, and observe what Power either Choler or Flegme, a Sanguine or a Melancholy complexion have in the Motions or Operations of our Mind. And here I might bring in all Burtons Melancholy. Anger is a short Frenzy, and fear the worst of Counsellors, we are hardly thought reasonable Men, or responsible for our Actions whilst we continue possessed with the Violence of either of these Passions. The Cautious Man suspects every thing, the bold fears nothing, a harsh and close temper shal spend half his Estate in a Law Suit, while one more free & Open would not give three Pence

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for the most compleat Revenge imaginable of this kind. The Lover retrenches from the Necessarys of life that the object of his Passion may shine in Velvet and Brocard. The Miser that sees her thus Dressed had rather have her Pettycoat than her Person. Every Man on this Head may as Actually be tryed as Achilles when shut up with Licomedes Daughters, in the Chest amongst the Ribbons Ear-rings and Necklaces, You will presently observe him find the Sword, the Predominant Passion will appear thro all Disguise of Artifice and Hypocrisy.

The Two great Passions which Triumph over our Judgment and consequently subjugate our Opinion are Ambition and Love, the first makes us think too well, and the latter too meanly of our Selves. Ambition calls in all our Friends to our Assistance, and sends us into Camps and Cities, Noise and Popularity; Love retires Us into Solitude, subjects Us to One person, and makes Us like Nothing but what She does, nor desire any place but where She is; And indeed She Alone. I speak of these as the frailties of the greatest Minds; Julius lost all the Praises that could be given to a Successfull General, and all the Blessings that could be heaped upon an honest Patriot only because he would be the first Man in the World. And Mark Anthony forgetting the Pursuit of his Vengeance and Honor fled into a Corner of Egypt, contenting himself only to Possess that Beauty which the same Julius had some Years before Enjoyed and Abandoned. Add to this that Julius hazarded his Estate, gave up his Quiet, and lost his Life for what in truth could do him no good; And Anthony did the same for what must do him Mischief. Our Edward the Fourth had like to have lost England for his Passion to his Beautiful Widow, and Harry the fourth of France was as near losing that Crown for leaving his Army to pay a Visit to La belle Gabrielle. Yet in some Years so avowedly indifferent were these Princes to the Objects of their Passion that both of them had other Mistresses, and lived only with common Civility towards those Persons to whom they would sometime before have Sacrificed their Fortunes and their Lives, So hard is it for the best and greatest of Men to form a just Opinion of things contributing to their own Interest, and to be Decided by their own Election.

This Love, and this Ambition it may be Objected were the

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same Passions, the Objects were only changed, and indeed it is hard to conceive any Opinion but what is founded on or sustained by one Passion or other, But now let us think how often the Passion it self does change in the same Person: Did not Dioclesian quit the Empire of Rome to Cultivate a Garden? And Charles the Fifth Abdicate the Government of half Europe to tell his Beeds in a Monestary? How many Examples may be given of One Passion yielding to another directly contrary but more prevalent. Cornaro is jealous of his Wife so far as to draw a line in the middle of her Chamber, beyond which She is not to Approach towards the Window, yet worked up by Mosca and Avarice, he consents to put her to Bed to another Man, this instance for the Poets honor however fictitious explains a thousand real Ones of the same kind, which every Man who Consults Baudius's Anthologia, Morery's Dictionary may think himself Entitled to Quote.

Let Us now see how our Passions vary as guided by our Judgment and Understanding: in Minds most worthy to be distinguished there is a Natural Fire or Impulse.

Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo

a tendency to know, Practice and Esteem some things, some matters, some Objects preferably to others, and this Desire encreases with the Knowledge which the Person has of the thing desired. Hence arise those particular Applications and Studies which form what we call a Genius, hence Poets, Painters, Orators, Mathematicians, and these subdivided again into twenty other Classes, and hence it comes to pass that the Man who has spent all his time in One Science and consequently neglected the rest may talk finely upon some few Subjects, and like a Child upon all others. Not only so but the further some of these Genius's go in pursuit of their beloved Study the more persevere they in some new Sentiment. Ptolomy had for many Ages fixt the Earth 'till Copernicus was pleased to bowl it off again from its Basis, and Epicurus had enjoyed his Atoms for about Two thousand Year with the greatest Satisfaction imaginable till Descartes thought good to Contest with him the Subtility and Indivisibility of matter. Half a Century has past in the Agitation of this Question, and I am glad now to hear that some ingenious Gentlemen are like to silence them

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both by proving beyond all Contradiction that there is no such thing as matter, the very subject of their Dispute, nor ever was nor ever can be.

The various Estimate we make as to the Value of Things cannot be better Illustrated then by the wants we find in the pursuit of our Studies, every Man adding to his heap, and desirous to compleat his Collection; Books, Pictures, Medals, nay dryed flowers, insects, Cockle-shells, any thing will do, but then the Cruel Losses which we sometimes sustain, the late Monarch and Court of France were all Disturbed, and Charles Patin was banished the Kingdom because it was suspected by some that the Otho which he Sold the King was not Genuine; perhaps a little Boy Yesterday at Canterbury tore that Butterfly in Pieces, or at Dover threw the very Shell into the Sea, the Species of which were the only Ones now missing in Sir Hans Sloans Cabinet, and an Oyleman on Fish Street Hill did actually wrap up his Anchovies in the first Horace that was ever Printed, whilst Frazer has with useless Pains been looking for the Book this Two and Twenty Years. How many better Editions has been since Published, or why the worst is the most Valuable I refer to another Opportunity.

This difference of Genius produces the most indifferent Effect imaginable upon divers Persons, as to the same Object, while one Man is admiring the Beauties of a Picture another shal observe indeed that the frame is very fine. As I showed a Friend of mine who is really a Man of great parts and learning a flower piece of Bimbi finely Painted, he observed that the Butterfly at the Corner was the prettyest thing he ever saw, and upon the view of a little Closet, where are some good Originals, he contented himself by taking Notice that the Green Hangings Edged with Gold looked exceeding Handsom. One of the greatest Men of this Age hates Tragedy, I have heard him say, he only goes to a Play to Laugh, another tho he is far from being a Cruel Man in his Temper likes to see the Butcher of the West really wounded at the Bear-Garden, not content with the sham red that glows upon the Skirt of Banco's Ghost. A Country Gentleman I have heard of, who had seen Shakespears Harry the Eight, forgetting unhappily the fall of Buckingham, or the Policy of Woolsey, remarked to his Friend, a Man of the Town, who carryed him to the Play, that the

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Bishop of Winchester, who sat at the Tryal of Queen Catharine, was the same Man that snuffed the Candles between the Acts with a greater Dexterity than could be conceived in Human fingers. To this I would add, that the common herd of Mankind (and I am afraid the Majority is on their side) have no Opinion, or they seem to be in the same Case in relation to that which they think they have as Bartholmew Coaks was as to his Purse, They scarce know if they lost it before they had it, or after; How different so ever their Inclinations may be, they consent in this at least, that they are always changing: It is impossible for any rational being to please them, because it is impossible to oblige them long: 'Tis hard for them to continue in a Mind, which was determined by no previous consideration, not being in any wise capable of Judging what was right, They generally think most things wrong: They know just enough to find their own want, and from that Knowledge fancy that every body finds it as well as themselves, having no Opinion of their own; They do as an Old Roman would, who had no Child; They Adopt that of the first Man they like, and from a Debate in Parliament or a New Play, go to the next Coffee House to be informed of their own Sentiments. If You trace this Man thro life (for one and a hundred of them are the same) You will find him always uncertain, A Husband or a Lover He's Jealous or Anxious, an Unequal Parent and a froward Master. As he never thinks he has friendship or respect enough from those about him; his Opinion of their Service and Duty is always Various; he whispers with one, Chides t'other, Embroils himself from the Stories of both, and hearkning to Lies finds his Servants, as Solomon expresses it, always Wicked. Does his Whim run to building, and has he seen any House within twenty Miles of his own the New Appartment he made last Year must as certainly down as the old Parlour did the Year before to give it Place; And for Gardening meerly upon the Observation that his Neighbors Gravel Walk is too narrow or too large, his own shal be Altered twice in a Year, and his Terras shal be raised or depressed by the same Rule, he giving You only the reason that he likes it so; For fear you should think he was Govern'd by any body. If he comes to Town as he sees more Objects, he finds more Distracti^on, Loads of ill Pictures, and worse Books are sent to the Carryers till the end

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of the Session, but lye unpacked and unthought of when they come into the Country, and if he gives into what the French call *La quinquaillicre* (as it is ten to one but he does) *Quare* does not set his Watch more actually than Mathar does his understanding: he buys a pocket book, but dislikes before he has set down one word in it: can he rest when he has seen a Cane better clouded then his own, and disliking the hinge of his Snuff box, must not the Dinner stay whilst he immediately drives to Temple-Bar to give five Guineas more to exchange it for a worse.

Let us leave him and return to the Human mind in general upon which so many external Objects have an influence, regularity of Diet, Intemperance or Abstinence as to Wine, the continuance or interruption of health, the too frequent excitation or Disuse of any Passion from the Neighborhood, or Absence of its Object, the favor of Fortune or the hand of Adversity, a word thrown Casually into a Discourse, the reading of a book, the sight of a Picture or Statute, an Emblem, a Motto, a Seal, every thing intelligible in Art, nay every thing Visible in Nature may form new Impressions in our Mind, and alter those already formed there. We judge of things according to the humour we are in and that very Humour is subject to infinite Variety; if Six Bells as John Keil tells me can make more than a thousand Millions of Changes, what must be the result of the jangling of ten or twelve Passions sustained by an infinite variety of objects in Minds upon which every thing can Operate; the Dawning of Light excites us into Chearfulness, the approach of Night depresses us into Melancholy; a different weight of Air raises or depresses our Spirits, a Trumpet alarms us to an Ardour and action of War and a Flute softens us again into thoughts of Love and delight. An Herb, a Flower, can render us either pleased or Grave as we consider the Beauty of its Colours, or the shortness of its Duration, and the very Accident that makes Us angry, makes us Laugh at the same time if any little Redicule accompanies the Action; So many Things seem, I say, to contribute to the forming our Opinion the least of which has Power in a great Measure to make Us change it; so that no Man is so different from another as the same Man is from Himself.

Amongst the External Causes which as I say [have] an Influence upon our Minds I have thought One very comical, that is the

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Opinion which other Men conceive of our Opinion. We desire not only to be justified but applauded, and our Pride has a great share in the Confirmation of our Choice; its a pretty thought that Semele was not content to be beloved by Jupiter except the World knew she was kept by the King of the Gods, else Thunder and Lightning are but odd Furniture or Ornaments to a Ladys Bed-chamber, and that Candaules was not Sufficiently happy in the enjoyment of a beautiful Wife till he had showed her Naked to his Friend; perillous Tryals, but natural enough. A Man in the Reign of Nero or Commodus would have past his time ill if he had not given it for granted that the first of these Emperors was the best Musician and the other the most skilful Gladiator then alive. I cite these as the most Extravagant Actions that Men of their great Quality were ever guilty of, and yet You see their Pleasure depended upon the Sentiments which other people had of them. Epic-tetus tho a Stoic confesses truly enough that it is not the Thing but the Opinion conceived of the thing that vexes. Harry the second of France built a Palace, which is yet standing for his favorite Dutchess de Valentinois in the form of a Crescent, the Architraves and Windows are adorned with Horns, Nets and hunting Spears, and all this meerly upon the conceit of her name being Diana, and our Harry the Eight, about the same time brought M^{rs}. Bullen a private Gentlewoman from the Tower to Westminster in the first open Calesch which had been then seen in England, that all the City by viewing his M^{rs}. might approve his Passion. What a Mortification had it been to either of these warm Spirits if they had heard any body whisper the least thing about the house or the Calesch, as declaring too publickly the Weakness of these Princes, But if the same Person had said that La Valentinois had been Mistress many Years to the Kings Father, that She was much older than his Maj^{ty}, and had a Grand Daughter Mariagable, or that M^{rs}. Bullen, was a raw Girle, knew no more than her Lute or her Saraband, and was just returned from being a Waiting Woman to the Kings Sister, unequal to him in all Degrees of Quality, Conversation and Age, good Lord what must have ensued: *Bella horida Bella*, the Person had been disaffected a Hugonot or a Traitor in his heart.

Alfrank who had set his Mind upon his Roan one of the

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finest Horses in England, yet never could be brought to ride him after the E: of G: had said freely he could not be of the same Opinion: and Pyso did not care to show a beautiful PiCture of which before he was very fond after the D: of B: had told him he thought it was not an Original, What was the matter? The PiCture and the Horse were the same the day after as they were the Day before these dreadful Accidents arrived. Happy is for Us, have I often said, that every Man can find his own amusement, and that we do not all like the same thing; That the Man who Gardens or Builds follows his own Plans, and is satisfied with the Execution of them; That One hundred Men in Love each viewing his Mistress at the same time (suppose in a Theatre or other Public Place) wonders that the other Ninety Nine, should see so wrong as not to admit his particular Woman to be (what he would certainly call it) take her altogether the most agreeable. But how short alas is this Happyness if the Gravel Walk must be Altered from our Neighbors thinking of it too narrow or too broad, and the Wall raised or depressed from the Person who endeavoring to look over it being Taller or shorter was pleased to exercise a different Criticism upon it. Your observation comes too late, Sir, Roan is Sold, and the PiCture is sent into Wales. Is this enough, Pough! the very Mistress selected from the rest of Woman kind shal be thought to Change as to her Beauty or her Merit, as a Male Friend to the Lover, a Female Friend to the Lady, and perhaps both Rivals to one or t'other shal describe her, from a hint of this kind she shal be thought first too round Shouldered, too fat, or not bred enough in the World, and in a little time after she is down right Crumpt backed, a Boss, and knows not how to Live: Ten thousand Instances of this kind show us that the Opinion of one Man is altered by the Sentiments of another in relation to the same Object: So plain is it that we do not see with our own Eyes, nor judge by our own Understanding.

But let us suppose our Mind to be a little more Consonant to itself than I have described it. Our Opinion for all what Epictetus says must be directed by something without us, for Opinion it self is really nothing else but the effect of that Impression, which an External or Intellectual Object makes upon our Thoughts. I leave here the Diclination between

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imagination and Judgment as a Speculation upon which we may Dispute, & that is all. But true in fact it is that we cannot but Chuse what we think best; Best not as the thing is in it self and singly considered, but with relation to the Circumstances with which we find it Accompanied: Our Mind like a Looking-Glass reflects only the Beauty or deformity of the Images Placed before it, and as these Images vary so varies likewise our Opinion. This in plainer English is before we judge of things we are already determined to shun what we think hurtfull, and to embrace what we esteem Good, so that under the Denomination of Profit or pleasure we always pursue our Interest, or gratifye our Vanity, and this single thought thrown into different forms gives Us all that Rochfocault ever writ.

Upon the natural Frailties of our Minds falls yet another Incumbrance very hard to be removed, I mean the prejudice of Education and Custom. Against this our Tutors and Parents find themselves obliged to oppose reading, Conversation, Travell and Experience, all which are commonly of too little force to efface the first Notions engraven upon our Minds, whilst yet they were Young and soft enough to receive those impressions, and which as they grew harder stil retain the same marks. The concern which every Man has first for his Family, and so on to his Parish, his Province, his Country is such as from a Prevention erects it self by Degrees into a Principle. Every Man is partial to the House from whence he descended, finds it filled with famous Warriors or great Scholars, or at least supplies that defect by the force of his own fancy. Every Man in Warwickshire has part of the Prowess of Guy Earl of Warwick, and every Woman in Coventry has part of the Chastity of the Queen, who rode Naked through that City, which of the Two Universities are most Antient or flourishing is the lasting Contest of People bred at either. Every English Man however he disagrees with his Countrymen at home let him Travell from Calais to Rome, and from Rome to Isaphaen, will venture his life any hour he hears the least reflection made upon his Nation. The Swiss are remarked to have a Distemper, which they call the Hemvie, a desire of going home, and where ever They are in Service they get leave to return to their Canton at least once in Some Years, and certainly desire to Dye there.

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I have heard King William confess the same longing as to his going to Holland, and I am sure when I was there I found the Effects of the same Distemper in my Desire to return to England. I remember a Story which the Same great Man was used to tell, since it comes not *mal a propos*, to what I am saying; A Polander who rode in the Dutch Guards desired Him, then Prince of Orange, to give him leave to go to Warsaw, the Crown being then Vacant, alledging that being a Gentleman he might be chosen King: The Prince gave him leave, and when the Man, some Months after, returned to his Post, His Highness asked him jestingly if he was Chosen? No, Sir, replied the Man, in a very grave and composed manner, I am not chosen King this time, but I return with the Satisfaction of knowing that the Election was free. Upon this very imagination the greatness of the Roman Empire was founded, and the safety of every Common-wealth, or State in the World does in a great Measure depend. Whether these Idea's were implanted in our Minds by Nature at our Birth, or arrive from the impressions made by the first Objects we behold, we will refer at present to the Metaphysicians. This is certain, that they hardly leave us till our Death. St. Paul does not scruple to give this Habitude the Name of Nature. As abroad I have Sometimes talked with Carthusians or Franciscans, Men seemingly forsaking the World and lost to it, One has looked intently upon my hatt, t'other felt my Coat and asked if it was English Cloth, a third more Politely enquired about Our Noble Familys of England. Now as to these People before they took their Habits; The first had been a Hatter, the second a Draper, and the Third a Man of Quality; And the instance inferred from this, is, that those Primitive Colours which our understanding first imbibed sticks upon it for ever, nor can be altered by any Tincture, which another sort of life, and a different way of thinking can cast over them. It may be here considered that our Mind is such a buissy thing that it will never stand Neuter, but is meddling and interesting it self upon all Occasions. If we see a Stranger come into a Room we are immediately possessed in his favor, or prejudiced against him before he speaks one word, And here comliness of Person and gracefulness of Mien do very often put a Manifest cheat upon our Judgment, which a more thorow knowledge of the Person may happen

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to redress. We cannot see two People play but we take part with One, and wish the other should lose, this without any previous reason or consideration. But alas the Bowl takes a stronger Bias, as we more know the Person; If we love him his Defects are diminished, if we hate him, his faults are Exaggerated. We look upon the different Objects without finding that we have insensibly turned the Tube. And here those enormous judgments may be taken notice of, which the greatest Men in several Stations and professions have pronounced upon the Abilities and Performances of their Contemporaries. The difference is commonly begot by the Pride of the Persons concerned, and nourished by the ill Nature of the standers by. Our own internal Pride is a Jaunice of the mind, and makes us see things in a bad Colour, but the ill Nature of others intervening is a sort of Whirlwind that raises such a Dust as hinders Us from Seeing the thing even in its true Dimensions. Hence the extravagant censure and eternal War between Persons of the same Age and profession. From Cæsar and Pompey, to Charles the Fifth, and Harry the Eighth and so on to Louis the Fourteenth, and William the Third. From Protogenes and Apelles to Paolo Veroneze and Pontormo. From James the first and Schioppius to Bayle and Jurieu, for I think it not Civil to give any living Instances while I am telling People they are in the Wrong. Hence it happens that North or West shal insensibly engage the Spirits at the Wrestling ring or Bodmin or Truro shal break more Bones at a Whirling in Cornwall than the ablest Surgeon in London shal be able to set. William Earl of Pembroke in the Reign of Harry the Eighth lost his Estate and remained several Years banished upon a Quarrel meerly on some Tryals of Skill between the County of Somerset and the Town of Bristol. Am not I ridiculous to Cite History upon this Head, when no Man can go into a Coffee-House without being insulted upon the account of Whig or Tory. A Party Man indeed, and such most of Us are, or must be, is an Animal that no Commentator upon Human Nature can sufficiently explain. He has not his Opinion, how sorry a World so ever it may be, in his own keeping. *Quo ad hoc* he is Mad, must speak without believing what he understands, without enquiring he Acts as implicitly according to the word of Command given out by the heads

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of his Faction as a Carthusian or a Jesuit does to the Will of his Superior. The Lye of the Day is the Rule of his life, and as his Judgment depends upon that of other Men, he must justify every thing that his Party Acts with the greatest Injustice, till from the Degrees of Warm and Violent, he comes up to Furious and Wicked. *Fœnum habet in cornu*, and every body is obliged to yield or run from him.

It may here be Noted that however our Vanities or desires are unconfined our Abilities have only a Certain Sphere of Activity, and every Man is a Wit or a hero some where. In most Families You have a Droll Servant, each Club has its President, that gives Rules to it, and each Parish has an Invincible Butcher or Tyler, a Witty Cobler, or a grave Assistant to the Clerk in raising the Psalme. The Genius of these, and of the greatest Men recorded in History is stimulated by the same Ambition, and the honor of both hath bounds as certain tho not as extensive, there being no such thing as Universal Esteem, however Prittily Fame and her Flight thro the World would be Described and magnified by the Poets. In Prose she will be cramped and limited. To take her in her greatest Extent, the Man who may be Praised thro Europe is not heard of in Asia or Africa, and again how very few are renowned beyond the Bounds of their own Country, so great a hinderance to Knowledge is the Diversity of Languages, and so prevalent is Custom to the Esteem we put upon things. Had Sir Francis Bacon or Sir Philip Sydney been taken by a Tripolin or Sally Pirate, the Footman of either of Them would have been sold for as much more than his Master as he was stronger. The same in all probability would happen to Sir Isaac Newton in relation to the Water Man in Southwark who makes Amanacks. Suppose the like Case to happen to the best Poet now Living, and to the Zany of a Mountebank upon Tower-Hill, the first would be left on Board the Gallies stript and unregarded, condemned to Row there during life, whilst the other would have his Harlequins Coat restored to him, and be taken up to the Castle, to divert the Governor.

Thus, I say, other People may not be just enough to Us, and we may be too Partial to our selves, and not to our selves only, but to those who most resemble us. Thus one Mans Vice if examined by another Man equally inclined to it is

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either Diminished or Christned by the name of some resembling Virtue : Sordidness of life by the Covetous man is called Frugality, and intemperance is called good Fellowship by the *Bon Vivant*, the loosest pleasures of the Amorous are but Gallantries, and the Caprice or revenge of the Wrathful, lyes covered under the Shield of his Honor *Defendit Numerus*, who ever heard of such a thing as Usury in Lombard Street, or Perjury at the Custom-House. Now what a jumble must this make in the difference of our Censures, To carry the Thought a little further, the Bounds of Virtue and Vice

Quos ultra citrag nequit consistere rectum

are in many cases pretty difficult to find ; how nicely must one Distinguish between Patience and Pusillanimity, between Courage and foolhardiness, and so of the rest. Add to this that as to Opinion Success qualifies the Action : if Fabius Maximus had not gained his point by avoiding Battle, he had past for a Coward, and if Alexander had lost the Day at Arbella, he had been Consigned by History for a Madman.

We need not go from our own Country, or our own Memory for instances of this kind ; The Duke of Monmouth came to England with Liberty and Property and the Protestant Religion on his Standard : he was beaten and beheaded ; his Honors were taken from his Family. The Prince of Orange does the same thing, he is Successful, is Crowned King of England, transmits an Imortal Memory to Posterity ; Gives Us a New Epoche of Time, and a different Set of Principles from the Revolution.



Four
Dialogues of the Dead.



A Dialogue
between
Charles the Emperour
and
Clenard the Grammarian.

Charles. Burgundy with Brabant and Flanders, Castile, Arragon, Germany possessed: Italy, France, Africa, Greece attempted.

Clenard. Noun Substantive and Ajective, Pronoun, Verb, Participle declined: Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection undeclined.

Charles. Into this Model I had cast Europe. How Glorious was the Design?

Clenard. How happy was the Division I made of all Greece into Five Dialects.

Charles. Thou art pretty bold, Friend, not only to hearken to what I say, but to dare to Mimick it; stand further off I command Thee.

Clenard. Aye, there it is, that Imperative Mood, that Stile of Kings, founded on the reasonable Maxim of *tel est Notre plaisir*.

Charles. Why, how should I speak but like my Self? I am Charles the Emperor.

Clenard. Then dont be offended if I answer like my self. I am Clenard the School-master.

Charles. A discovery of great importance truly. What can the Man mean by it?

Clenard. That each of us should give a fair and just Account of himself as a Man, and then—

Charles. And what then?

Clenard. Why then if You would divest Your self of that

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Princely way of thinking, and argue a little cooler, you would not find so much difference between us Two as you imagine.

Charles. Difference? Why I was by Birth Monarch of Nations, by Acquisition and Power Emperor of the West, and by Stratagem and refinement one of the most Cunning Politicians and most renowned Warrior of my time.

Clenard. And I was the best Grammarian of mine, very virtuous as to my Morals, well versed in the belles Lettres, and of an agreable Wit in Conversation.

Charles. Why Thou dost not intend I should submit to so Comical a Comparison.

Clenard. Comical! Egad I am very Serious while I tell you I think my self as Great, as Wise, and certainly as happy a Man, as your self.

Charles. Why Learning has made Thee Mad, Clenard. Thou hast crouded thy head with Notions, and forgot plain Facts; refresh thy Memory a little. Hast thou not seen me at Franckfort, and Aix la Chapelle, with the Imperial Diadem on my head, Presiding in the Three Colleges of Electors, Princes, and Imperial Towns, Served in all the State, and vested in all the Types and Ornaments that Human Greatness is capable of receiving. The King of Bohemia my Cup-bearer, The three first Potentates of Germany waiting on me as Menial Officers; the greatest Ecclesiasticks acknowledging themselves my Chancellours; and all the Nobility of the Empire either my Soldiers or my Servants.

Clenard. O rare Show, pretty show! and have you not heard of me at Lovain, and Nurembourg presiding over the Hebrew, Greek and Latin Schools? Had I not my Formes and Classes as you your Squadrons & Regiments? Had not I equally my Captains, and Subaltern Officers, and did not I distribute rewards and Punishments as I thought good, as well as You? What were your Ancestors Fasces but a bundle of Rods, What your Scepter but my Ferula? Could not I exert as Imperial Power as absolutely as any Emperor alive, if I had Pleased [?] but Greck is lost upon You.

Charles. Rediculous! while I commanded at the head of an Hundred Thousand Men by Land and Sea, Embarqued half of them one Campaign to Africa; Marched them next thro Italy: You ruled only two or three hundred Boys,

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sauntering leasurly after them from the School to the Cathedral, from thence to the Hall, and so returning—

Clenard. Hold, good Charles, lett Us fairly State our matters, for, I love Method, extremly. The first part of the Question, is, which of Us Two had most Power. Now, of the Hundred Thousand Men, with whom you went Dub a Dub, and Tantara-rara thro' the World, Nineteen parts in twenty were only Machines, meer Instruments of War, made use of to fill Trenches, or stop Breaches, played off by whole Battallions, food for Powder, as Sir John Falstaff calls it in the English Play. The sensible and Animated part of your Army were only useful to you, as they had been instructed by me, or some other of my Profession. Could they have Marched thro' different Countries without having the Languages? Could they have taken Towns, or attacked Fortifications, without some previous knowledge in Geometry? Nay, could they have Mustered their own Soldiers or Calculated their Pay without Arethmetic? In effect I formed your Officers tho' you Employed them. Without my Instructions, and the Practice of that Discipline which they learned at School, You had better have commanded Herds of Tartars or Nations of wild Indians. And who Governed your Towns all this while, and administred your Laws for You, but those People whom I had Educated? When ever it was otherwise, You see all your Constitutions, Institutes, and Diplomata trampled upon. A John of Leyden in our very time, a Cromwell, nay a Massienello a little since, have made the greatest Kings of you all tremble. Now see what you Owe to us Scholars, who tame the World and make it Subordinate to your Power. For my self in particular, how many good Commanders and discreet Governors have I bred up for You?

Charles. Well; but were you not paid for your Pains? did I not take care that the Towns where you Taught should allow you honorable Stypends, and that the Parents of your Scholars should add to your Income?

Clenard. Right Charles, *Quod erat demonstrandum.* Did not you therefore raise Contributions for me, nay pay them your Self? what plainer acknowledgment could you make of my being really the greater Man of the Two. Prythée what does any Vassal in the Empire do more to his Lord?

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Charles. Pough, this is meer Sophistry.

Clenard. Real Truth, *bonâ fide*, but pray go on in your own way.

Charles. Why, I tell you the Eyes of the whole World were upon me, Every body enquiring into my Designs, and Solicitous to be informed of my Measures.

Clenard. And every body wishing You were a Thousand Mile off when ever you left your Kingdoms, which you might have governed quietly; and every body Praying heartily for your Exit out of that World, which you Harrassed and Tormented.

Charles. You break in upon me too soon. What Two glorious Days were those in which I put the Armies of Solyman and Barbarossa to flight? How compleat was the Victory of Pavie, when I took Francis the First Prisoner, and how memorable the Saccage of Rome, when I got the Pope into my Clutches! the Jest pleases me stil when I think ont. That I detained *Il beatissimo padre Clemente* close Prisoner, when I put my self into Mourning for my Victory, and Ordered public Processions to be made for his Deliverance.

Clenard. To crown your Happyness, pray think of some other of your great Days. That for instance when you returned from Africa soundly beaten, by the same Barbarossa you just now quoted. That Day when you were driven from before Marseilles over the Alps, with the loss of above Thirty thousand Men. Or, that when you were forced to raise the Seige of Metz, when the Wits of the Age were so merry with You as to give you for Devise a Sea-Crab, and your own *Plus ultra* turned into *Plus citra* for the Motto; When they painted your Eagle chained to your Hercules's Pillars, with *Non ultra Metas* at the bottom; and not to trouble you too much (for I could put many days of Mortification into your Calendar) what think you of that distinguished One when you gave your self up to the *bonne foy* of your old Antagonist Francis, and in the middle of a seeming Triumph was in bodily fear lest he should use you as scurvilly as you had done the Pope. And now after all your Wars carried on in Germany for your pretended Catholicism, you were forced to conclude a Peace in favor of the Protestants: And after all the Designs against France, you were not able to recover even what that Crown had gained upon You.

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Charles. Aye, now Thou talkest like a Philosopher indeed :
Must we not all bear our Crosses and Disappointments in life ?

Clenard. Yes, but there is the greatest difference in the
World between bearing and creating them. The first arises from
the Malice of Fortune, the latter from the Effects of our own
Folly ; for one we ought to be Pittyed, for the other blamed.

Charles. In every state of life, Friend Clenard, a Man is
subject to Mistake ; and as the Attempt is higher, the blunder
is more visible but (Error excepted) if we cast up our Accounts
there is no Comparison between the greatness of my Fortune,
and the Obscurity of Yours.

————— my share

In equal ballance laid —————

Flings up the adverse Scale and scorns proportion.

as Prior says in a Hymn of Call[i]machus.

Clenard. Prior may say what he will in Verse, that Hymn
was all Enthusiasm, all Heroes Stars and Gods. In prose I am
sure he is of another opinion. But what does his Master
Horace say, and no body can say it better ?

*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi deniq[ue] fines
Quos ultra...nequit consistere rectum.*

For once I'll translate it for you, because possibly you have
forgot your little Latin you had

One equal bound there is, one stated line,

Which shou'd the Justice of our Act confine :

There right resides, what goes beyond is wrong ;

Grows idly vast, and trails absurdly long.

Now you Heroes never mind this Rule, you always over
shoot the mark, or to express it more properly, you do not see
the object you Aim at. Yee are so intent upon Conquering
that you have no time to govern : Reason should direct your
view, but ambition dazles it. So you never attain your Desires,
because you never sufficiently consider what will satisfy them.
This is the Cause of all those troubles which you bring upon
your Selves and the rest of the World. There is something in
what is called Heroic Virtue, which exceeding the measure of
Nature from Sublime turns to ridiculous. When You were a
Boy you used to run your Sword against Cæsar or Sertorius in
your Mothers Tapistry ; hopeful Symptoms indeed ! and when
you grew bigger you Attacked people who had done you no

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more harm than those figures in the Hangings. In short you Heroes are too forward Children to stop at being sensible Men; And while you abuse the Trust which Providence reposed in you in setting you to preside over the rest of your Species for their Safety and benefit, you Debase your Selves beneath the lowest Rank of your Fellow-Creatures. By Jupiter Ammon, your great Predecessor, a drunken Cobler that gets Ten Children is a more useful Member of the Commonwealth, than a hott headed Prince, who without any other cause then that of his own Pride, leads as many hundred to have their Brains knocked out.

As to the common excuse of enlarging your Dominions, while You are doing it, you ruin your Subjects: I have some Verses for You on that Occasion.

Recruits and Arms abroad cause Home-bred wants,
The Monarch Triumphs, but the Nation faints.
His hungry Fame that Corm'rant Bird devours,
The Harvest Destin'd to the public stores.
New-gather'd Lawrells load the Victors brow,
But Senates aw'd with lower Homage bow.
With Io's while they swel the general Voice,
Watch'd they are Loyal, and constrain'd rejoice:
Their secret sighs belye their loud Address;
They speak their Masters Fame, but wish it less:
Ty'd to his Chariot-wheels at once he draws
His Enemies Ensigns, and his Peoples Laws.
His own Success the Soldier last bewails,
Above his Pride his Countrys Love prevails;
He dreads the Pow'r he did too long sustain,
And sees the Sword he drops new-forg'd into a Chain.

Charles. Why this is a meer Libel, Clenard, down right Seditious every word of it. If I was serious with You, I would tell You, You are a dangerous Person, and ought to be laid in a gentle Confinement, for the good of the Public.

Clenard. Ha, ha, ha, You really make me laugh. Dont you imagine that we think such as You dangerous Persons, only that for our Private Safety we dare not say so. Am I to be laid up because you cant bear Truth? I tell You that for the good of the Publick you should all have your Swords taken from You as if You were actual Lunaticks, and not be suffered

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to go a Madding with this Rattle of a Globe to play with. Believe me you grope thro the World with your Scepters, like blind Beggars with their Staves; and are moved and directed by the Neighing of a Steed, and the sound of a Trumpet, as those by the barking of a Dog, and the tinkling of a Bell. What a Changling was Cyrus, when he left a fine Country, where he might have Governed quietly, and run over Hill and Dale into a Worse Climate to attack a Woman who had never injured him? and what a figure did he make when one of Thomyris's Chamber maids Show'd his grim Phyz in a bloody bason? How ridiculous was Alexander when he blubbered for another World to Conquer? and what did Hanibal get by vexing half Europe, but to be made the subject of a Declamation for my Boys? To talk once more of Your own Extravagancies, Dear Emperour, when you had given your self such incredible troubles, and made that Universal bustle in Italy, what did You bring home but your own Name of Charles le Quint, corrupted by the Venetian pronounciation into Harlequin, a little restless Fellow with a black Muzle, a Patch-work Coat on his back, and a lath Sword in his Hand, Assaulting All he met, leaping thro every Mans Windows, and disturbing the business of his House? And have you not been Represented under this foolish Character in all the Fairs throughout Europe; That Franckfort not excepted, where you valued your Self just now for having been Crowned. In one word, Human Nature is a very poor thing, Neighbor Charles; Dispotic Power never ought to be Trusted with it, considering what sad Effects Ignorance, self Will & Flattery may produce. I am astonished that an Absolute Monarch does not Degenerate into a meer Driveller.

Charles. Well, I will not shew my Anger against this Word-man. O brave Clenard, why this is all.....
Hydros, Nycticorax, Thorax, et Mascula vervax.

Clenard. Upon my word, good Emperour, I am glad to find You understand Your Grammer so well, for I shal be with you upon that subject too presently. But first of the first, as I have heard your Story pray give me leave to tell you mine, it shal be very short. You said that the Eyes of all the World were upon you; Now, I had my Eyes upon all the World: When I was known for a very famous School-master, I travelled thro

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Flanders, Germany and Spain as well as You. I passed into Africa, not indeed with half so much noise and Tumult, but with more Satisfaction and safety. In short I contented myself to Visit those Countries in which you were never quiet because you had not Conquered them.

Charles. I must confess that jogging on in a Passage Boat or a Stage-Coach with three or four Friends is but an odd way of Travelling; a Fleet and an Army are delicious Attendants.

Clenard. Aye Charles, but what other Company had You? fear that the Bread-Waggons should not come up in due time, doubts lest the Magazines might be surprised. Restlessness and want of Sleep lest Your Design should either be Revealed or prevented; Besides your two Intestine Comrades the Stone and the Gout.

Charles. There is too much Truth in what this pert Philosopher says, but I must bear up to him for the sake of my Honor, that dear honor, which makes us too often Commit a second mistake in defence of the first—Well, Friend Clenard, you are stil harping at a Comparison between your way of Living and mine. Would you infer from all this, that every Man in an inferior Station has an equal share of happyness and Glory with those who hold the first Seats in the World?

Clenard. Every Man has, Charles, for as to happyness he must form it himself, and this is soon done, when the necessarys of life, very few and easy to come at, almost within every Mans reach, are once Acquired. As for Fame, which you all run mad after, it is not in any Mans own power to purchase it. It depends upon the good will and free gift of other People; and is only got by a Mans behaving himself so, as to oblige the World to speak well of him. So let the Emperor and the School-master do what they will, One will be called a Tyrant, the other a Pedant, unless they really deserve the contrary. But prythée let me go on. I read books, promoted Knowledge, I was kindly received by my Friends where ever I came: I was invited into Portugal; past, as I tell You, into Africa in quest of Oriental Manuscripts; brought Mahometan Servants back with me, gave them their Liberty, taught them Latin, made them Christians, nay got some of them advanced to the Dignity of Priesthood, an honor to which you with all your Interest aspired in vain, while your Tutor Adrian, a Brother Gram-

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marian of mine, obtained it: and became more a Master to You, when you were now grown up a Man and an Emperor, then when you was simply Charles of Gaunt, and a little Boy under his Ferula.

Charles. Egad that last was a home thrust. I must not let him perceive I feel it so sensibly. Once more, I tell thee, there is as much difference between our Actions, as between our Stations and Qualities. Facts, Clenard, real visible Facts, are on my side. Thy Glory is only Speculative; meer imagination. To alter the Constitution of Provinces, to raise or Depose Princes, to give War or Peace as I pleased: This has laid the Foundation of a lasting renown for me, and a Monument upon which Fame must sit for Ever.

Clenard. You are a little in the Clouds, Charles, something upon the Ph[oe]bus as the French call it, but I shal fetch you down immediately. A very easy way of reasoning may set our Actions in the right light. Suppose I should walk my Children over other Mens Gardens, let 'em pull down the hedges, root up the Melons, and rob the Orchards; what would People say, but that I was a Senseless Creature, and a drunken Sot? but yet when One of you Princes takes a fancy to burn whole Towns, and lay the Provinces round them desolate, you seem satisfied when you Answer, it was for your Glory. This my Predecessors have Preached to Yours for Two Thousand Years past, and very few of You ever mended upon it; Tho when you are near Death, when the Clouds of Prejudice and Ambition are dispersed, and as my Master Plato says, the Soul sees things with a quicker and clearer Eye, some of You have been forced to acknowledge the Truth of these Maximes.

Charles. But this is meer Preaching, Domine Clenard.

Clenard. No matter if it be so, as long as I keep to my Text. As to your Facts therefore (all Errors excepted, as you just now desired) the best would dye almost Stilborn without my Midwifry. Take this as a Maxim, Facts depend upon words: The greatest Monarch and most Fortunate Captain, allowing his Cause to be most strictly just, and the Event equally Fortunate, is obliged for the recital to a dealer either in Syntax or prosodia. The Out lines & Drawings are only seen in the bare action of the Hero; but 'tis the Scholar that adds the heightnings and Colouring that gives the Beauty, nay faith, in

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great measure the very life and Substance of the Picture. So that this lasting Monument, of which you seem so fond, is founded upon the pleasure of us Grammarians; and your Fame might sit there long enough cooling her heels, silent and dispirited, except we find Idea's to move her Vigour, and put sounds into her Trumpet. Did you never mind a large Ship going out of Port, Charles, with her Sails all spread, and her streamers flying? how insensibly yet how soon, her Bulk deminishes to the Eye of those who stand upon the Shoar, till as the distance increases She becomes quite lost: After this if you would know the Intrinsic Value of the Goods She carryed out, You must apply your Selves to the Surintendants and Customers that keep the Register.

Charles. Well, what then?

Clenard. Why then one of you great Men is just that s[t]ately Vessel. And You go out of the World as she goes out of the Harbour. You are launched into the Ocean of Eternity, with all your Escutcheons and Bandirolls about your hearse; and probably you may have four Marble Virtues to support the Monument you were speaking of just now. But alas! the Funeral Pomp is soon Diminished, worn out & forgotten! Age and Accident deface the Tomb; and it is only one of us Scholars that must take an Account of your True worth, and transmit it safe to Succeeding Generations. Not to go to old Stories how many of You Heroes dyed unknown before Agamemnon, because none of their Contemporaries writ their Story; or how Alexander wept for fear he should not be as advantageously treated as Achilles was before him. What could Elizabeth of England, or Henry le Grand of France have done, without the Assistance of a Camden or a Perefrix? Yet these were Grammarians, Charles, meer Traders in Gerunds and Retailers of Supines: What need any more Examples? the thing is *Meridiano sole clarior*, as we say in our Declamations. Cæsar indeed could describe what he saw, and Antonius could tell how he thought. On my Conscience, I think, there are not above three or four more of You, that are Exceptions to my General rule.

Charles. Spoke in the Style of a Grammarian! but prythee Man what signifies telling and describing in comparison to acting & Governing. Words are your Province, Deeds are ours.

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For under favor, Sir, all this while You live upon us, You only write what we perform. Your Chapters and Tomes are divided by our Wars and Treaties; The first Book ends where one of Us Dye, and the next begins with his Successors Coronation.

Clenard. We live upon You! quite otherwise. We could live better without You. It is upon your Account that we suffer, that we are accused so often of Flattery and partiality. When we have conversed with Classicks that leave the noblest Dictates of Morality upon our own Minds, and have inculcated Virtue and Honor into our Youth; We could give the rest of our Time to the contemplation of Nature and study of Philosophy. We can live and be encouraged any where, Nay have a part in the Power in all mixed Governments and Republicks. Places let me tell You, where one of You would meet but a very cold reception, and make but a very foolish Figure, Just the Reverse of what you say is true (to speak it in as Civil terms as I can) the Obligation is from You to Us. For your own part, tho you did not take your Latin very kindly, You owe it to the care of your Tutor Adrian that you can Spell; and if You'l believe him as to the Point in question, he had one greater vexation than that of teaching a Dull Boy, for he had it Engraved on his Tomb-stone, that he knew nothing more grievous in life then to Reign. Wolsey (a down right School-master at Oxford) Governed his Harry the Eighth, as absolutely as ever I did my Boys, and even shared the Regal Dignity with his Sovereign, tho Harry was of the Heroic strain too, of a temper not unlike your own. And another of my Profession upon the like Occasion had done pretty well with one of your Successors in Spain. So that you see a School-master can Instruct, nay Personate a King. But vice versâ it is very seldom observed, that a King makes a good School-master. Pray take notice that when any Man eminent in my Profession Dies, it is pretty hard to get his place supplied. But as to Principality, if it is Hereditary, your Son be he good or bad, a Youth without any experience, or a Child in a Cradle, succeeds You. Nay in most places your Daughter, who probably never yet stirred out of her Nursery; and in an Elective Government, when ever a Vacancy happens You find twenty People ready to fill it: A broken General, a Younger Brother of a Princely Family, a Nobleman that has Estate enough to buy it; any Body in

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short. So true is it, that every Man thinks he can Govern, and few know that they can Teach. I'll go a little further with your Majesty, since I have you upon this point. Your very Titles, Your *Serenissimus* and *Augustissimus* are superlatives created by the Power of us Grammarians. *Rex Germaniæ, Hispaniarum, Hungariæ, Bohemiæ &c^a*: Then on to *Archidux Austriæ, Dux Burgundiæ, Brabantiae &c^a*. Then to *Princeps Sueviæ* and *Marchio Sacri Imperii, Burgaviæ, Moraviæ*, and so away with it till one is out of breath. Now, what is all this but so many words fitted civilly to their respective genitive Cases; Of which if one be wanting, or misplaced, you can neither eat your Dinner, nor sup quietly in your bed, till you have raised new Imposts, and waged new Wars to obtain Satisfaction for so considerable an Affront. And after all that you can do in these great Affairs, you are forced to address your Selves to Grammarians and Heralds, Your recorders of words and Sentences, that they may be pleased to set You right again. And when ever You have Thought and Conquered with your Ruyters & Swashbucklers, are you not obliged to call us in again to draw up your Concordates, Your *Paëta* and *Diplomata*. How simply would you look even upon your own Money if your Titles round it were wrong spelt, & is not a piece of false Grammar in any Article sufficient to spoil a whole Treaty? *Quo ad hunc* sets one Man upon the Throne, and sends another into Exile: *Quo ad hanc* makes all the Mariages and Divorces upon which the Succession of your Kingdom depend: and for *Quo ad hoc* it has cut out more bloody work then either the Trojan or Carthaginian Wars. We have had an Account from the other World within this Twenty Year that even the spirit and word of an Agreement made between one of your Successors and his Contemporary Princes made and broke the partition of all your Dominions. Two Latin prepositions *Trans* and *Cum* joined with *Substantiation* (a word invented by Us Schoolmen) were the Cause of all your troubles in Germany; and the same Contention is stil on foot tho it is now One hundred and fifty years Since we were discharged from having any part in it. And I am credibly informed by an English Divine, who is just come down heither, that there is at this very time a Schism in that Kingdom concerning the Doxology. There is *Et* and *Et* on one side, and *Per* and *in* on t'other side. And happy is for

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that whimsical Nation, if their two Universities may be able to compose the difference. To cut the Discourse short; Great Charles of Austria, Swords Conquer some, but Words subdue all men. Since as you say you love Facts, my Dear Emperor, before we leave this subject let me instance one Fact to You, which neither You nor I can ever forget. When the Misfortunes of the Landgrave Philip of Hess had made him consent to Sign a Treaty with you (grievous enough for him in the best sense, for by it he was obliged to submit to a Confinement, from which he thought your generosity would release him as soon as your Vanity was gratified in his Personal Submission) To perform his Treaty he presented himself to your Majesty. The Princes of the Empire by whose Perswasion he had done this, and he himself imagining, as I say, that the Confinement was required only, *pro formá*, that it would be very short, nay but for a Night, and that too spent in feasting and Play. But the next Morning your Chancellor, whom they expected to bring the order of Release for this unhappy Prince, declared in your Name that they were all Mistaken in the matter, and that the Confinement was understood to be Perpetual. As the matter was looked into, this difference was found to arise from an Equivoque in two German words: *Einig*, some, was agreed to in the Article, and *Ewig*, perpetual, was inserted in the transcribing it. Now, Charles, for the power of an *n* and a *w*, here is the Grandson of Maximilian of Austria and Mary of Burgundy, the Man in whose blood the Spanish and German Monarchies are United, playing a trick for which a Public Notary in the smalest imperial District would be Censured. And, to say no worse of the matter, the Emperor both as to his Sense and Honor depending wholly upon the Grammarian.

Charles. This Fellow presses me hard, and I grow weary of his Company. I'll e'en draw down my main Argument, my great Battering Piece upon him, and strike him dead at once. Well Clenard, what ever there may be of Solid or fickle, pleasurable or Painful in power: He that having Exerted it can lay it down is a great Man. Now, this You know I did. I abdicated all my Dominions, retired to a Monestary and contented my Self with a Pension of Two hundred Thousand Crowns a Year.

Clenard. A Physitian, who cures himself of a Dropsy, has

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great Skill, but a Man who never had the Distemper has sounder Health. Well Sir, at first view this abdication of yours has the appearance of a great Action. But if it was wisdom it came very late. Disappointments Deseases and Vexations preceded it, and the rising Fortune of Harry the Second helpt it on mightily. *Qui sta bene non se more* You know: Your Resolution of quitting the World shewed very Plainly you were Uneasy in it. Nay your self confessed in the Harrangue you made to the States of Bruxelles, when you took your last Farewel of them, that the greatest Prosperity you had in the World had been mixt with so much greater Adversity, that you could not say that You ever had enjoyed any real Satisfaction in it. Besides there are Pretty odd Stories about that matter, as if You resolved upon your retreat too rashly, and repented it at leasure. Do you remember what Your Son Philip answered to Cardinal Grainville, when the Cardinal said to him "It is now a Year Sir, since your Father Abdicated." "It is a Year then said Philip, that he was first sorry for so doing." Do You remember the Young Monk of S^t. Just, where you were retired and waked him too soon in a Morning. What, said he after you have disturbed the rest of Mankind are you come to plague us in our Cloyster. Can nothing be quiet where you are? So that you found the Same reflection returned particularly upon You, after Your Abdication, that had generally been made before, and that—

Charles. Why thou art not well full nor fasting, would thou neither have me in the World, nor out of it?

Clenard. Nay, since You were so much in the World that you made your self and every Body else weary of it, I think you were in the right to go out of it as fast as you could. One would not advise a Fellow to Climb to the top of a Spire, where he is every moment in Danger of falling, only that he may have the Chance of saving his life by leaping down upon a feather bed. But now your Abdication at best shewed, either that you could not stand longer upon the Pinacle, or were tyred with standing there so long; So your head turned, Your hand slipt, and down came you. Prythée, Charles, remember these two Verses.

None climb so high, or fall so low,
As those who know not where they go.

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Charles. Whither in Gods Name art Thou running on?

Clenard. Only to finish my Story and my Comparison. I had my Eyes in my head, I looked before I leaped, I never endeavored to Climb too high, so I was never constrained to fall too low. I always walked like a Man Erect upon my Feet, and as I took not too much upon my Self, so I never relinquished what I had once taken. I had my Share of Credit in the World, because I proportioned my Action to the End desired. And as that End was always lawful, when it was obtained it became Laudable. I never went so far to Sea, but I had stil my Eye upon the Shoar, nor loaded my Ship so deep that I was forced to throw my Goods over-board in the Tempest. I did not divide my Estate in my life time between a Brother and a Son, who had both from that moment the Power in their hands of using me ill for so doing. I prudently kept what I had till I Dyed, and my Goods were not scuffled for, before my Will was opened, and as in life I had not been guilty of Oppression or injury towards Mankind I had no Occasion for a Discipline of Knots and Wiers to quicken my Repentance, and prepare me for Death. Now which of us two was the happiest Man?

Charles. Go to, You are a prating Fellow.

Clenard. I am so, and You are a Silly Combatant to fight me at my own Weapon. Every Man to his Trade, Charles, You should have Challenged me at long Pike, or broad Sword: In a Tilt or Tournament You might probably have had the better of me. But at Syllogisme or Paradox—

Charles. Confound Your Jargon.

Clenard. Calm Your Passion, I have no Design to offend You, But You Heroes never rightly know Your Friends from Your Enemies.

Sir Egledemore that Valiant Knight
He put on his Sword, and he would go fight

not three pence matter against whom. In one word good Emperor, we will fairly referr our Dispute to Dionysius, if we can find him yonder upon the Greek Walk; He that was both a Prince and a Schoolmaster, may very properly decide it. As in the Ancient Poets I remember a curious Question of another

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kind, who had most pleasure the Man or the Woman, was refered to Cæneus, as a Person, whose immediate Experience ought to be relyed on.

It comes et juvenis quondam nunc fœmina Cæneus.

I'l Translate that for You too, for I am in a mighty good* humour.

Ambiguous Cæneus has both Sexes try'd,
Let him or her the doubtful point decide.

Charles. I'l Yeild to no Decision I tell you. I am tyred with your Pedantry. I was always subject only to my own Will, and can be tryed by nothing else.

Clenard. So that we End just where we began.

Making the Circle of their Reign compleat
These Suns of Empire where They rise They set.

But however, Charles, if Princes are Governed only by their own Will, you must confess at least it was a Mad World that we lived in.

Charles. Adieu, Messire Clenard.

Clenard. Adieu Monseigneur Charles.

Charles. But hark You, one word more, pray dont take the least Notice to any of my Fellow Princes of the Discourse we have had.

Clenard. After all I confess that Injunction is pretty hard, but however I'l obey it. Provided You remember what I have said, I'l endeavor to forget it.

A Dialogue
between
Mr John Lock
and
Seigneur de Montaigne.

Lock. Is it not wonderfull that after what Plato and Aristotle Des-cartes and Malbranch have written of Human understanding, it should be reserved to me to give the most Clear and distinct Account of it?

Montaigne. Plato and Aristotle are great Names, but as You disclaim Authority you have no right to quote them, tho a great deal may be said even upon their subject, if the Ambiguity of many Greek words, and the Prejudice we have in favor of Antiquity were removed. But as for Des-cartes, Malbranch and Your self, Is it not more wonderfull that any of You should be Satisfyed with your own Writings, or have found readers to admire them? To deal plainly with You, this single reflection upon Human understanding charges it with a weakness that all your Books do not sufficiently account for.

Lock. Short and pithy in good faith! by that sprightly way of thinking as wildly as your imagination can suggest, and by your expressing that thought as flowingly as your Tongue can throw it off, I should judge You to be Michael Montaigne.

Montaigne. Seigneur de Montaigne, if you please, Knight of the Order of St. Michael, and some time Mayor of Bourdeaux.

Lock. Yes, Sir, I know your Person by your insisting so much upon Your Titles, and I find the same strain run with a most voluble impetuosity almost thro every Chapter of your Book; As you see the Simplicity of my mind in my very Title page, where I only call my Self John Lock, Gentleman.

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Montaigne. Diogenes when he trod upon Platos robe (whom you named just now) and was asked what he meant by it, said he contemned the Pride of Plato; A stander by Answered, that there was more Pride in Trampling upon the Purple than in wearing of it. Honor you know is my Idol, so I tell you who I am, and where I live what I Possess and how I act, because I think our Vanities may be so managed as to Sustain our Virtues. Now you divest the Mind from these Human trappings, and strip off her Cloaths to shew her stark naked. The perfection therefore of your Humility would have appeared in Your giving Us a Book without any Name at all. If you had come out like the whole Duty of Man in your Language I would have said something to You. But so it is with us, we would be humble and we are proud, we fall into contrary Excesses, and are guilty of one Vice by a mistaken Design of avo[i]ding another. There is some Crany some winding Meander in every Mans brain, which he himself is the last that finds out.

Lock. It is for that very reason, good Seigneur de Montaigne, that I searched my own head, and dissected my understanding, with so great Diligence and Accuracy, that I cannot but think the Study of many Years, very usefully bestowed on that subject. I will give You some Account of it: First I found out, and explained that an Idea is the object of the Human understanding, that you may call it Idea, Phantasm, Notion, or Species.

Montaigne. Which is that any Man may speak either Greek or Latin, as he pleases; then Sir, you proceed.

Lock. O, most happily! in proving that we have no innate Speculative or Practical Principles; That Complex proceed from simple Ideas, that Ideas of reflection come later than those of Sensation, that un compounded appearances—

Montaigne. O, Sir, I know all that as well as if I had been one of your Disciples. Two simple Ideas are the least that can possibly be allowed to make one Complex, many more may chance to be thrown into the Bargain, and a whole set of them may be resolved again into their Native Simplicity to the Tune of

Ex plico fit plicui, Solvo, Solvig Solutumg.

But *jerné*, Lock, what canst thou mean, if these words expressed any real things, or subsisted any where but in the Writers brain

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(and faith I cant tell what impression they can make the[re] neither) but if they are, I say, any thing, or can signify any thing, what matters it 3 pence if all you have said be true or no.

Lock. If you could correct that Gascon fire of Yours I would tell You that I use these terms as instruments and means to Attain to Truth. You know the Antient Philosophers said Truth lay at the bottom of a Well.

Montaigne. It may be so, but *foy de Gentilhomme*, you will never draw her out except your Tools are more accommodated to your Work. In short Sir, call 'em what you will, or tumble them where ever you please, they are but words, bring them together again, they will no more make things solid and usefull, than grains of Sand will make a rope.

Lock. Before we go any further, tell me truly have You read my Book quite through, and with Care?

Montaigne. Yes in good truth I have read it, and just as I read other books, with Care where they instruct me, with pleasure where they amuse me, and half asleep where they tire me. To convince You of the Truth of what I say, I will give you some of your own Axioms, almost in the order in which they lye.

Lock. With Candor I beseech You.

Montaigne. O, trust me as to that, upon my Honor. Colours come in only by the Eyes; all kind of Noises by the Ears; Tasts and Smels by the Nose and Palate; Touching from every Member (tho some indeed more sensible than others) by the Junction of two Bodies: Red is not blew; A sucking-bottle is not a Rod; A Child certainly knows that the Nurse that feeds it is neither the Catt it plays with, nor the Blackmore it is afraid of. Wormseed and Mustard are not Apples and Sugar; And there is an Essential difference between a Silly-bub & a Broomstaff.

Lock. This I tell You is only my Substratum, the very rubbige upon which I build.

Montaigne. A House of Cards is a stronger foundation.

Lock. Hear me a little; from these plain Propositions I go on to greater Discoveries, that an Infant in the Cradle cannot make a Syllogism half so well as a Sophister in the Schools, and that a Hottentote is not so well Learned in the Bay of Sardignia

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as he would have been if his Friends had Educated him at Oxford or Cambridge.

Montaigne. Who the Devil did not know all these undoubted truths before You set Pen to Paper, and ever questioned them since? there are a hundred things plain in themselves that are only made Ambiguous by your Comment upon them. I hold a Stone in my hand, and ask you what it is? You tell me it is a body. I ask You what is a body? you reply it is a Substance: I am troublesome enough once more to ask You what is Substance? you look graver immediately, and inform me that it is something whose Essence consists in extension, in such manner as to be capable of receiving it in Longitude Latitude and Profundity. The Devil is in it if I am not answered. I may sooner pave the Road between London and York than have a thorow knowledge of the least Pebble in the way, except I take this Jargon in full of all Accounts. Socrates, I have some where told You, asked Memnon what was virtue? There is, replied Memnon, the virtue of a Man, and of a Woman, of a Child, and of an aged Person, of a Magistrate, and of a Private Citizen; and as he was going on, Socrates, interrupting him, said, I am mightily obliged to your Generosity: I asked concerning one Virtue, and you have already given me half a Dozen. Now, Mr. Lock, I apprehend clearer what is meant by Understanding, than I do by your Definition of it: *The power of thinking*; and I know better what the Will is, than when I hear you call it *The power of Volition*. A Plough-Boy says to his Father, Aye, aye, I understand that as well as You; and to his Mother, I wont do it because You bid me, yet he knows not, all this while, that he hath exercised the Two great and Principal Actions of his mind, as you call them, or if that Mind had two Actions or two and Twenty.

You have heard of the Citizen turned Gentleman, Mr. Lock, who had a mind to be a Scholar, and was dabbling in Grammar. He discoursed a long time to his Wife of Regimen and Syntax, and at last asked her, Sweet heart, what is it I am talking now? on my Conscience quoth She, Husband, I think tis Nonsense. That may be he replied, You simple Woman: But did not you know all this time that it was not Verse but Prose? Now the good Woman could not be more obliged to her Husband for this Piece of Learning than your Young Sectators are to

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You for the Discovery of some of those incomparable Axioms, which you just now Quoted, when they find them amidst a heap of Metaphysical terms. How grateful are they to the Doct̄or, and in return for your Civility in giving them Six or Eight words together of which they can make common Sense, how joyfully do they let themselves be bambouzled thro as many Chapters? for among the variety of Errors, to which weak minds are subject, there is one very conspicuous; that they are most prone to admire what they do not perfectly understand, and are very apt to judge of the Depth of anothers thoughts by the obscurity of his Expression. Aristotle I have heard, vallued himself upon having a Tallent of concealing part of his meaning, or rendring the whole Ambiguous: for which damned Affectation I most heartily hate Aristotle, and all his Imitators in this kind. I do not say M^r. Lock, that you affect this Obscurity, but I beg your Pardon, while I take the Liberty to tell You, that you often fall into it: while you are sowing Words too Plentifully, you do not always foresee what a Crop they will bear.

Lock. This is a pretty large Accusation, I hope You can make it good.

Montaigne. Why, You confess in your very preface that when you first put Pen to Paper, you thought that all you should have to say on the matter would have been contained in one Sheet of Paper, and yet, you See, You have Swelled it into a Volume. How imperfectly therefore did you judge either of the Ext[en]t of what was to be written or of the Method in which it should be Digested. But as we say in France, the Appetite comes in Eating; so in Writing You stil found more to write. From Ideas most unexpectedly sprung Solidity, Perception, Extension, Duration, Number, and Infinity, and from these again mixed Modes, Complex and Collected Ideas of Substances, Identity, Diversity, and fifty other glorious Tresor-trouves, to which you the Master of the Soil have the only right and Property, and are entituled to dispose of them *ex mero motu & pura gratiâ* to all Your Sectators, and Disciples, in *Secula Seculorum*. Now by the same way of working You might have left them Ten Volumes as well as one. Nay every Chapter might have been beaten out into a whole Book; and after Potentiality, Perceptivity, Mobility, and Motivity

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(which by the by You should have added to your Chapter of the Abuse of Words) You might have found out Ten thousand other Alitys and Ivitys, that would have looked equally well to the Eye in a Handsome Print, and conveyed just as much Knowledge to the Mind. Why M^r. Lock, your very Definition of Liberty, is, that it is something, which You your Self must feel; what signifies it therefore to Define it at all? Can any words out of another Mans Mouth make me understand if I feel a thing or no? Believe me, M^r. Lock, you Metaphysicians define your Object as some Naturalists divide it, *in infinitum*: But while you are doing so, the parts become so far Separated from each other, that You lose the sight of the thing it self. Another happyness arises from all this that whenever the Writer of this sort of Mysterious Demonstration, and his Reader Disagree (as happened between You and Stillingfleet, and in a case not unlike Yours between South and Sherlock) both are in the right, and both are in the wrong: While no Man else can well Judge what either of them meant. So the Dispute only terminates as it grows forgot, and as the Property of the Bookseller in the Unsold Sheets that contained it, is transferred to his next-door Neighbors, the Grocer and the Pastry Cook.

Lock. So that You, the loosest of Writers, have no great respect for my close way of reasoning.

Montaigne. Really, M^r. Locke, I should flatter You, if I said I had. One may read your Book over as the Irishman eat Whipt-cream, and when they asked him what he had been doing, he said, he had been tasting a great Nothing. All the while You wrote you were only thinking that You thought; You, and your Understanding are the *Personæ Dramatis*, and the whole Amounts to no more than a Dialogue between John and Lock.

As I walk'd by my Self
I talked to my Self,
And my self said unto Me.

You seem in my poor apprehension, to go to and fro upon a Philosophical Swing, like a Child upon a wooden-horse, always in motion but without any Progress; and to Act as if a Man instead of Practising his Trade should spend all his life in naming his Tools.

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Lock. *Pian Piano* good Seigneur, one must be able to Name ones Tools before one Learns the use of them. But if a Man does not leap Hedge and Ditch, in your Opinion, he stands stock still. I begin, continue and always keep close to my subject, The Human Understanding.

Montaigne. That's the very thing I object to, I think You keep so close to Your subject, that you have spoiled Your Book. When you have set your self in your Metaphysical Goe-Cart, in order to step sure, You walk too Slow to rid any ground, and as soon as you are out of it, You commonly Mistake your way. The least things must be Demonstrated to You where no body could have doubt of them, and when ever (which is indeed most commonly) such proof is wanting, You take the whole upon trust, without the previous examination, which any other reasonable Man would make. You strain as the Proverb says, at a Gnat and swallow a Camel; not giving a just allowance to probability. You sink between two Extremes, and when You are not supported by evident Demonstration you fall into the greatest Credulity imaginable. The Identity of the same Man consists in a participation of the same continued life, by constantly fleeting particles of matter in succession, Vitally united to the same Organized body, so that an Embryo is not a Person of One and twenty; Ismael is not Socrates, Pilate is not St. Austin. Who questions any thing of this, good M^r. Lock; Yet by the way, Cæsar, who led to Battle many thousand of these Organized Bodys; Cicero, who could appease or excite them in the Senate; Bartholin, who could tell You how these Particles lay in relation to each other, and from thence what Remedies were to be applied to the several Diseases and Violences they suffered; Spenser who could describe them all in Mythological words; and Raphael, who could imitate them in Animated Colours; All these, I say, neither thought or acted in virtue of your Definition; and if they did would not have performed any thing better in their Several Arts and Sciences. So again, the Chess-men standing upon those Squares of the Board, where we placed them, tho the Chess Board be carried out of one room into another, are stil said to remain in the same place; and the Chess-board is stil said to be in the same place it was, if it remain in the same part of the Cabin, tho perhaps the Ship it is in Sails all the while, and the Ship is

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stil in the same place, supposing it kept the same Distance with the part of the Neighboring Land, tho perhaps the Earth has turned round, and so both Chess-men and Board and Ship have every one changed place in respect of remoter bodies, which have kept the same distance one with another, and so on to the end of the Chapter. Who ever denyed one word of all this? and do You think now that You have explained what motion and repose is, so as to do any good to Mankind. Archimedes found out the burning-glass. Jacob Metius the Telescope. Sanctorius the Thermometer, and Flavia Goia, the Compass, without Consulting or being guided by any sort of Verbiage like this, and I dare Swear neither Christopher Colombo, nor Francis Drake ever reasoned one half hour if their Chess-Board was in motion in relation to their Cabin, or their Cabin in regard to the Ship, all the while they were sailing round the World, and adding a fourth part to what was known of it before.

Lock. But when in the name of Patience shal I have Liberty to reply?

Montaigne. Immediately, as soon as I have waked your Idea's into a remembrance that you tell us upon the Organization of the body, That Prince Maurice had an old Parrot in Brazil, who spoke, and asked, and answered Questions like a reasonable Creature; Who told the Prince he knew him to be a General, that he himself belonged to a Portuguese, that he came from Marinnar, and that his Employment was to keep the Chickens. Now who ever believed this, but Sir William Temple and your Self? and then again upon the rules of Motion; that a young Gentleman who had learned to Dance in great perfection in the Garrat, where an old Trunk stood, could never as much as cut one Caper rightly in any other room, unless that Trunk or another exceeding like it, was set in the same Position: So that the Man rather Danced to the Trunk than to the Violin. *Parbleu*, Squire Lock, I appeal to all Mankind, if ever I said any thing so extravagant as this, in my Chapter of the force of Imagination in Man and Beasts.

Lock. How this Gascon runs away with things, I do not say I have the exact *Criterion Veritatis*, but I search it. I dont pretend to Infalibility, but as much as I can I endeavor to avoid Error. And since it is only by my understanding that

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I can judge of other things It is proper in order to that, that I make that understanding first judge of it self.

Montaigne. There is a *Je ne-sçay quoy* in these words that affords me but little Satisfaction. But you Metaphysicians think with too much Subtilty to be pleased with what is Natural.

Lock. Natural, why is any thing plainer than what I said? I studied to know my self. *Nosce Te ipsum.* You love Authority, and I might quote it as the saying of One of the Wise Men of Greece.

Montaigne. I understand You now M^r. Lock, but I do no more respect it (as much as you think I love Authority) for being meerly the saying of the Wise Men of Greece, than if it had been of one of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome, or the Seven Champions of Christendom: The Truth of the saying must justify the Author.

Lock. But according to your own way, has the Maxim weight with it, without any regard to Authority? should not a Man know Himself? Answer Directly.

Montaigne. I will, Sir, and in the saying of another Wise Man, (of what Country not three Straws matter) he that does not talk with a Wiser Man than Himself, may happen to dye Ignorant. Really who ever writes in Folio should convince People that he knows something besides Himself, else few would read his Book, except his very particular Friends.

Lock. I will give you up as many as you please of those particular Friends, provided the few (be they my Friends or no) that can think consequentially, and reason justly upon Premises, approve my Writings. In one word I do not write to the Vulgar.

Montaigne. And they are the only People that should be writ to. Not write to the Vulgar? quoth thou; Egad the Vulgar are the only Scholars. If they had not Taught Us we had been Stupid. The Observations made by Shepherds in Egypt and Chaldea gave birth to Geometry and Astronomy. The variety of sound from the Hammers of Smiths striking on their Anville was the Original of their Scale of Music. And some traces on the sand by a poor Cow-herd gave the first Idea of Painting. Homer and Virgil will scarce be exempted from the Company of the Vulgar; if One went a begging thro' all

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Greece and composed his Iliads for his bread ; And t'other the Son of a Potter at Mantua, came on foot to Rome, to Solicite the favor of Augustus. Was not Gun Powder invented by a poor Monk at Nuremberg ; And Printing by an Inferior Tradesman at Haerlem. Look thro your Microscopes and know that Lewinhoeck that brought them to such perfection was a Glazier ; and when you next set Your Watch, remember that Tompion was a farrier, and began his great Knowledge in the Equation of Time by regulating the wheels of a common Jack, to roast Meat. Nay faith the Vulgar are the only Criticks too ; for what is Praise but the Universal Collection of their Consent, and whence can that Consent be derived but from their Understanding our Writings? Æsop and Epictetus had more sense than their Masters. Sophocles shewed his Tragedies to his Maid. Since our time Racine said, he doubted of the success of his Phædra till his Coachman told him he liked the Character of Hypolitus. And Boileau Addresses one of his Epistles to Antoine his Favorite Gardiner. In short I am one of those Vulgar, for whom, you say, You do not write ; And in the Name of our whole Community, I take leave to tell You, I think, You have wronged both us and your subject.

Lock. You are not Serious when You say this ?

Montaigne. As ever I was in my life, and so I go on Mr. Lock, your Mind was given you for the Conduct of your life, not meerly for your own Speculation ; nor should it be employed only upon its self, but upon other things. I think we should take our Understanding as Providence hath given it to Us, upon Content ; As we could do a handsome Sum of Money, sent us by a good Friend ; and spend our time rather in making use of it, then in counting it. A Man should live with his *Alma* (as Friend Prior calls her) as he would do with his Wife, having taken her for better and for worse. He should be Civil to her, keep her in good Humor, but not cutt her up like an Anatomy to shew the Situation of her parts, and read Lectures upon the soundness or defects of her Intrails. If you are always tugging at your Purse Strings, you may chance to break them ; and if You turn and tumble the Purse it self, at last you will drop your Money out of it. What occasion have you for a Tongue if you are to talk for ever to your self. If you were

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always poking your Fingers into your Eyes, you would hardly see the Clearer, and if again your Eyes were continually endeavoring [to] look one upon an other, you would only get a habit of Squinting. If you be stil trying to see your own back, you might one time or other break your Neck. Dont be angry with me, Lock, if in my odd way of Imaging things, I have often thought, that a Metaphysician running in a Circle after his own understanding, is like a Dog turning round and endeavoring to catch his own Taile; if he cannot take hold of it he grows giddy, and when ever he does, he bites it, and it hurts him, and so he lets it go again.

Lock. That last Simile indeed was a little Ludicrous.

Montaigne. I will give you another more Serious, while I repeat to You that your own Mind (in the manner you consider it) is too near you. It is like some uncouth figures and Colours laid together, unparted and unformed, if you look upon the whole too closely; But if you view it in a due Medium thro the Cylinder opposed to it, the rays rise up to their just Dimension, and shew you something Plain and Intelligible.

Lock. Simile upon Simile, no consequential Proof, right Montaigne by my troth. Why Sir you catch at Similes as Swallows [do] at Flies.

Montaigne. And you make Simeles while you blame them. But be that as it will, M^r. Lock, Arguing by Simele is not so absurd as some of you dry Reasoners would make People believe. If your Simile be proper and good, it is at once a full proof, and a lively illustration of your Matter, and where it does not hold, the very disproportion gives you Occasion to reconsider it, and you set it in all its lights, if it be only to find at least how unlike it is. Egad Simile is the very Algebra of Discourse.

Lock. Let me therefore Answer you in your own way, and give you back your Cylinder, while I take the liberty to tell You that the Glass I looked into, was a fair true Mirour and rightly placed.

Montaigne. Let the Glass be of what Figure you please, if you presented nothing before it but your own Dear Person, what could you see but what flattered the foppery of Youth, and at last shewed only the decay and wrinkles of Age.

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Lock. And pray, Sir, inform us a little, into what Glass did You look?

Montaigne. Into the great Mirour of the World, where I saw the universal face of Nature, and the images of all objects that the Eye can possibly take in. I pursued the Human Mind thro' all her lurking holes, & retreats, the prevention of Education, the Mimicking of habitude, and the Power of Custom. I represented Ignorance and Folly in their Native Colours, I gave just encouragement thro all my writings to plain Honesty, and to open Honor. Shewed very often, as I said just now, how our Vanity might contribute to our Virtue. I endeavored to find the Medium between the Aversion to Pain and love of Pleasure to mingle our hopes and fears so in their just tempera- ture of what we will at present call Prudence, that if my thought could not enjoy full Satisfaction, it might at least find the Evil of life Diminished. I drew together the reflections, which Courts, Camps, Cities and Nations presented unto me. Gave you fairly my Opinion of Emperors and Law-Givers, Soldiers and Philosophers. I contemplated the Situation of Earths and Seas, the revolutions of the Sun, the different Motions and operations of the Stars; and from the Works of Nature, and my Observations upon them, I deduced the Being, and forced my Reader to own the Power, of a D[e]ity. Yet all this while, I durst not pretend to fix the bounds of Truth and Error, at least I thought that could not be done by a sett of Words. It must rather depend, as I concluded upon Experience, or at least Probability. I gave the World my Writings, as the Effects only of my own Meditations; rather what I myself thought than what other Men should think, and was always so far from setting up for an Instructor, that (as I have often said) I was ready to alter my Opinion as I might be better Instructed by the Discourses or Writings of any of my Friends. This was my manner of thinking. Now, Sir, as at the beginning of our Discourse we had some of your Axiomes, will you let me here give you half a Dozen of Mine.

Lock. As You please, Sir, I have Patience, and You love talking.

Montaigne. As to our Selves, first, Opinion and Custom do every thing, divide Us into Sects, make Laws and Govern our Lives. Our wishes contemn what is easy and near, and aspire

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to what is forbid or hard to come at, and whilst we desire what is not in our Possession we less enjoy that which is. Our chief business in life is to learn to bear the ills of it. He that fears to Suffer, suffers already what he fears; Or would you have it in other words, He that dreads Punishment, already suffers it, and he that Merits it, must always dread it—Again, we are always beyond our selves; fear, desire, hope throw us forward into Futurity, and take away our Sense of what is to Amuse us, with what shal be, and that too possibly when we cannot perceive it—We should neither fly nor follow Pleasures, but take them as they come. There is no pleasure so just and lawful but is blameable if used in intemperance or Excess—Have you composed your own Manners, and lived as you ought to do with your Neighbor? have you done more than he who has written Volumes, or taken Cities? To be Honest is the end and Design of our Life: To heap up, to build, to Conquer, to Reign, are things only Accidental and Secondary. A Lye is below the Dignity of Human Nature. As we are distinguished from other Creatures by Speech, the very bond of our Society is tyed by the Truth of our Words. If falsehood like Truth had but one face, how happy should we be: We should take that for certain, which was directly contrary to what the Liar (if we thought him such) said. But alas! Error has fifty deviating Paths, whereas there is but one road directly right—Of Valour now; Who could say better than this, Valour has its Limits as well as other Virtues, and foolhardiness is as great a Vice as Cowardise—Of Civility; the greatest Civility is sometimes shown in being less Ceremonius. I have seen People impertinent by too much good Manners, and troublesome with the greatest Decorum—As to Government; the Notion of Liberty in a Commonwealth hath the same effect upon a Man born under that rule, as the Glory of the King has upon one born in an absolute Monarchy. And every Man loves and speaks well of the Country where he was born; and sucked in his first Notions, be it France or Tartary. Hence it is that after all our Travells thro the World we desire to come and Dye at home—As to Science; Plants may be killed with too plentiful nourishment, and Lamps extinguished by too great a supply of Oyle; We may have so much Science that it may confound our Judgment. It is not enough to know

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the Theory of things without being able to put them in Practice. In the Commerce of life instead of desiring to learn from others we are only seeking to make our Selves known, and are more in Pain to put off our old Merchandise than to endeavor to acquire any New—Of Solitude; it is in vain that we retire from the World if we carry our Faults with us, Our Vanity and Our Avarice may follow us wherever we go: No retreat, no Cloyster, no Desart can exclude them: To enable us to live in True Solitude, we must make our Satisfaction depend upon our Selves: We should do well sometimes to fancy we had no Family, no Wealth, no Relations, no Servants, that if any of those Losses happen to Us, they may not appear New—What think You of my Contemplations upon Death? Things sometimes appear greater to us as they are further off. In Health I have apprehended the thoughts of Sickness with more Horror than I have felt it: Go out of the World as you came into it, without Passion and without fear. Your Death is one part of the Universal Order of Nature, and every day you have lived was only to bring you nearer to that in which you must Dye. Can you think you must never arrive at that Place towards which you are always a going? Comfort your Self you have good Company in the way. A Thousand Men, and ten thousand Animals Dye in the very same moment with You—Now for Two or Three things I have said of Princes; The advantages of the great are mostly imaginary, the inconveniences and hindrances of Life, which they must suffer are real; While every Man naturally hates to be watched and Spied, They are the only People that must yield to this Subjection, every Subject thinks he has a right to observe even the Countenance and thoughts of his Prince, and the Master dares not blame but must thank him for his Care. If Princes would begin to retrench from Luxury, and live with Sobriety and Moderation, there would be no Occasion for Sumptuary Laws: in a Month the Court would imitate the King, and the People in a Year would imitate the Court: Virtue would soon be Practiced as it became fashionable. We owe our Submission and Obedience to Kings whether They be good or bad. This regards their Dignity and Office, But we give them our Esteem and Affection in proportion only to their Merit and Virtue. The lives of Princes are subject to be Examined after their Death. The

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justice which cannot be obtained against their Persons is with great reason executed upon their Reputation. Would you have any more, M^r. Lock? *mort de ma vie*, Why you are fast a sleep Man.

Lock. I might continue so till to-morrow Morning, and when I wake I might find you stil walking up Stairs in Buskins. Aye Sir, and all this, and fifty times more of fifty sorts, all Jumbled, all Pindaric, all like Lucretius world. One Chapter is of Friendship; The next of Nine and twenty Songs of Boetius; One of Moderation; The next of Canibals. From the use of Cloathing away we Scud to a Character of Cato junior: And from Remarks upon Virgil to a Dissertation concerning Coaches. This Leaf is upon Experience, turn it but over, you are upon Physionomy, and among lame People. Here is the Resemblance that Children have to their Fathers, and there a Defence of Seneca and Plutarch. In short no man ever dreamt so wildly as you have writ, without the least regard to Method. This Chanut very justly charges you with in his Treatise of the Operations of the Understanding; When he tells You, that whereas every judicious Man Studys order, there is nothing but Confusion in your whole Book. Père Ma[l]branch, I think, strikes You home, and Scaliger—

Montaigne. Scaliger was a Pedant that thought himself a Prince. Chanut and Ma[l]branch were People of your own Trade, meer Metaphysicians, yet Disagreeing in their Notions; The Priest condemns me, but to shew his Judgment: it is with Seneca and Tertullian, good Company however: T'other accuses me only for want of Method, the thing in which I glory. I have observed that there is an Abcidarian Ignorance that precedes Knowledge and a Doctoral Ignorance that comes after it. A Man that writes freely, as I do, as he is in danger to be persecuted by them both, ought to have the Courage to dispise them both; Method! our life is too short for it. The general rules even of Morality are commonly too long and tedious. How many young Scholars have been debauched before they have gone thro Aristotles Precepts upon Temperance? and how many more might have fallen into the worst Excess imaginable before they had quite read over Plato's Dialogues between Socrates and his Pupil Alcibiades? Method in the Sense You mean it, is the thing I contemn; Tis poor, tis

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little: I put my thoughts down, just as they occurred to me. Could I have better Method than that which the course of my life gave me, and the order of things as they presented themselves to my View? How would You have had me range them? Is it not the Variety it self that pleases while it Instructs? if the black, the White, the Red, and the Green, were laid upon distinct parts of the Canvas, where would be the Harmony of Colouring, or the *tout-ensemble* of the Picture? You may see the Painters Method upon his Palatte, but he condemns it when he would shew his Science. If all your Lillies were collected together in one Bed, next your House, then all your Roses in another, and all your Sun-Flowers in a third, who would admire the beauty of your Garden? However your Picture and your Garden are stil the Effects of Art, and Art her Self is gross and poor where her ways of working are seen, She appears most lovely where she most imitates her Mistress, Nature; But contemplate the great Goddess her self, *Ipsa suis pollens opibus*: Hills, Cities, Woods, Rivers so situate, that the irregularity makes the beauty of the Prospect; and at Night consider the Copes of Heaven, glorious with Myriads of Stars; not set in ranks, spread into Squares, or circled in rounds, but all shining in a beautiful Superiority to Number and Order.

Lock. Oh! brave Seigneur of Gascony; Why this was a most noble rant; tho by the by, the last part of it was stolen from my Lord Bacon.

Montaigne. It may be so, and he perhaps took it from Petrarch, and Petra[r]ch borrowed it from Cicero, and Cicero again might have it from Socrates, and Socrates from David. If I am in the Possession of a Medal, or a Jewel, what care I if it came out of the Arundel Collection, or was taken by the Duke of Bourbon in the Plunder of the Vatican. If Irene wore it in her Bulla, or even if Memmius brought it to Rome from Corinth? Truth and reason lye in common to all the World, like Air and Water.

Lock. Hola, good Seigneur, I remember you have said (and indeed I liked the saying till I now find you contradict it,) that we Praise no Creature, besides our Selves except for his Natural Qualities and Endowments. We commend a Horse for being Vigorous and Handsom, not for the finess of his Harness, or Caparisons; A Greyhound for his swiftnes, not for the richness

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of his Collar; And a Hawk for his wing, not for his Jesses or his Bells. But we dont say you do the same in regard to Man; He has a Magnificent Palace, rich Equipage, or fine Cloths. Alas! these are things about Him, but not in him. Now apply this to your way of Writing (the point to which with much ado I have brought You) Montaigne has noble Ideas, but they are taken from Plato; fine Stories, but from Plutarch; great Expression, but from Tully and Seneca; and right Quotation, but from Horace & Virgil. Now, do any of these Excellencies any more belong to You than the Harness to your Horse, the Collar to your Greyhound, or the Jesses to your Hawk? and would it not follow, that if Plato, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Horace and Virgil should each reclaim his own, Montaigne hath writ no Book? Speak, Sir, Answer me Logically. You are not used to Pause for a reply.

Montaigne. Faith I think he has me a little upon the Hip with his Logic. Where one cannot perfectly excuse, all one can do is to recriminate. You know, Sir, I never was a great Admirer of Logic, no friend to your Ergoismes. I have told the World more than once that I had rather be a good Horseman, than a subtil Logician. You begin as I said to you just now, with propositions, which no body denys; and go on to prove Paradoxes, which no body will admit. A Man is not a fitch of Bacon, *concedo*; Montaigne did not write his own Book, *Nego*, without the least regard to Bocardo or Baralipton. Can I answer your Question fairer than by returning Your Question; Who did write Mr. Locks Book?

Lock. Why, Mr. Lock himself; I tell my Readers almost at the Beginning of it, that I spin my Work out of my own Thoughts.

Montaigne. Spin! so does a Spider out of her own Bowells; and yet a Cobweb is good for nothing else that I know of but to catch flies, and stanch cut thumbs. I am so far from concealing what you call Thefts, that I glory in them. I have made other Mens thoughts my own, and given them to the World in greater beauty than I received them from their Authors. Let me be compared to a Bee, who takes something from every Flower and Shrub, and by that various labour collects one of the greatest Ingredients of Humane Health, and the very Emblem of Plenty. But to come nearer to You

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Mr. Lock, you like many other writers, deceive your self in this point, and as much a Spider as you fancy your Self, you very often cast your Web upon other Mens Textures.

Lock. What then? I make the Work my own, by not knowing it was theirs. What ever may have been written by others, if I have not read their Books, what I write is as much my own Invention as if no Man had thought the same thing before me. But you, Sir, have only to go to your Common-place book, find out some Excerpta, and—

Montaigne. Why, the best one can do is but to compose; I hope you do not pretend to create.

Lock. I tell you what I write is my own. Yours is at best but Compilation.

Montaigne. Why, there is another mistake now, a trick which your own Understanding puts upon You. Your Ideas, as you call them, however you have endeavored to set them right, were so mixed and blended long before you began to write, in the great variety of things that fell under their Cognizance, that it was impossible for you to Distinguish what you invented, from what you remembred. Plato says that all knowledge is only reminiscence, and a Wiser Man than he, that there was nothing New under the Sun: Besides this, My good Mr. Lock, Self Love, natural Vanity, and desire of Acquisition help us extremely in these sort of Thefts. In the bounding our Estates, we are pretty partial to our Selves; Our Neighbors Acre on the left hand, if taken in, would make our Garden on that side, Square; and if the Wood on the right could be added to our Grove, that improvement would give it perfect Symetry and beauty. Tho here the Civil Power has already determined what is ours and what is not. But as to the extent of our Knowledge, where neither Nature nor Law has made any Prescription, and Human Curiosity is stil pressing forward, we take all that comes fairly in our way, and either think it Originally our own, or at least not trouble our Selves whose it was before it came into our Possession. Descartes in the middle of the Joy he felt when he was certain he doubted of every thing, and only knew his own Ignorance; was just in the same piteous Estate Pyrrho found himself Two thousand Years before: And when he gave Us his subtil matter, he only new Christened Aristotles *Materia prima*, Gassendi and Rohault,

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are but Epicurus and Lucretius revived. As to your Self, Mr. Lock, you have either Copied pritty servilly from your Predecessors, or happened not only upon their Thought, but their method (of which you are so fond). You seem to me to have worked in the same frame with Dun Scotus, Suares and Baronius, nay faith honest Smiglesius and even Burgersdicius may come in for a Snack with my Landlord. But these Petty Larcenarys you System makers confess the last of any Men; Till you are contradicted, the Book is all your own, and one continued Scheme. But when you are Pressed, you call Friends of all kinds to your Assistance. While Malbranch writes against the force of Imagination, and the impression which things too lively Painted may make upon our Judgment, his Discourse is filled with that very Imagery and Painting from which he diswades Us, and the strength of his Argument consists in the beauty of his Figures. And when you Seem to have least regard to Orators and Poets, you have recourse to Both for your very turn of Style and manner of Expression. *Parblue* Mr. Lock, when You had writ half your Book, in favor of your own Dear Understanding, you quote Cicero to prove the very Existence of a God.

Lock. I am not to answer for Malbranch, but for my self. I make use of Authors only as they come into my subject, but I never go out of my way to bring them in.

Montaigne. I wont dispute that; but in my Opinion you write best when you steal most. When you contradict the Antients you fall into the very Error you blame. When you ask, what more exquisite Jargon could the Wit of Man invent, than this Definition; the Act of being in Power as far forth as in Power; within ten Pages you give us as many definitions less Intelligible; and what miserable Work do you make of it while you are Puzling Tully with the Dutchmans telling what *Beweeging* was, when Mynheer explains it to him in Latin *Aëtus entis in potentiâ quatenus in potentiâ?*

Lock. Well and is not it Nonsense?

Montaigne. And is not it Nonsense of your own producing?

Lock. I cite it only to prove the Absurdity of the Definition.

Montaigne. And when ever I cite an Author it is to show his Excellence: There is one Essential difference now in our Two ways of writing.

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Lock. And faith to do You Justice what ever you write or find written by any body else, you putt it off with a most noble assurance. I cannot but think it must have been a Pleasant Scene enough to see you come Strutting thro by the great Hall of your own Chateau in the Perigord, while one of your Servants or Tenants Sons were reading your Works with an Audible voice to the Country, who came in to hear the Wisdom of the Seigneur de Montaigne, Bayliff of Bourdeaux : How truly they Spelt and pronounced the Names Demetrius Poliocetes, Publius Sulpitius Galba, and Albuquerque Viceroy of Emanuel King of Portugal ; All brought together as if they had lived at the same time, and were as well acquainted as the three Kings of Cogn ; How often the reader Stop'd and Admired, while you were pleased to expound to them your Quotations of Greek and Latin Sentences, Shreds of ancient Orations, and Pieces of broken Verses ; the effect of a good Father's Care, who taught you the Language by rote ; and of a lively Memory that retained a Million of Idea's, and (as I said just now) gave them out again with very little Judgment, confused and Promiscuous (true French by the way, and good Grammar sometimes wanting). Confess Seigneur, that it must have been very Theatrical, your dear Self all the while the Hero of the Play. The Descent of your Family, your Coat of Arms, the High Tower in which you lodged, the Page that waited on You, all faithfully represented : And your Dialogue with your Catt so recited, that if Laughter were not the incommunicable Property of Man, Puss might be really allowed to smile upon so fantastic a subject.

Montaigne. Why, faith, M^r. Lock, if you would have me, you must take me Altogether, Gallant or Debonnaire, Serious or Comical just in the Humour I happened to be when I wrote ; too confident perhaps in the Strength of my own natural Parts, and too partial to my own Vanities, yet free enough in confessing my defects, and submitting my judgment to the Censure of my Friends. I dont dislike what I heard one of your Countrymen said of me, that by the Style of many Authors he could imagine at least something of their temper, and guess at their inclinations and Virtues ; But when he read me, he fancied he knew my Person, and that he had seen and Conversed with me in France, tho I dyed above one hundred Years before he was born. My Ideas, as you Observe, are confused and Promis-

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cuous ; But stil describing or Painting something, producing the Picture of my Self and a Thousand People more. But M^r. Lock, your Work is meer Grottesque, half images of Centaures and Splynxes trailing into Flowers and branches ; Satyrs and Masks interlaced into Knots with Cupids, all imperfect, and only so joined that the Chain of the Work is stil continued. But however since You are pleased to give the Comody out of my Writings, I am sure you will not take it ill if I furnish the farce, the *Petite Piece*, as we call it out of Yours.

Suppose, M^r. Lock, you returned to your own Chamber from the business, the Visits, and Pleasures of the Day ; Your Nightgou[n] on, your Books before You. John, say you to Your Man, You may go down and Sup, shut the Door. John, who at his leasure hours had been dabling in your Book, and consequently admired the Wisdom of it, reasons thus upon the matter, the Senses first let in particular Ideas into the Sensorium, the brain, or as my Master admirably expresses, into the drawing room ; which are from thence Conveyed to the hitherto empty Cabinet of the Mind, right ! The vibration of the Air and its Undulation strike the Tympanum of my Ear, and these Modifications being thus conveyed to my Sensorium, certain words in the English language (for no other do I understand) produce a Determined conception. John you may go down and Sup, shut the Door, now John has been a common Apellative to Millions of Men these many ages, from Apostles, Emperors, Doctors and Philosophers, down to Butlers, and Valets de Chambre and Persons of my Quality ; some of whom however Christened John, and commonly called Jack but pass for that—Now to none of these could my Master speak, for they are either dead or Absent, it must therefore be to me—Doubtfull again : for my Masters own name is John, and being a whimsical Person he may probably talk to himself—No that cant be neither, for if he had commanded himself, why did he not obey himself, if he would go down, why does he sit stil in the Elbow chair—t'was certainly therefore meant to me John, not to him John : well then go down and sup, go down—Whither ? to the Centre of the Earth ? there I may sup with Fiends on brimstone broth. To the bottom of the Thames ? there I may Sup with Cod and Mackerell, and as Hamlet says not Eat but be Eaten. To the Coal hole or woodhouse ? there

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indeed I may find what will dress a Supper, but nothing else to the present purpose of my own Supping. It must therefore be to the Kitchi[n] and in this determined Sense I will receive my Masters kind admonition—Now, again, you may go down and sup; why if I may, then I may not go down, the liberty of my Volition being undetermined, and the action of going down, *quatenus* going down, being in it self indifferent to me. Aye! but you may go down and Sup, the Proposition seems conjunctive, I cannot sup without going down, [and tho going down] was indifferent, yet Supping is far from being so, for I am really and sensibly and feelingly a Hungry; besides you may go down and Sup is not a bare Permission but a Civiler command; And tho I may chuse whether I will sup or no when I am down, yet I ought to go down when my Master enjoins it in so obliging a manner—But now comes an essential difficulty, which however by right ratiotination I hope to overcome. John you may go down and Sup, shut the Door, the Door I take to be a Combination of Planks in an Oblong Figure, artfully compacted by the Skill of a Carpenter, and set upon Compages, Hooks, or Hinges of Iron or brass by the additional Science or labour of the Smith with a Lock applicable to the Action which my Master enjoins me, of Shutting it. This Action is to be determined by my Eye to find out this Lock, and by my hand to touch it. But now again am I, as the order in which the words are Placed may import, first to go down and Sup, and then to shut the Door: No surely, for in the mean time there may come such a wind from the Stair head, that my Master may catch his Death before I have filled my Belly; There is certainly therefore an Anacronism, or at least an unguarded transposition, in these words, the regular conception of them must be thus taken, not John go down and Sup, shut the Door, but John shut the Door, go down and sup; Well so far I think I am right. But now as to shutting the Door there is a lock in the inside, and there is a bolt on the Outside, which implies two *Modus*'s of performing this Action: If I lock the door on this side, how the Devil can I go down except I was a fairy, and would creep thro the Key hole; If I bolt it on the other side, I shut my Master in, which sure he could never intend. Two *Modus*'s I said there were, yet neither of these are proper to the present purpose; there must

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therefore be a Third, which I believe by a happy concurrence of Ideas I have found out, that is, neither to Lock the Door on this Side, or to bolt it on the t'other, but to apply it as close as may be to the Doorcase, and to leave it in that position, which I take to be equivalent to what my Master meant by the expression of Shutting the Door.

Lock. Well, Sir, have you done with my Man?

Montaigne. Not quite, M^r. Lock, I am bringing him to a Conference with your Maid. Let us now imagine the door shut, and John safely arrived in the Kitchi[n]. Margaret the Cook maid sets the cold beef before him, Robin the Butler gives him a bottle of strong beer, and they proceed amicably to the News of the Day, if the Regent is at Madrid, or the King of Spain upon the Coast of Scotland. If Digwell the Gardiner stole two of Sir Thomas's spoons, or the Match holds between My Lord True Madams Coachman and Prue the Dairy Maid, all this goes on the best in the World, from point to point, til John stroaking Tripp, the Greyhound, says to Margaret, Do you think Child, that a Dog tho he can retain several combinations of simple Idea's, can ever compound, enlarge, or make complex Idea's? Truly John, says Margaret I neither know nor care. John Proceeds, and tho you have stewed many a Barrel and quart of Oysters, you never examined if an Oyster was capable of thinking; and tho you have seen many a hundred of Old Men, you never found out that an Old Man, who has lost his Senses is exceedingly like an Oyster; as like as he is to a rotten Apple says the Butler. John, Pittying the Butlers ignorance, continues his Discourse to the Maid; Do you believe Margaret that there are any original Characters impressed upon a Child in the Womb. Prythee John, replies She, let us talk of our own Concerns, what have You or I to do with Children in the Womb? Still John goes on; I would fain make you perceive, Margaret, that my body is a solid Substance endued with an Extension of parts; and that you have in your Body a Power of communicating Motion by impulse; that motion will produce an intense heat, and then again that heat—Look you John, says Margaret, I have often told you of this, when ever you get half Drunk, you run on in this filthy bawdy manner—Faith (says the Butler, who was a little Envious at Johns learning) thats e'en too true, John

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always was and will be a Pragmatical Puppy. Puppy? Says John in what Predicament do you Place the Human species? Sirrah, Robin answers in great anger, I scorn your words; I am neither Predicament, nor Species, any more than your self: But I wont stand by and see my Fellow Servant affronted. Here, Mr. Lock, you find *Bella plus quam Civilia*. John & Margaret form their different Alliances, the whole Family is set into a flame by three leaves of your own Book; and You may knock your heart out for your boyled Chicken, and your roasted Apples.

Lock. Well, Sir, and what is the Result of all this?

Montaigne. That probably neither, Robin, John, Margaret, yo[u] or I, or any other five Persons alive, have either the same Ideas of the same thing, or the same way of expressing them. The difference of Temperament in the body, Hot, cold, Flegmatic or hasty, create as manifest a variety in the operations of our hands, and the conduct of our Lives; and our Conceptions may be as various as our faces, Bodies, and Senses (or sensations as you call them). If I like Assafetida, I say it has a good smell: If you cant indure a Rose, you complain it stinks. In our Taste may not I nauseate the food which you Covet; and is it not even a Proverb, that what is meat to one Man is Poyson to another. If we consider even the fabrick of the Eye and the Rules of Optick, it can hardly be thought we see the same; and yet no words can express this Diversity. So that there may be as much difference between your Conceptions and mine, as there is between your Band, and my Ruff. If so, it may happen I say, that if no Mans Ideas be perfectly the same, Locks Human Understanding may be fit only for the Meditation of Lock himself. Nay further that those very Ideas changing, Lock may be led into a new Labyrinth, or sucked into another Vortex; and may write a Second Book in order to Disprove the first.

Lock. Aye now Sir I like You, We are come to the very State of the Question.

Montaigne. Are we so, my good Friend? why then 'tis just time to break off the Discourse.

A Dialogue
between
The Vicar of Bray
and
Sir Thomas Moor.

Vicar. Farewel then to the Dear Vicarage, tis gone at last. I held it bravely out however. Let me see, from the Twentieth of Henry the Eighth, and I dyed in the twenty ninth of Elizabeth, just seven and fifty Years; Attacked by Missals and Common Prayer, Acts of Parliament opposed to Decrees of the Church, Mortmains in the Legates Courts, and Premunires in Westminster-Hall, Canon Law and Statutes, Oaths of Obedience to the See of Rome, and of Supremacy to the King of England, Transubstantiation, real Presence, Bulls, and Premunires, and that intricate Question of Divorces. But is not that my good Patron, Sir Thomas who gave me the Living, and charged the Clerks in his Office to take no Fees for expediting the Seals because I was poor; indeed I was so then, but God be thanked I took care of my self after, as every Prudent Man should do. Aye, tis he indeed. O dear Sir Thomas, I was very sorry for your Misfortunes; I was upon Tower-Hill, when You saved your Beard, tho you lost your Head, but by our Lady, I did not like such jesting. I saw you Executed. Oh! that ugly seam, Sir, that remains stil about your Neck. Oh Sir a head sewed on again never sits well. I pittyed You, Sir, I prayed for You.

Moor. My old acquaintance in good Truth, the Vicar of Bray, very well Friend, I am obliged to you for your Pitty and your Prayers, but you would have heightned the obligation had you appeared with me on the Scaffold, your Spiritual Advice might have been of Service to me.

Vicar. O Lord, Sir, I would have been there with all my

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heart, but You remember the times were so ticklish, and that point of the Supremecy so dangerous.

Moor. More proper therefore for a Divine to have Assisted a Lay-Man in so nice a Conjunction.

Vicar. O Lord help You, Sir, I thought you had known better than that (at least since your Death) no Sir, more proper therefore for a Layman to have left the Nicety of such a matter to Divines.

Moor. Well, and did not some of the Clergy suffer upon the same account with me?

Vicar. And were they the Wiser for so doing? the greatest part of Us were against your Suffering Doctrines, and in good Faith we of the Low-Church thought it very strange that with all your Law and Learning you should not have had wit enough to keep your head upon your Shoulders.

Moor. It was that very Law and Learning that made me lay my head down patiently on the block. My knowledge in Divine and Human Law gave me to understand I was born a Subject to both: That I was placed upon a Bench not only to expound those Laws to others, but obliged to observe them my self with an Inviolable Sanction; That in some Cases the King himself could not change them, that I was commanded to render to God the things that were of God, before I gave to Cæsar the things that are Cæsars, And when I was Accused upon a point, w^{ch} I thought strictly just, my Philosophy taught me to dispise my Sufferings, and furnished me upon the Scaffold with the same Serenity of mind and Pleasantness of Speech with which I was used to decide Causes at Westminster-Hall, or converse with my Friends in my Gardens at Chelsea.

Vicar. Aye, Sir Thomas, but it is a sad thing to Dye.

Moor. For ought Men know (I speak to Thee in the Language of People yet alive) it was an Uneasy thing to be born; and for ought they may know, it will be no great pain to Dye: The Friend that stands by in full health, may probably Suffer more real anguish, than the dying Man, who raises his Compassion.

Vicar. Aye, Sir Thomas; but (to Answer you in the same language) to dye as you did, to see the Heads-man with the Axe, after the Law had passed your Sentence stand and Demand the Execution of it; This sure is terrible.

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Moor. No more than for the Patient to see the Apothecary bring the Quieting draught after the Physitian has given him over.

Vicar. But that Pomp and Apparatus of Death, the black Cloth and Coffin prepared, your Relations and Friends surrounding You. You cannot but remember, Sir, your Dear Daughter Roper following that Father, who always—

Moor. Hold good Vicar; Aye, there indeed you did touch me to the quick, that beloved Daughter, beautiful, innocent, learned, Pious, that pride of my life, that Idol of my thought; But yet Reason and Religion soon got the better, and armed me as well against the softness of human Nature as against the apprehension of Death. You see neither of these could as much as change or Debase even my good Humour.

Vicar. But yet, Sir.

Moor. But again, but yet what?

Vicar. Why methinks there is a great deal of difference between Dying and being put to Death. A Man must yeild to the call of Nature.

Moor. And can he resist the Decrees of Fate. A Man must do his Duty whatsoever may be the Event of it: In the high Station wherein I was placed I was keeper of the Kings Conscience, how could I then possibly Dispencc with the Dictates of my Own.

Vicar. That was a pleasant employment indeed, Keeper of a Mans Conscience who never knew his own mind half an hour. What could the Chancellour think shou'd become of him, if he contradicted his Highness, who beheaded one of his best beloved Wives upon meer Suspition of her being false to him, and had like to have Plaid the same trick upon another only for Attempting to instruct him. You that used to puzzle Us with your Greek and Latin should have minded what your Friend Cicero said *in otio cum dignitate*, but to be sure *in negotio sine periculo*.

Moor. And yet Vicar, Cicero himself was beheaded as well as I.

Vicar. Why that is just the thing I have often taken into my consideration, he lost his life when he forsook his Maxim, to say the truth ont his Case in some respect was not unlike yours. He had his head cutt off because he would be running it

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[too] far into Affairs, from which he had better to have receded. He spoke so violently against Anthony that he could never hope in Prudence to be forgiven by Him, tho Anthony had good Nature enough, and you contradicted Henry, who as to his temper was inflexible, and in his Anger never forgave any Man.

Moor. But did not Anthony deserve that and more from Cicero. And as to my Case, if the King—

Vicar. Alas, Sir, let People deserve or not deserve, that is not six pence matter. Have they power or have they not? Theres the Question. If they have, never provoke them; let me tell you, my late Lord Chancellor, as there are an Hundred old Womens Receipts of more real use than any that the Physitians can prescribe; by which the Vulgar live, while the Learned laugh at them: there are as many common rules by which we Ordinary People are directed, which you wise Men (as you think your selves) either do not know, or at least never Practice; if You did it would be better for You.

Moor. Prethée good Vicar, if thou hast any of these Rules to spare let us hear them.

Vicar. Attend then, never strive against the Stream, always drive the Nail that will go, eat your Pudding and hold your tongue, dont pretend to be Wiser than your Master, or his Eldest Son.

Noli contradicere Priori.

Fungere officium taliter qualiter.

Sine Mundum vadere sicut vult.

and the never failing reason of that most Excellent Precept

Nam mundus vult vadere sicut vult.

You see I have not forgot all my Latin, will you have any more of them?

Moor. No Vicar, if the whole Hundred be such as these they will make but one great Tautologie, which signifies no more than take care of your Self, or keep out of Harms way, A Maxim which I presume, you did most particularly observe.

Vicar. You are in the right ont, else I should have made a Pretty Business of it, i faith. I might have been deprived of my Living by old Harry, and perhaps not restored by his Son Edward for want of a Friend to the Protector. I might again

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have Chanced to be burned by Queen Mary, and if I had escaped that Storm I had been sure of Starving in the Reign of her Sister Elizabeth.

Moor. But what did you think was your Business in the World, for what Cause did You live?

Vicar. Why to teach my Parish and to receive my Tythes.

Moor. Oh, as to receiving your Tythes I have no Scruple, but what did you teach your Parish?

Vicar. What a Question is That, Why Religion.

Moor. What Religion?

Vicar. Again, sometimes the Antient Roman Catholick, some times that of the Reformed Church of England.

Moor. How came you to teach them the first?

Vicar. Why my Canonical Obedience, the order of my Diocessan Bishop, the Missal and Breviary all enjoyed it.

Moor. How happened it then you taught the t'other.

Vicar. Why New Acts of Parliament were made for the Reformation of Popery. My Bishop was put into the Tower for Disobeying them, and our Missals and Breviarys were burnt. You are not going to Catachise me, Are you?

Moor. And You continued stil in your Vicarage of Bray?

Vicar. Where would you have had me been? in Foxes Book of Martyrs?

Moor. Soft and fair, Vicar, only one word more. Did you make all those leaps and Changes without any previous Examination, as to the Essential good or ill of them?

Vicar. Why, what should I have done? The King had a mind to fall out with the Pope. Would you have a single Man oppose either of these mighty Potentates? His Highness upon the Quarrel bids me read the Mass in English, and I do so. His Son Edward enjoins the same thing, and I continue my Obedience. Queen Mary is [in] Communion with the Church of Rome, and She commands me to turn my English Mass again into Latin. Why then things are just as they were when first I took Orders. Elizabeth will have it Translated back into English. Why then matters stand as they did when I first reformed. You see, Sir, it was the Opinion of the Church of which I was a Member, that Changed, but the Vicar of Bray remained always the same Man.

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Moor. What Colours do we put on our Errors and our fears? And you Discharged your Duty all this while?

Vicar. Exactly: I never missed my Church, was civil to my Parishoners and gave something to the Poor.

Moor. And You Preached boldly and bravely without respect to Persons; You made Fœlix tremble?

Vicar. By Fœlix I suppose You mean Old Hall; No, by our Lady, He made us all tremble. To tell you the Truth ont, Sir Thomas, I always preached in general at the Vices of the Times, but took care not to be too particular upon those of any great Men. Sometimes indeed I ventured a little against Pluralities or Non residence because if any Man was touched he durst not openly show his resentment, and neither of these Cases affected my self, but I always took care to find Texts and Deduce Doctrines from them *a Propos* enough. When Harry went to the Siege of Bologne it was David that went out against the Jebusites, or the Moabites. When he would be Divorced from Old Kate, and had a mind to Nanny Bullen; why Vas[ht]i was put away, and Esther was taken unto Ahasuerus into the House Royal. Little Edward was Josiah, who destroyed the high Places. Then Mary again was Deborah or Judith, who restored the antient Laws and Customes of the People of Israel. Elizabeth as she succeeded to the Crown, had right to the same Texts, only with new Applications and with this difference that to Exalt her Praise I always clapt a little of the Jesabel or Athalia upon her Predecessor.

Moor. So that all this time you told no body their Faults; Put the case now that you had been a Surgeon, you would never have applyed Medicaments to the proper wound. If you had been a Mariner you would not have stopped that part of the Ship where the Leak was sprung.

Vicar. But I was neither a Surgeon, nor a Mariner, what signifies putting cases? I was a Parson and Preached—

Moor. Rather Panegyrics I perceive than Sermons.

Vicar. No, not quite so, but they were rather Sermons indeed than Satyrs.

Moor. How Sedulously do we endeavor to shun the Exercise of Virtue, and what excuses do we make to cover Vice. You never Preached therefore against Ambition or Luxury before Cardinal Wolsey.

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Vicar. No more than before You, I would have preached against Levity of Speech and vain Jesting.

Moor. But You ought to have done so, and we should Both have been bound to thank You.

Vicar. Aye, Sir Thomas, but would either of You have prefer'd Me?

Moor. That indeed is the main Question. Alas how we squander away our Days without doing our Duty. Desirous stil to lengthen life, while we lose the very Causes for which it was given to Us; and thus you trifled Fourscore Years without doing any good or intending it.

Vicar. Indeed, Sir, I thought that it was very well that I did not do much harm. Trifled away fourscore Years said You, Aye, that I did indeed, and was very sorry when they were passed.

Moor. But while they were passing were you not under a thousand apprehensions? did you not suffer continual uneasiness in the frequent changes that happened as well in the Church as the State?

Vicar. O Sir, you may be sure I did. Every body in the World we lived in had his troubles. I had one particularly that vexed me mightily, the constant fear of losing my Vicarage.

Moor. But I presume you armed your self against that fear.

Vicar. As well as I could, Sir, when I could not do as well as I would. When ever any New Law was made, or any harsh injunctiō laid upon Us, away went I to some Clergyman or Casuist, who had a good repute for knowing these kind of things, and had himself already Conformed as to the Point in Question, and then I constantly carryed with me an inclination to be convinced, which you know goes a great way in matters of this Nature, so admitting some things for Truth without too Scrupelously seeking for Demonstration, and suppressing some Scruples that might have been troublesome, I generally made the best of a bad Market, and got safe again out of the Briars. If things looked bad one Day, I took a Cup of Ale, and hoped they would be better the next. When they were very bad indeed, I concluded they were at the worst, and so, I tell you, on I jogged.

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Moor. How naturally the shallowness of thought in this Man increases the severity of it in the mind of a Wiser. When we reflect upon our past life, we find it charged with Misfortunes & Calamities yet we never think of the future but in expectation of receiving it enlivened with Joy and Pleasure. Our whole life all this while runs like the Current of the same river and to morrow comes on just as Yesterday past. Why therefore do we rather hope than dread what it may bring. Why do we not think in Probability it may rather make us Miserable than happy. How is it that scarce enjoying the present we turn our thought forward into a Futurity which the Will of Heaven in equal Wisdom and Pitty conceals from Us. A Futurity which may never be Ours. But suppose it shal be, suppose it coming with all the Delights that the wildness of our imagination can suggest, is it more durable, is it less rapid in its course than the past, than the Present? while I am speaking it Approaches, and while I say it is arrived alas! it is gone for ever. The fugitive never Stops, but we insensibly follow it till Tyred with the Pursuit we fall into our Grave.

Vicar. Aye, Sir, that Grave is an ugly Hole indeed, when once a Man slips his foot into it—

Moor. You have therefore thought of Death. I am glad at least I have brought you to this point.

Vicar. Thought of Death, Sir, aye that I have and with different Agitations; Sometimes indeed with pleasure enough, for my Parish is of large Extent, and when any body Dyed in it that could pay, I had my Dirge and Funeral Fees, besides my share of Ale, and the Company of a good many Friends, but then again when any of the Poor Dyed, whom I was forced to Bury gratis, especially in the Winter time, Egad I did not like Death at all.

Moor. Droll, But did You think of your own Death?

Vicar. Very seldom, and yet in good Troth often enough. You must know I buried my Parish twice over, and I strove to forget every one of them as soon as I had laid them under ground. There was one Clergyman in my Neighborhood, who was four Years older than my self, it was a great Comfort to me to see him in good health, Egad I lived at him. At 'other side I never was heartily a Friend to my Curate, a

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lusty young Fellow with large white Teeth, and a Vermillion countenance. I was always Apprehensive He'd out-live Me, and put in to be my Successor.

Moor. Strange illusion! of which even Death has not cured this Wretch. We join Ideas which in Nature have no Coherence. Our fear of Death gives us not sufficient leasure to consider what Death it self is, we dare hardly think that it makes a total separation between our Mind and our Body, and we provide for our selves after Death as if that separation was not to be made. Are we to be Alive and dead at the same time, idle and superstitious way of thinking. What was it to this Vicar who should enjoy that Benefice from which death has given him an Eternal Quietus. Yet with great regret he considers who shal possess the Tythes when he shal neither have Mouth to receive, or Stomach to digest the Produce. Yet with Envy he mentions that Man that shal present the Insense, or Adorn the Altar, when he shal neither Smell nor See. But why should I blame him of an Error common to us All. Have not the greatest Men desired Monuments to be raised over them that the Eyes of all the World might Gaze on, whilst they have Dreaded the thought that the Dust and bones hid under the Marble should be exposed to the sight of their Surviving Friends.

Vicar. Why, really Sir Thomas you Preach very well. I begin to think there was some mistake in our Affairs while we were in the troublesome World, of which you are talking. We should e'en have changed Stations: If you had been Vicar of Bray, the Parish might have had excellent Sermons, and if I had been Chancellor of England, I'll give You my word for it, I would have kept my Head.

Moor. 'Tis true, Vicar, we seldom are in life what we seem to be, I jested upon the Bench, yet guarded my Actions with the greatest Severity, and You looked gravely and talked Morally in the Pulpit, without any resolution of living up to that you taught others. But, Vicar, what you all this while call Living is only breathing! Did you think Morality was but Discourse, and that Virtue was not to be Preached; Did not you know that you must never prefer your Safety to your Honor, or your life to your Conscience. You said just now that you had not forgot all Your Latin. Does not Horace tell

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You that neither the Fury of ill Men in Power, nor the frown of a Tyrant can alter the Resolution, or bend the Mind of a Man strictly just and Honest; And Juvenal that tho Phalaris stood by with his brazen Bull, the Martyr should rather suffer flames and racks than deviate the least Tittle from Truth.

On her own worth true Virtue rear'd
Nor dreads Disgrace nor seeks Reward:
But from Her higher Orb looks greatly down,
On Life or Death, a Scaffold or a Throne.

Vicar. The meer fancy of Poets. Ah, Sir Thomas You were always too much Addicted to that sort of reading; It is that which spoiled You: Egad those whimsical Fellows have done more Mischief in leading the Minds of Grave People aside by a contempt of Pain and Death, than in Debauching Youth by too lively Descriptions of Love and pleasure.

Moor. Come on then, You shal have some Prose-Men; I'll oblige You if I can: has not Plato writ a whole Volume to explain how reasonable it is that we should rather consent to Dye than to do Evil? and has not his Imitator Cicero, commenting upon the Text instructed us that we ought to be so far from fearing Death, in this Case, that we should contemn it. What think you of those Minds who have Practised what these Philosophers taught of Socrates, Aristides and Phocion, of Regulus, Cato, and Brutus.

Vicar. Heathens all, by the Mass, meer Pagan-Heathens; Why, I read Plutarch when I was a Young Man at the University, he is full of these People. When ever the Game did not go well they always threw up the Cards, and when they could not Rule the World, a Whim took them that they would stay no longer in it.

Moor. Now the Doctor is in for it indeed. Well, I hope Sir, since you came from the University you have read of some Christians who were of this Opinion too: What think You of S^t. Polycarp, who asserted what he thought was Truth in opposition to the whole Roman Empire, and a growing Heresy in the Church, and that too in the moment he was sure to Dye for it? What of S^t. Cyprian, who when an Equivoque, or Silence it self might have Saved him, scorned even Delibera-

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tion, in asserting his belief, and confirmed it in the presence of an angry Judge, and in the sight of that Fire, that was to consume him to Ashes?

Vicar. Aye, Sir, and St. Lawrence, was broiled on a Gridiron, and St. Protatius had his Head cutt off, and a great many more of them: Lord, there were Females too, St. Ursula, was Stabbed with a Ponyard, and St. Catharine, broke upon the Wheel. Why do you think I am not acquainted with the Army of Martyrs. Oh Dear, Sir, as their Holy-days came, I constantly did em Justice in my Prones, and set out their Reliçts to be kissed by the People. I had one Sermon, you must know, that *Mutatis Mutandis* did the business for a great many of them. I clapt all the praise I could upon the Saint of the Day, and e'en let the rest of the Calendar take it as they thought fit.

Moor. And as you shewed, I suppose, you respected the Reliçts of these Saints.

Vicar. Aye marry did I.

Moor. Without any resolution to follow their Example.

Vicar. Lord, Sir, They had their way to Heaven, which in all Probability was the nearest; You were pleased to take That: very well, I had mine, it was a little about indeed, why very well again. We were not all born to be Martyrs any more than Lord Mayors.

Moor. Strange is it, that after all that the Wisest and best Men of all ages have said and writ on this subject of life and Death, the great Majority of Mankind stil argue and act like this poor Vicar; Look you, my old Friend, without entering into any particular point of Religion, I repeat to you that we have Two Duties, One to our Selves, the other to the Public. That either as we are Private Persons or Members of the Common-weale, our life on many occasions is not our own, and our Conscience only is the Guide, and the Disposer of it.

Vicar. Well, I do not flatly deny any thing of all this, Sir Thomas, but methinks we should make those many Occasions as few as we could. There may be certain times for those Tryals, but one must not practice such dangerous experiments every Day: Our Duty may be divided, and in that case, sure we may take the safer side. You that were a Judge know very well that we are obliged to conform to the

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Laws of the Land. S' life it would be a foolish mistake if a Man should fancy himself a Martyr to Religion and to be trussed up in Fact as a Traytor to the King: A Man has but one Neck, Sir Thomas, and I tell you it is a Point that requires very Mature deliberation. Good, Sir, do but think a little.

Moor. Vicar, the beginning, Progress, and Ultimate end of Thought can only inform You that Truth is to direct all your Actions, and that Courage is only a Virtue as assistant to truth, else you wander without a Guide, and you Sail without a Compass. Your Caution is but Cowardise, and your Discretion is double dealing. You scarce can pardon your own fears to your self, your Conscience therefore must direct your Prudence, and your Virtue must be entire, that your Honor may be unspotted: Life and Death all this while are only things Accidental.

Vicar. Why, Sir Thomas, whilst you talk thus you are laying the Model of your own Utopia. Pray, is not self preservation a Principle of Nature, is it necessary that we run absolutely into danger, should we not comparatively weigh Circumstances, and may not some precepts which you take literally be understood figuratively; and consequently may not some points be essential only in relation to some Cases, and may not others be indifferent, as to other Cases.

Moor. What are you got into the old Cant, lurking behind distinctions, and arming your self with Adverbs. I said, I would not enter into any dispute of Religion with You. But take this at least as an Axiom that your Schoolmen have not only obscured their Texts, but perverted them. Essentially, Absolutely, formally, comparatively, and Figuratively, well ingrafted upon Interest and Knavery, are sufficient to divide Five Nations, and Produce as many Heresies. Once for all, Vicar, every Man is obliged to suffer for what is right, as to oppose what is Unjust.

Vicar. Aye, but a Man may be mistaken in what he thinks right, as I fancy you were in the Point of the Popes Supremacy. Odzooks, Sir, to venture ones Head in a doubtful Cause—

Moor. Suppose the Cause to be false, when I had done my best to inform my self that what I did was Legal, and could not be convinced to the contrary, I had nothing more to do

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but to submit my self to the Severity of the New made Law, and leave the Event to the Creator, and disposer of the World. So, I tell Thee again that an upright and unprejudiced Conscience is our Plea before any Humane Tribunal: Nay more, that it is at once the Law and Judge, that must Convict or absolve Us, in all we do or think, though we stand Accused by no Man. The Basis of all Religion and the Bond of all Society is founded upon this Strict adherence to Truth, and constancy of Mind in the defence of it.

Conscience, Thou solemn Bond of mutual Trust,
Prop to the Weak, and Anchor of the Just ;
Fructif'rous root whence Humane Virtues spring ;
The Subjects Law, and safety of the King :
Appeas'd by Thee our inward Tumults cease,
Thou guid'st our feet into the Paths of Peace :
Fair Polar-Star, whose influencing ray
Directs our Toil, and manifests our way ;
Shou'd Cloud or Storm, Thy Radiant beams obscure,
Yet those who hope they follow Thee are sure
Tho tyr'd by Day, they pass the Night in rest
And going wrong, yet seeking Right are blest.

Vicar. Are those Verses of your own making Sir Thomas ?
Why really they are pretty enough, but a little hobling in the Number.

Moor. They are not so much to be Praised as Practised,
I'll give you some Translated from a Greek Epigram, that
carry almost the same sense in a Style something more flowing.

While thro the depth of Lifes tempestuous Sea
Our little Vessel cutts its destin'd way.
Now prosp'rous Insolence and wealthy pride
With rolling Billows swell the impetuous Tyde ;
Now Care and Want in hollow Tumult roar,
Threatning to dash us on the dangerous Shoar.
Around us and above with various rage
High and low Deaths alternately engage ;
Fix'd on a Rock upon the distant strand
Bright Virtue does our Only *Pharos* stand
Contemns the Winds and Waves, and points us safe to Land. }

Vicar. Pough, hang it, this is all but the second part of the
same Tune. Come, Sir Thomas, you us'd to love a little

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Mirth. I'll repeat You some Verses that a Friend of mine brought down hither with him t'other Day.

Your Conscience, like a fiery Horse,
Shou'd never know his Native force :
Ride him but with a Moderate Rein,
And stroke him down with Worldly gain ;
Bring him, by management and Art,
To every thing that made him start ;
And strive by just degrees to settle
His Native warmth and height of Mettle :
And when by use he once has gott
An honest, canting, low-Church trot,
He'll carry You thro thick and thin,
Secure, tho dirty, to your Inn.
But if you give the Beast his head,
And prick and spur him to his speed ;
The Creature strait begins his Tricks,
He foams and neighs, Curvets and kicks,
He gets the Bitt between his Teeth,
And runs his Rider out of breath :
Better you n'er had rid abroad ;
For, down you come—as sure as *Laud*.

We may be allowed to know who *Laud* was tho he lived since our time, for sure it is as reasonable for Us here to mention a Man that was born since we Dyed, as it is for those in the t'other World to quote an Author that dyed before they were born.

Moor. I like your Thought well enough, But the Verses you repeat were meant as a Satyr upon that very sort of Conduct, which you seem to commend. You put me in mind of some German Doctors that reading the little book of my Friend *Erasmus* fancied he wrote a real Panegyric upon the folly he was laughing at.

Vicar. Be it as it will with the Verses : In honest Prose I must tell You Sir Thomas, that in difficult Cases there must be some Allowances made ; if we cannot bring the Thing to our Conscience, we must e'en strive as much as we can to bring our Conscience to the thing. Mahomet and the Mountain seems to me not so unreasonable as some strait laced Christians think it.

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Moor. Go to, I contemn you now. If I were to be Chancellor again, and had all the Livings in the Land to dispose of, I would not give You One of them.

Vicar. If all succeeding Chancellors were of your Opinion your Livings would want incumbents, and the Civil Power might send out Press-gangs for Priests to supply the Parishes.

Moor. How few are there that dare exercise a true and active Virtue; Too many there are indeed that live in the open Practice of impudent and successful Vice. But the Mass of Mankind is a Multitude of such Animals as this Vicar, the burthen of the Earth who only feed upon it without endeavoring to deserve the Bread it affords them, Wretches who in having done nothing have done ill. Negative Ideots who sink into folly for want of Courage to aspire to Wisdom, and think nothing bad or hurtful except they may be Indicted for it at the next Quarter Sessions. This Man now would not commit any famous Wickedness, yet how far is he from being Honest. Well, as bad as they say the World is, there are fifty idle Knaves in it, for one determined Villain.

Vicar. Twenty for One is as much as I can grant You: Ah Sir Thomas, tis very true what Doctor Burnet says of You, that you mixed too much Gall with your Ink. Egad with these Maximes of Yours you would raise both Court and Country against You, and if You had as many heads as there are Loops upon your Gowne, You might run a fair risk to have them all cutt off.

Moor. What then? many better heads would have been confirmed by my Example, and I should have answered the end for which life was given me.

Vicar. Admirable Philosophy indeed, in the Practice of which You were beheaded on Tower-Hill at Fifty three, whereas I without it dyed quietly in my bed at Eighty. Since I am afraid your Lordship may grow Angry, which would be a little against Your Stoicism, and since You may be assured that if we were to live again I should never be a Convert to your Doctrine, it is time we should part.

Moor. With all my heart, Adieu Thou poor Spirited Parson with thy Vicarage of Bray.

Vicar. Thou great Chancellor of England without a head, Adieu.

A Dialogue
between
Oliver Cromwell,
and
his Porter.

Oliver. What a Vicisitude does Death bring to Human Affairs? No Coronet on my head, no Purple Robe to my back, no Scepter in my hand! neither Heralds before, nor Guards around me! justled and affronted by a Hundred Cavalier Ghosts whom I ruined in t' other World! His't and scoffed at by as many Republican Spirits whom I Cajoled and Betrayed!—

Porter. To which You may add, the Charges of your Funeral not paid; Your Son unable to sustain the Sovereignty Six Months; The Lives and Fortunes of all England Presented to him in *Addresses*, now wrapping up Anchovies or lining old Trunks, and the Subscribers Ashamed of their own hands. Your Counsellors heads upon Westminster-Hall; The Royal Family Restored; and Public matters turned again into the Antient Channel. Your own dear Carcase hanged at Tyburn; and your quondam Subjects striving who can most emphatically curse your Memory!

Oliver. Who is this that seems to know my Affairs so well, and is so familiar with my Person? by the length of his Ear, and the sullenness of his brow it should be my old Porter. 'Tis he indeed, and glad am I to find One here that I can command. hark you Sirrah! make way for me thro that Croud, and tell those chattering Ghosts who I am.

Porter. Who You were, Friend, but who you are no Ghost alive will mind. Your stern look, and your *vultus regibus usq*

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truces will fright no body here. In short, Sir, that Levelling Act which your Friends above could never obtain, has been long since made a Fundamental Law here. In these Kingdoms we are all Equal.

Oliver. Show me at least some respect for what I have been.

Porter. I will as far as you may merit that respect, and you in your turn shal render me the same justice: The condition of this Obligation being such, I do not doubt but that I shal have the preference at least by all impartial Judges.

Oliver. To begin then, I raised my self from a Private Person to the dignity of a Prince.

Porter. And from being your Porter I made my self a Prophet.

Oliver. I was General of the Army, head of the Parliament, and Supreme Master of the Three Kingdoms.

Porter. I was Senior Inhabitant of old Bethlem, Prince of the Planets, and absolute Disposer of every thing I saw or thought of.

Oliver. Tis true thou wert for many Years, locked up in a little Cell, separated from the World by Iron-barrs, and no other Furniture about thee but the torn leaves of three or four Bibles, and had not I all this while Splendor and Magnificence, Gardens, Parks and Palaces?

Porter. And is it not as true that I had every thing which I desired or wanted? My Potage well dressed, my Straw fresh, and my Coverlet clean, whilst in the midst of the Plunder of three Nations you were always in Necessity, and every week laying new Taxes upon an Opprest People for the support of an Awkward ill founded greatness; & whilst you were tearing & Confounding the best Libraries in England, did not I pick up those Leaves you spoke of, which were both the furniture of my room, and the Comfort of my Life.

Oliver. But before thou camest to this happy station Friend wert thou ever seen or heard of otherwise than as my Domestic Servant, till thy brains run a Wool gathering, and then thou gottest into these strange Whims of Preaching and Prophecyng.

Porter. And did not I serve you faithfully till I saw you cheated every Man you had to do with, till you turned those Officers out of the Army who had prefered you, and made use

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of your Parliamentary Power against those very Persons who intrusted you with it. I learned to Preach from you, and indeed am obliged to You for the very Distemper that made me turn Prophet. I imitated you. I looked upon you as my Idol till running from your Door with my Staff in my hand one Thirtieth of January, I shal never forget the day, I saw you Order Your Master to be brought out of the Window, and Murdered at his own Palace gate. I confess when you cutt of[f] the Kings head you turned mine into the bargain.

Oliver. Uncommon circumstances must attend great Actions. *Pax quæritur bello* was my Motto, yet sure I made a glorious figure. The Commons of England prostrate before my Throne, the Peers mingled in the Croud with them, or submissively retired to Plant Cabbages at their own Country Seats, Citizens and Courtiers Conducting me with Acclamations thro Cheapside, Ambassadors sent from the greatest Princes in Europe to beg my friendship, or soften my Resentments, and the Pope himself trembling for fear that having nothing else to do I might send my Fleets to Plunder Loretto, or Destroy Civita Vecchia.

Porter. And while you made all this Bustle you were a Slave to your own Apprehensions, suspicious of every body that came near You. You durst not stir out without a Coat of Mail under your Cloaths, nor sleep a nights without a Pair of Pistols loaded by your Bed side. When you shot the Captain to appease the Mutiny in the Army your hand trembled more than a Highway mans while his tongue has the insolence to demand a Purse, and when you were just going to kill Moreland, who slept Dogs-sleep, while you told your Mid-night Secrets to Thurlo, You were more afraid of a young Clark than he could possibly be of an enraged Tyrant. In short you doubted of your Title of Protector, and I rested assured in mine of Prophet. My Mind was divested of all those doubts and fears, which continually disturbed yours. I cursed my Enemies but never feared or indeed knew them. I excommunicated or blest as I thought proper, and when the Palace of Bethlem, from whence I sent out my Sovereign Edicts, was on fire, I forbid the People under Pain of my Displeasure to quench the flames; told them the day of Judgment was come, and this was the time when the World must be Purged by fire,

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and so unconcerned I read on. The Pope dreaded your Fleets at Loretto and Civita Vecchia did you say? No, no, it was I that humbled that high Priest of Baal. I bombarded his Spiritual strongholds with my Anathamas, I confounded the whore of Babylon, the Scarlet Tyrant, Seven heads, ten horns, Gog and Magog.

Oliver. Grant me Patience and I will yet argue meekly with thy whimsical Person, Observe me friend, my Power was real, your Authority was only imaginary, I did actually fight in the field, Preached loudly in the Church, and talked vehemently in the Parliament. Thousands of People can witness that they submitted to me at Dundalk, were Edified by me at Oxford, and frightened out of their wits at St. Stephens Chappel, whilst you only fancied—

Porter. Look You Noll, Witnesses may help a Man to recover his Estate in Westminster-Hall, but can do nothing towards making him happy in the enjoyment of it. That sort of Testimony must come from within. You fought you say, and were really victorious, it may be so; I prophesied and fancied my self inspired. But as to the Satisfaction that arose to either of us from our different ways of Acting or thinking we Our Selves are the only Judges.

Oliver. Pough prythee this is frantic stuff, I appeal to the whole World.

Porter. It is right Philosophy, Master, what signifies appealing to the World, the Appeal would come too late now, while we were yet alive You suffered a thousand troubles and Vexations which you hid from the World, to which you are now so fond of Appealing, and I proclaimed to that World the raptures and Pleasures I enjoyed in endeavoring to convert it.

Oliver. But again those who disobeyed me felt the Effects of my Anger in the loss of their Fortunes and Estates.

Porter. And those who contradicted me fell under the weight of my Curses. Now while I thought my Censurers had as terrible an Effect as you knew your Arms had, I enjoyed as ample Vengeance as ever you did.

Oliver. A pleasant Droll this, so that to Act or not to Act is just the same thing.

Porter. To Act, or think one Acts, is just the same, Now how often do we think we Act, when we have lain stil, and

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how often in our thought do we jumble things together that never Existed in the same time and Place, and consequently were not, at least were not as we imagined them. In a Dream and without as much as once turning your Self in your bed have not you as really, that is as apparently fought the Battle at Marston Moor, hectored your Crop-ear'd Brethren at Westminster, or thrown Cusheons at your favorites heads in Spring Garden, as if you had been in these Places? The next Morning waking you have thought your self deceived, and so neglected and forgot those Ideas. But if you will imagine your life to have been that Dream—

Oliver. Oh very well then I never did possess any thing but only thought that I possessed (this Fellow is extremely whimsical).

Porter. Aye, most certainly my quondam Lord Protector, what we do in life is but to think we possess, and the strength and impulse of that thought does the rest; As the liveliness of that Idea decays or changes, the thing it self is not worth a Straw, hence it happens that the same objects that attract now, to morrow become indifferent, and the next day [grow] odious. A greater Philosopher Noll than either You or I, states the matter thus; It is not the thing it self, says he, that Pleases or Disquiets a Man, but the Opinion he conceives of the thing; Now I will go a little further with You, and convince you that Pleasure or trouble being only the different Effects of your own thought, it does not signify three Pence if what you have a fancy for, or dislike, has its intrinsic Value or not. Nay if it be in the World or no: What you see in a glass is only the Effect of an impression formed in your own Brain, yet it may either Please or put you out of Humour; the sound that you hear is nothing else, but a determined motion of common Air; Yet a Flute delights, a Trumpet startles and a Bell stuns You. Does not the Lover imagine charms in his Mistresses face, which no body else ever found, and which indeed She never Possessed. Did not Don Quixot (one of Our Predecessors) sigh many years for Dulcinea, whom he never saw: What think You of the Poets, who hold long Discourses with the Muses and Goddesses, while they believe in their Conscience there never were such People upon Earth. Your Mathematicians, who Plague themselves first, and their Correspondents

CROMWELL AND HIS PORTER

afterwards with the Produce only of lines and Angles which never did or will Exist. And your System-Makers and World-wrights that as any idle Evening lies upon their hands stamp an infinite number of New Stars or People a Million or two of Earths.

Oliver. Why I think these People as mad as ever you were, and that they deserve as much to be locked up. But you dont compare these notional Gentlemen with Heroes and Conquerors, who by superior sense direct, or by Victorious Arms subdue the rest of Mankind. We seek for things Solid and Visible, and what you desire by your own Confession exists only in meer Speculation.

Porter. Master, take my word for it my Speculations are real, and your Desires but Chimerical. You would have what never happened to any even from the result of his own thought, Peace with Ambition, and tranquillity founded upon injustice. I was pleased with Hope in Prophecy and happiness in expectation. You were never satisfied with the Present. I always anticipated and even enjoyed the future. To amuse you no longer, Master, every Mortal Man is mad more or less. The Lover *quo ad hanc*, the Miser *quo ad hoc*, but the Ambitious Man *quo ad Omnia*. Pray observe those miserable People whom you call Heroes, how they go about roaring and crying like spoiled Children for every thing they see, throwing away their own, and desiring other Peoples goods, never contented with the Common and easy use of things, and stil drawing new troubles upon themselves from the inconsistency and perverseness of their own Projects. What think you of Pompey and Cæsar, one could bear no Superior, the t'other no Equal, pretty Fellows! and upon this each plagued that part of the World where he was. Both by turns ruined their own Country, and got themselves Murdered. What do You talk of being locked up? that same Cæsar was more confined in Gallia, Alexander in Asia and you in the three Kingdoms You Usurped, than ever I was in Bethlem; For it is not the situation of the body but the mind, my most worthy friend, that either restrains a Man, or gives him liberty.

Oliver. Ha! there is some sort of Sense in what this Fellow said last, I find he has his lucid intervalls. I'l humor him a little in his own way: And so friend as you were saying every

MATTHEW PRIOR

Man is Mad, but in a different manner, and upon some Particular objects.

Porter. Most certainly, and all we great Men are more emphatically mad than other People. When you Preached your head was as hott as an Oven, Mahomed, in his Extacys had the falling Sickness, and to tell you truth in the middle of my Prophecys, I was now and then tyed down to my good behavior.

Oliver. I was therefore Mad, but not so mad as you.

Porter. Excuse me, Sir, I never said or thought any thing like that. You were ten times madder, so mad that no Man durst either Advise or tye you. You had brought things to that miserable pass that your Counsellors all dreaded and your Divines all flattered You, so you run wild about the Streets threatning yet terrified, Vexing and vexed. A little bit of Gravel stopt in your Kidneys took away the Relish you had for all the Earth, which you possessed from Dover-Cliff to the Isles of Orkney, and a kind Feaver gave you some relief by taking You out of the World, to which you were a Burthen. There is indeed one difference [between] You Public Madmen, and we sedentary Gentlemen if we happen to be a little crased about Love, Learning or Religion while you are ravaging Nations, and setting the World on fire. You find others bit with the same Tarantula, who second your fury, partake of the Plunder and justify your Error. Yee all Herd together, and it is a very hard thing to catch one of You, but we are fewer in number, divided, unarmed, and different in our Principles. If the least disturbance happens from any impetuosity of our temper the Neighborhood has an Eye upon Us, and away we are hurried the next dark Night to Morefields or Hodgdon. In truth whether from the fear or weakness of Mankind, I shal not argue, but you have commonly the Majority on your Side, which as your Excellency very well knows, is no smal advantage in England.

Oliver. Hark you friend, dont talk so loud, yonder stand a Knot of Shabby Fellows, whom I dont like, they seem to Eves-drop.

Porter. O They are very honest Gentlemen take my word for it. There is Diogenes, Epicctetus, Peter Aretine, and Guy Patin. Every Man you must know brings a Piece of his former

CROMWELL AND HIS PORTER

Madness down hither with him. These Philosophers are all reasoning. I'll bring you acquainted with them, their Discourses may be very Edifying to You.

Oliver. No prythee show me where are the Conquerors and Heroes you named just now, I had rather go to them.

Porter. O they are very far from this quiet part of the Grove, quite a t'other side the River. You may find them there with Spartacus, Massenellio, and Jack-Cade, making of Dirt-Pyes, or playing at Cudgells, for it is not absolutely true what the Poets say of Lethe waters that they make us forget all we have done, they only cool our Passions and calm the heat of our Mondane distempers. Every [one] Acts in jest here, what he did in the t'other World in earnest. You may exercise among the Heroes without blowing up Citadells and destroying whole Countries, You may study among the Law givers without being stark wild about Ordonances and Proclamations, As I can talk upon Calvins Predestination, the Popes Constitution, or any other Theological point without fishing for Leviathans or slaying Behemoths. But you must previously I tell You take a Course of these Lethe waters for Six Months at least, for, amongst Friends you are very far gone.

Oliver. To make me forget any thing of my greatness, I tell Thee I wont gargle my mouth with a drop of it, Mercy on me, how extremely Mad is this Fellow.

Porter. Glory, glory! how far beyond all Cure is my quondam Master.

POEMS FROM THE
LONGLEAT MSS.

To Madam K. P.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

DAMON.

SEE Strephon see what a refulgent ray
Dispells yon Clouds, and gilds the rising day
The smiling Feilds their early Treasures bring
And warbling Birds proclaim the coming spring
Young tender Plants and swelling buds appear
Whilst Nature smiling seems to bless the Year
Lively the Nymphs and sportive are their Swains
All Sorrows Banish'd from the cheerful Plains
Save only what Thy troubl'd Soul contains
Then tell me Strephon, prythee tell me why
Dost Thou in mournful shades obscurely lye?
Why dost Thou sigh, why strike Thy panting breast
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy Kids starv'd by rig'rous Winter's frost?
Are any of thy bleating straglers lost?
Have Strangers Cattle trod thy new Plow'd ground
Or (what is worst) has great JOANNA frown'd.

STREPHON.

On yonder Hills my bleating straglers play
(Ah! were their Master unconcern'd as they)
No beasts (at Noon I look'd) had trod my ground
Nor have I lost my Kids, nor has Joanna frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountains of your Eyes
Nor let those Sighs from your swoln bosom rise,
Send all these melancholy thoughts away
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

STREPHON.

Ah Damon what can add to Sorrows more
Then thoughts of happyness enjoy'd before?
What more disturbs the slighted Lovers breast
Then sad remembrance how he has been bless'd
What kind reception once his Passion found
And how he flourish'd e'er his fair one frown'd

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

What more the wretched Exil's soul annoys
 Then recollection of his former Joys?
 Or what severer Sentence can be giv'n
 Then having seen to be excluded Heav'n.

DAMON.

None Shephard none——

STREPHON.

—— then cease to chide my Cares
 And rather pittty then restrain my Tears,
 Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed
 To think how great my Joys, how soon they fled;
 I told the[e], Friend (when I forsook those Sheep
 Which Thou the while with equal care didst keep)
 That I wou'd visit fair Celinda's Shrine
 And pay those Vows which gratitude enjoyn
 Since then how happy did thy Strephon live
 Happy.....

In all kind Heav'n or kinder She cou'd give
 Happy as new form'd Man in Paradice
 E'er Sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss
 Happy as Heroes after Battles won
 Prophets entranc'd or Monarchs on their Throne.
 Then chide not if I sometimes drop a Tear
 When I remember how I triumph'd there
 And with past pleasures present woes compare. }

DAMON.

But were those pleasures so extremely vast?
 Wonder not then that they so quickly past.
 Too happy shou'd we be wou'd smiling Fate
 Render one blessing durable and great
 But (Ah! the sad Vicisitude) how soon
 Unwelcome Night succeeds the chearful Noon
 And rigid Winter nips the flow'ry pomp of June.
 Then grieve not Friend, like The[e] since all Mankind
 A certain change of Joy and sorrows find
 Come give thy anxious Soul its wonted peace
 And from this Hour let all sad troubles cease
 Suppress thy Sighs, those down cast Eyelids raise
 Tune thy neglected Harp, and sing the Goddess' praise.

MATTHEW PRIOR

To a Lady Sleeping.

STILL Sleep stil fold those lovely Arms
Stil be free from noise and harms
Whilst all the Gods of Love defend Thee
(The Gods of Love which stil attend thee)
Whilst around in humble state
A Thousand wanton Angels wait
Whilst Gods officiously find
Pleasing Dreams to charm thy mind,
Dreams of things (if such there are)
Like yourself Serene and fair,
And when You open those bright Eyes
When Morpheus with the wel-cloath'd Vision flies
May You that happyness renew
And all the pleasures of your Dream prove true.

Charity never faileth.

I Cor: XIII. 8.

I.

SAY would'st Thou gain eternal Praise,
Go foolish Man thy great designs pursue,
Go, try ten thousand ways
Thy Toil like Sisyphus each hour renew
Yet know that after all Thy Pain
Like him thou dost but roll a heavy Stone in vain.

II.

Rush, if thou wilt into the Camp, and try
To purchase Fame by Victory,
Let Fortune stil against thy foes conspire
Still on Thee, her Darling wait
And kindly seem to make her great,
Great as thy soaring wishes can require

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Yet when thy Troops return with Conquest crown'd
Thy recompence is only shouts and noise
(The Rabbles unintelligible voice)
And scarce a Lawrel-leaf for every wound.

III.

But say the Senate should thy Service own
And to thy Memory with comely Pride
Erect a shining Pyramide
By this Thou canst not be for ever known,
The Marble will decay, the Polish'd Iron rust,
And both will be as soon as Thou art, Dust.

IV.

Then throw your Sword and Gauntlet by
Change your Armour for a Gown
Read all the Secrets of Philosophy
And thus endeavor to obtain renown,
Yet here thy Study will prove vain
No glory can'st Thou hence obtain
Since Men the mighty Stagyrite disdain.

V.

Should'st Thou invoke the Muses then, and try
If honor can be gain'd by Poetry,
Alas! no glory will from hence arise
Tho (which is much improbable) thy Rhimes
Affect the Squeamish Criticks of these times
What they Admire their Children may dispise
Homer is Censur'd, Ennius quite thrown by,
Then how short-liv'd will be thy Praise
Like what thou labour'est for, a sprig of Bayes
'Twill with its Transitory Master Dye.

VI.

Hard fate! can nothing then secure our Name
From Envy's cruel rage
And the devouring Teeth of Age
Can nothing Purchase everlasting Fame?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Yes, CHARITY will do't, 'tis This alone
Will make its Author always known
The Charitable Man shal live
Without what needless Art can give
And every Tongue his Acts rehearse
Tho no Man built his Tomb, or sung his Praise in Verse.

VII.

Old Time and Envy shal his glory view
Each vainly striving to pursue
Whilst looking back he sees them fly behind
And scapes the fatal Gulph which swallows all Mankind
Nay even in that dreadful Day
When all Men else to Rocks and Caverns run
And desperately strive an angry GOD to shun
When time it self shal be no more
Who fed the Orphan, and reliev'd the Poor
Shal with undaunted Courage stay
And Ten times more receive, then e'er he gave away.

There be Those that leave
Their Names behind them.

Ecc: 44. 8.

In Praise of the Lady Margaret Foundress of
St John's.

I.

IF gilded flaggs and heaps of polish'd Stone
Can make the Deads memorial known
If from the well-cutt brass will long appear
The Just the Gener'ous the Good lies here
How long will Margarett's Name be prais'd,
Who spent her Wealth another way
Who built what never will Decay
Who Living Pillars of Her Glory rais'd?

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

CHORUS.

Margaretta's Name shal live
And lasting Tribute of just Fame receive
Long as the Sacred Walls she founded stand,
The Pride, the light, the glory of our Land.
Long as the learned Youth shal flourish there
Inspir'd with Thoughts of Heav'n and Her.
Shal press with pleasing force the grateful String
And thanks and Praises to their Godess sing.

II.

If charitable Acts alone
Best make their Pious Authors known
If to the chearful Giver Men shal raise
Lasting Monuments of praise
How long shal Margaretta's Name
Grace the bright Rolls of Piety and Fame?

CHORUS.

Long as Three Nations gratefully shal show
The mighty Thanks they to her goodness owe
Long as the sacred Page shal be Carress'd
Which tells Us Charity and She are bless'd.

III.

If Charitable Acts alone
Can for a Multitude of Sins atone
If at that great that dreadful day
Beyond which Time shal be no more
Who cherish'd Orphans and reliev'd the Poor
With holy Confidence shal stay
And see his Sins and Sorrows wash'd away
What then shal be to Margaretta giv'n?

CHORUS.

One of the best the brightest Seats in Heav'n
With Saints and Marty'rs she shal live
Encircl'd round with lasting Joy
Which no mischance, no Sorrow can destroy
Which Man desires, and GOD alone can give.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Many Daughters have done well,
but Thou Excellest them all.

Prov: 31. 29.

As spoken in a Vision to the Lady Margaret
Foundress of St John's.

T'WAS night, the Drousy Diety began
To chain with sleep the buisy thoughts of Man,
When free from Noise and troubles of the Day
Our ... Poet in those flow'ry Meadows lay
Where reverent Cham cuts out its famous way
When loe! O strange, an unexpected light
Dispers'd the Native darkness of the Night
And rais'd at once his wonder and delight
But how, how welcome did that light appear
Which usher'd in a form all Heav'nly fair
A Form which lately left its Mansh'on there.
A Woman proper, beautiful and fine
Her garb was Noble and her Mein divine
Majestick greatness Triumph'd in her face
And every Limb had its peculiar grace
With sober Pace the lovely Ghost drew near
Her smiling seem'd to Chide his useless fear
At length he knows the venerable Shade
Runs to meet that of which he was afraid
And thus with reverence Thrice bowing said
Hail mighty Patroness! Hail great and Good!
Hail doubly fam'd for Virtue and for blood!
Hail Thou, whose Acts shou'd I presume to show
I shou'd blasphem by Epithets too low.
Hail St or Princess royal or Divine
Hail wonder of our Sex and Fame of Thine
Be Thou my Muse vouchsafe to look on me
The meanest of thy learned Progeny
Inspire my Soul that I may sing Thy fame
And raise a work eternal as my Theam

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Inspire my Soul that I may loudly tell
How far Thou dost all Woman kind Excell
How Thou bless'd Shade —
When York had Lancaster so long withstood
And Englands face was stain'd with English blood
Did'st bless the Nation with a Godlike Son
Who recompenc'd the Ills their Arms had done
Who made all Faction all Rebellion cease
And gave Us Plenty, Liberty, and Peace.
You heard each Tongue with joy your glory sing
Each bless the Parents of so good a King
With all the Praises Gratitude cou'd bring.
But thought the Gift not worthy yet of You
Unless with Peace You gave Us Learning too
Then, then indulgently both paps you drew
And rais'd Two fabricks which shal ever be
Great Monuments of Piety and Thee —

Fain wou'd the cheerful Poet have gon on
To Sing the Works her Charity had done
But She who did like Heav'n her Gifts dispence
Without the Hopes of any recompence
Seem'd by a frown to chide his saucy Eloquence
And moving from him with a graceful Pace
Ascended to that bright that happy Place
Where Saints like Her enjoy an everlasting Peace.

On the Coronation.

I.

NO 'tis in vain; what limits shal controll
The rovings of my active Soul?
That Soul which Scorns to be to place confin'd,
And leaves its dull Companion earth behind.
Whilst fancy with unbounded flight
Enjoys that object of delight
Which Envious distance wou'd conceal from sight.
Giving Poets to partake
(Like those Deities they make)
Of infinite Ubiquity.

MATTHEW PRIOR

II.

Thus methinks I see the barge
Pleas'd with the sacred weight of its Majestic charge
Old Argo with a weight less glorious fraught
The treasure from impov'rish'd Colchos brought
And Hellespont now vanquish'd must confess
His burthen meaner and his triumph less
Since richer Thames does James and Mary bear
He great as Jove She as Europa fair.
They come! Joy doubles strength to every Oar
Resounding Ecchoes fill the crowded Shoar
The waves with an unusual pride
Pay homage to the Lord
Of our Asserted Main
And calmly as they glide
Auspiciously afford
An Omen of his Reign.

III.

See glorious as the Eastern Sun
Our Monarch from the Waters rise
Whilst Crowds like Zealous Persians run
To own the blessing of their Sacrifice
He comes, religious Shouts proclaim him near
James and Hosannah bless each ear,
Delighted Heav'n confirms the mighty Joys
And in glad sounds reflects the Image of the Voice.

IV.

Triumphant Cæsar in less glory rode
When heighten'd from a Victor to a God
When captiv'd Monarchs trembl'd by his side
And by their Shame increas'd his Pride
No private Sorrows here allay
The common transports of the happy Day
But in each exalted breast
Of happiness and James possess'd
Is evidently shown
His Peoples blessings greater then his own
And he that gives the Triumph triumphs least.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

V.

Now fancy to the Altar bring
Second to what we there adore, the King.
By the anointing Prelate mett
And rising where the mighty Brother sett,
But Oh! forbid the Omen heavn,
Protect the blessing You have giv'n,
Late he ascends, long may he fill the Throne
And for the Nations bliss defer his own
Whilst Marys charms unbend the care
Of that rich load his sacred temples wear
(Herself the brightest Jewel there).

Not Writing to K. P.

SO from Divinity and things above
The Zealots thoughts have sometimes chanc'd to rove
Till on his life he does with grief reflect
Compares heav'ns goodness with his own neglect.
Abhors his crime and vows he'l now begin
With double Penitence to clear his Sin
Then sighing trembling doubting he draws near
His Piety stil vanquish'd by his fear.
Till heav'n beholds and Pittys what he feels
And with glad Omens his wish'd Pardon Seals
Pleas'd with the truth of his repent[a]nce more
Then with his constant Pray'rs and drudging Zeal before.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Arria and Petus
out of Martial.

Paraphrase.

WITH Roman constancy and decent pride
The dying Matron from her wounded side
Drawing forth the guilty blade
To her lov'd Lord the fatal gift convey'd
But then in streams of blood and sorrow drown'd
Pardon she crys an unbecoming Tear
(The Womans weakness will appear)
Yet think not tis that I repent the Deed
Or that my firm resolves give ground
Witness just Heav'n 'tis nothing that I bleed
But that You must, there Petus, there's the Wound.

To the Countess of Dorset
walking in a Garden.

YES I did stubbornly believe
The place no added Beauty cou'd receive
'Till bright Dorinda's passing by
Convinc'd my Infidelity.

Where e'er She came new Glories fell
The dullest Plant grew Sensible
Its willing branches every Tree
By grateful instinct spread
And round the fair Divinity
Cast the glad shade of its protecting head.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

The opening Flowers where e'er She went
Diffus'd their tributary scent
Crowding beneath her beauteous feet
 Officiously they bow'd
With pleas'd Humility to meet
The fresher beauties of their sacred Load.

Nature seem'd to serve and woo
As she wou'd make her Queen of Seasons too
 The Sun for her prolongu'd the Day
 Kindly stop'd his setting light
She went, that only cou'd engage his stay
 And all was gloomy, all was Night.

Ah shou'd the God returning show
The wonders he has seen below
The amazing Truth his am'rous Sire wou'd move
 Make him confess
 His Thunder less
 Then are the Shafts of Love
Descending his transform'd Divinity
 He'd to your bosom pour
 And Poets once might hope to see
 An other Golden Shower.

To the E. of D.

upon

His Marriage.

THE scorching Dogstar and the Suns fierce ray
Conspir'd with mingl'd flames to vex the day
When by young Damon Lycidas was laid
Beneath a spacious Oaks obliging shade
And thus with harmless strife the emulous Shepherds plaid.

MATTHEW PRIOR

DAMON.

Let this bless'd day our fruitless Quarrels end
Soften the Rival to the friend
And make our kindness not our skil contend.

LYCIDAS.

Begin, raise Thou thy tuneful Voice
So may my Muse approve thy happy choice.

DAMON.

May Venus so my choice approve
As I begin with mighty things and Love.
When first Heav'ns Eldest offspring Light,
Sprang from the fertile Womb of solid night;
What made the melancholy discord cease
And charm'd the warring Elements to peace?
From what great cause what brooding influence came
This well proportion'd frame?
From Thee, blest Queen of Harmony and Love;
Thou greatest pow'r on Earth, thou brightest star above.

LYCIDAS.

When Loves great Dictates were obey'd,
And Heav'ns last noblest Master Piece was made
To make the new form'd Monarch truly blest
And in one richer Gift compleat the rest
What secret pow'r unlock'd his pregnant side,
To the soft Yoak bow'd his delighted mind
Taught the unpractic'd Lover to be kind
And bless the wound whilst he embrac'd the Bride
'Twas Thou Almighty King of Heav'n and Love
That Govern'st all below, and blesse'st all above.

DAMON.

'Twas Love subdu'd the noble Daphnis heart
Love gave the welcome happy wound,
And with this triumph all his Conquest crown'd
Whilst Daphnis blest the wound and met the Dart
Pleas'd with the grateful bondage more
Then with his early spoils, and boasted Liberty before.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

LYCIDAS.

'Twas Love subdu'd the fair Dorinda's breast
Love to her heart a secret warmth convey'd
With pleasing Pain surpris'd the wond'ring Maid
And kindly for her Joys disturb'd her rest.
Whilst Daphnis stronger charms with Love's conspire
To make her own the Diety and fan the growing fire.

DAMON.

But thy rude Music Swain, my ruder Tongue
The glories they shou'd reach wou'd wrong,
For Daphnis Love
Shou'd only prove
The Theam of Daphnis' Song.

LYCIDAS.

Nor can the Joys of Angells be exprest
Nor know we ought of Heav'n above yon Skies
Which yet we bless with Pray'rs and please with Sacrifice.

DAMON.

Lett's then the hasty Sun arrest
Time will stay till they are blest;

LYCIDAS.

Nay rather blame the Suns too hasty flight
Bid him withdraw his tedious light
And kindly send the wish for night.

DAMON.

May Daphnis wound her with a lure,

LYCIDAS.

And may Dorinda's flames endure
Like Vesta's fires.....

DAMON.

..... for these like them are pure.

LYCIDAS.

Let Heaven its utmost Care employ
To make Their life but one continu'd Joy.

MATTHEW PRIOR

DAMON.

Let Nature all her Tribute bring
To make their Year but one continu'd Spring.

LYCIDAS.

With softest Violetts strow her bed,

DAMON.

With freshest Myrtill crown his head.

LYCIDAS.

With Hymens Tree Apollo's joyn,
And round his brow their mingl'd honors twine
Their mingl'd honors sure to him are due
Who with the Nymph has gain'd the Lawrel too.

DAMON.

The Joys of Harvest crown their Cares,
And stil encrease their Plenty with their Years.

LYCIDAS.

The Joys of Vintage swell their Bowers,
And if they overflow, o'erflow on Ours:

DAMON.

Fly swift the smiling Hours, let each glad Morn
The fruitful pleasures of the last return.

LYCIDAS.

Fly smiling Hours, let each succeeding Night
Improve the transports of the first delight.

DAMON.

In glad Procession let each rolling Year
See the joyful Mother bear
A beauty Second only to her own.

LYCIDAS.

Or if the kinder Gods conspire to crown
Her stronger wishes with a Son
His Parents great Perfections let him share
And prove her Beauty's, and his Virtue's Heir.

Journey to Copt-Hall.

THIRTY Six Miles—too far to walk a foot
 And Pegasus, God knows, will never do't:
 Yet I will on—It is decree'd,
 I'll hire a more substantial Steed.
 Accoutrement of Sword and Coat
 Useless Ornament I vote.
 Thus borrowing Whip and Cordibeck,
 Proceed we next to Tick for Hack.

With *Faith I'll pay*, and six pence earnest
 I got my Quondam Coach-horse harness:
 I mount, and great as Hudibrass,
 With unarm'd kick urge on my horse;
 Whilst he by instinct stil approaches
 His old acquaintance of the Coaches:

With whipping constant as his trot,
 My Beast and I to *Eppin* gott,
 From whence, with loss of Whip and Leather,
 I brought my sober Machin heither.
 I came I say,—what once to see again
 My Horse I'd pardon, and renew my Pain.

Here well-set Simile might shine
 Of Pilgrimage to Power divine,
 Of zealous Persian who wou'd run
 To gaze on beams of distant Sun;
 But th'are abus'd by frantic *Lee*
 And sung to Stuttring *Durfey's Ge sol re*.

Well—then—to Supper admirable
 I sit, near Mahon grave and head of Table
 Methodically She carves Cunney
 Whilst Frenchman talks of blood and mony
 Diff'rent Discourses crown the Meal
 Much of Religion past and much of Veal
 But one thing spoilt my appetite
 Monsieur till ten from Candle-light
 Extended Three Prodigious Lies—Good night.

MATTHEW PRIOR

On M^r Fleetwood Shephards
Killing the French K...
To the E. of D.....

My Lord

After ten thousand thanks for the kindest entertainments I ever received, and as many Sighs for leaving C. and Your Lordship, I presume to inform You that I have Obeyed M^r Shep.... commands, summons the Muses, told Them of his killing the F. K. and upon that subject presented him with such Poetry as Smal-beer and College Mutton cou'd Inspire.

To F. S.

THE joyful Slaves, whom your report set free
From Taxes, wooden Shoes, and Slavery;
Their Neighbours too, who by the Bully scar'd,
His Warlike Bombs and Politic Rats bane fear'd;
All that have *trembling shook at his Alarms,*
Dutch-Men and Protestants that felt his Arms,
And wisely hop'd, his less Religious Son
Wou'd tolerate the *Mass* or *Alcoran*:
Last, *German Bishops*, who began to think,
They now might see less Fighting, and more drink:
All these their humblest Thanks to S..... send,
France's Deliv'erer, and the Muses Friend.
S..... the glory of whose lasting Name
Shal *crack Time's Iron Teeth* and *swel the cheeks of fame*
S..... whose mighty *Monarch-murthing* word
Rivals the force of St Raviliac's Sword
Say, (*for Thou knowest,*) thou *hero-heart'ning Muse!*
What wou'd his presence, what his Arms produce?
Whose bare Report has nobler Mischiefs done,
Then *Oates's Mustard Balls*, or *Pickerin's gun*:
That at more distance kills, and Ecchoes louder,
Than *Aurum fulminans* or German Powder?

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Say, how at Paris, free from zealous fear,
 S..... and *Reformation* shal appear:
 Brutus at Rome less honor'd than he there!
 How the swift Bumpers shal with joy go round,
 Whilst every Bowl with S.....'s Name is crown'd;
 And to his health the Mawdlin Protestants
 Shal first drink *Bourdeaux* dry, then beggar *Nantz*.

Advice to the Painter,

Upon the defeat of the Rebels in the
West, and the Execution of the late
 D. of *Monmouth*.

—————*Pictoribus atque Poetis*
Quidlibet—————

SInce by just Flames the *guilty Piece is lost,
 The noblest Work thy fruitless Art could boast;
 Renew thy faithful Pains a second time,
 From the Duke's *Ashes* raise the Prince of *Lime*,
 And make thy Fame eternal as his Crime.

The †Land (if such it may be counted) draw,
 Whose Interest is Religion, Treason Law;
 Th' ingrateful Land, whose Treacherous Sons are Foes
 To the kind Monarchy by which they rose,
 And by instinctive Hatred dread that Pow'r,
 Join'd in our King and in their Conqueror.

Amidst the Councils of this black Divan,
 Draw the misled, aspiring, wretched Man,
 His Sword maintaining what his Fraud began.
 Draw Treason, Sacrilege, and Perfidy,
 The curst *Achitophel's* kind Legacy;
 Three direful Engins of a Rebel's hate,
 Fit to perform the blackest work of Fate.

* The Duke's Picture burnt at *Cambridg*.

† *Holland*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

But lest their horrid Force too weak shou'd prove,
 Add *tempting Woman's more destructive Love:
 Give the Ambitious Fair——
 All Nature's Gifts refin'd by subtlest Art,
 Too able to betray that easy Heart,
 And with more charms than *Helen's* to destroy
 That other Hope of our mistaken *Troy*.

The Scene from Dulness, and *Dutch* Plots bring o'er,
 And set the hopeful Parricide ashore,
 Fraught with the Blessings of each boorish Friend,
 And the kind helps their Pray'rs and Brandy lend,
 With those few Crowns——
 Some *English Jews*, and some *French Christians* send. }

Next in thy darkest Colours paint the †Town,
 For old Hereditary Treason known,
 Whose Infant Sons in early mischiefs bred,
 Swear to the Cov'nant they can hardly read;
 Brought up with too much Charity to hate
 Ought but their Bible, and their Magistrate.

Here let the gawdy Banner be display'd,
 While the kind Fools invoke their Neighbours Aid
 T' adore that Idol they themselves have made,
 And Peasants from neglected Fields resort
 To fill his Army, and adorn his Court. }

Near this, erected on a Drum unbrac'd,
 Let Heaven's and *James's* ‡Enemy be plac'd,
 The Wretch that hates, like false *Argyle*, the Crown,
 The Wretch that, like vile *Oates*, defames the Gown,
 And through the Speaking-Trumpet of his Nose
 Heav'n's sacred Word profanely does expose,
 Bidding the large-ear'd Rout with one accord
 Stand up and fight the Battel of the Lord.

Then nigh the Pageant Prince (alas too nigh!)
 Paint [Gray] with a Romantick Constancy,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Fly; }

* *Lady Harr. Wentworth.* † *Taunton.* ‡ *Ferguson.*

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

And let there in his Guilty Face appear
 The Rebel's Malice and the Coward's Fear,
 That future Ages in thy Face may see
 Not his Wife falser to his Bed, than to all Parties he.

Now let the curst Triumvirate prepare
 For all the baneful Ills of horrid War;
 Let zealous Rage the dreadful Work begin,
 Back'd with the sad variety of Sin;
 Let Vice in all its numerous shapes be shown,
 Crimes which to milder *Brennus* were unknown,
 And innocent *Cromwel* wou'd have blush'd to own. }
 Their Arms from pillag'd [*]Temples let 'em bring,
 And rob the Deity to wound the King.

Excited then by their Camp-Priest's long Pray'r
 Their Country's Curses, and their own Despair,
 While Hell combines with its vile Offspring Night,
 To hide their Treachery, or secure their Flight,
 The watchful Troops with cruel hast come on,
 Then shout, look terrible, discharge, and run.

Fal'n from his short-liv'd Pow'r and flatter'd Hopes,
 His Friends destroy'd by Hunger, Swords, and Ropes;
 To some near Grove the Western Monarch flies,
 In vain the innocent Grove her Shade denies.
 The Juster Trees—————

Who when for refuge *Charles* and Virtue fled,
 By grateful Instinct their glad Branches spread,
 And round the Sacred Charge cast their enlarged Head, }
 Straight when the outcast *Absalom* comes nigh,
 Drop off their fading Leaves, and blasted dy.
 Nor Earth her self will hide her Guilty Son,
 Tho he for refuge to her †Bowels run.
 Rebellious *Corah* to her Arms she took
 When Heav'n, and *Israel* his old Cause forsook;
 But now provok'd by a more just disdain,
 She shrinks her frightened Head, and gives our Rebel back again.

[* The lead taken of the Cathedral of Wells to make Bullets.]

† Taken in a Ditch.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Now Artist, let thy juster Pencil draw
The sad effects of necessary Law.
In painted Words, and speaking Colours tell
The dismal Exit this sham Prince befel;
On the sad Scene the glorious Rebel place,
With Pride, and Sorrow struggling in his Face;
Describe the Pangs of his distracted Breast
(If by thy Labours Thought can be exprest)
Shew with what difference two vast Passions move,
And how the Hero with the Christian strove.

Then place the [*]Sacred Prelate by his side,
To raise his Sorrow, and confound his Pride
With the dear dreadful Thoughts of a God crucify'd. }
Paint, if thou canst, the Heavenly Words that hung }
Upon the Holy Mens perswasive Tongue,
Words sweet as *Moses* writ, or *Asaph* sung;
Words whose prevailing Influence might have won
All but the haughty harden'd *Absalon*.

At distance round their weeping Mother, place
The too unmindful Fathers beauteous Race;
But like the Grecian Artist, spread a Veil
O'er the sad Beauties of fair [†] *Annabel*.

No Art, no Muse those Sorrows can express,
Which would be render'd by Description less.

Here close the dismal Scene, conceal the rest
That the sad Orphans Eyes will teach us best;
Thy guilty Art might raise our ill-tim'd Grief too high,
And make us, while we pity him, forget our Loyalty.

[* Bishop of Ely.]

[† Dutchess.]

To the Bishop of Rochester

Upon

His Account of the Whiggish
Conspir[a]cy by His late Majesty's order.

My Lord,

WITH humble hopes Your goodness will excuse
The hasty Zeal of an Aspiring Muse.
I with unequal steps Your pace persue
And thought I trod Securely following You
Repenting now like Phaeton too late
I feebly sink beneath the glorious weight
And find the Work for all but You too great. }

The hand that rivall'd Heav'n took thence it's fire
E'er He the senseless Machine cou'd Inspire
And the rash Author wou'd Attempt in vain
(Unless he borrow'd Your Diviner Pen)
To imitate or Praise with equal flight
What only Charles cou'd Dictate only You cou'd write.

If Troubles past by repetition please
Tho meaner Tongues Your grateful Tale express
What Joys, what raptures, must those Ills create
Which bravely, as he conquer'd, You relate.
Our Joys, without our Sufferings, had been less
And for Your Remedy the wound we bless
So, did not Catilines defeated rage
Your much lov'd Tully's daring Pen engage
His Rome wou'd want one Glory of his tongue
The World a Masterpiece, and Fame a Song.

MATTHEW PRIOR

God is Love.

I.

ALMIGHTY Power!
Whom Angells Hymns, men's Prayers adore.
For whom no Speech, no thought cou'd frame
A comprehensive Name;
Till Thou from Heav'n vouchsafst a ray,
Thy glory and our knowledge to improve;
Thou mixt Thy beams with our exalted Clay,
And we, enlightened, learn to call thee *Love*.

II.

All was in Chaos and confusion laid
Till by Loves creating word
The melancholy Mass was stir'd
And the command'd Elements with hasty joy obey'd.
Then peaceful Sphears with wond'rous Music roll'd,
Time his harmonious course began,
The circling Years in glad procession ran,
Order and beauty blest the New-born World.
And every object strove to prove
That all was made and all preserv'd by love.

III.

When Heav'ns last noblest Masterpiece was made
Love, pow'rful love, unlockt his pregnant side
And kindly thence call'd forth the blushing Bride
Love to his heart a secret was convey'd
And made him bless the wound ... court the Maid
Love did the willing Souls unite
Whilst he became her strength She his delight
This happy Pair more truly One
Then when both Sexes lay in Adams side alone.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

IV.

Thus they liv'd and thus they Lov'd
Each smiling Hour their bliss improv'd
But when for knowledge and Sins sake they stray'd
When God and love were disobey'd
By God and love the mild decree was giv'n (Heav'n.
Which threw them down from Paradise and rais'd them up to

V.

Exalted Lyre thy tuneful sinews move
Teach Man divinity and love
Forgetfull Man in Bethlems poor abode
Behold new born Eternity
And hear the Thunderers voice chang'd to an Infants cry
Nourish'd like Thee with circulating blood
Compound like Thee with limbs and cloath'd with skin
Like Thee in every thing, but Sin.

VI.

Then cast (if Tears restrain not) cast thy Eye
Up to the dismal top of frighted Calvary
See whom thy Pray'rs so oft invok'd
To whom thy fatlings fell, thy Altars smoak'd
See to the fatal Cross He's ty'd
The thorns his temples wound, the spear his side:
And to compleat his glorious Miserys,
Imperious Love, what wou'dst thou more? he *Dyes*.
What wou'dst Thou more? Thy Deity we own
By thy mysterious Power alone
The *World* was fram'd, *Man* sav'd, *God* crucified.

To the E. of Dorset
on the Birth of His Son.

I.

WAKE Goddess wake Thy drousy Lyre
Let the neglected Chords to louder Strains be strung,
And raise Thy voice, and swell thy numbers higher,
No common Theme requires Thy Song

MATTHEW PRIOR

For loe! from old Eternities glad Womb
The promis'd day, the glorious Birth is come :
'Tis come; the noble Babe securely lies
On his fair Mothers joyful breast ;
(Happy his Age whose Infancy enjoys
A Seat of Plenty and a Heav'n of rest.)
But Oh! what Clouds of glory, clouds of light
Too strong for feeble Mans external Eye
Roll round the noble Babe, and mock my drowned sight :
 That Light, that glory I wou'd see ;
 Hear, Goddess, hear thy Votary
 The meanest of thy Sons inspire
Come to my breast, and with Thy pow'rful ray
 Drive dimm humanity away
 Wake, Goddess, wake thy Lyre.

II.

Hark the quicken'd Lyre awaks
Each willing string melodious tremblings makes :
 And see! the appeas'd Air, and opening sky
 Proclaim the Goddess nigh.
She's here, I feel the generous rage within
 Enliven each extended vein.
I feel the kind the cruel Goddess roll
All through each part of my exalted Soul
And prest with Joy and pain'd with extacy
 Loe! what mighty things I see.

III.

Mids't a fair Troop of smiling Deities :
Grave Janus with Majestic pace draws near
The sacred place where the blest Infant lies
Janus with pleasing Care and easy Joy
 Does all his happy Eyes employ
 The lovely Babe to view
Employs 'em all, and thinks them all too few.
 Pleas'd and ravish'd with the sight
He wings the coming Hours with new delight
 No more looks backward now, but here
From this blest Birth dates the enobl'd Year.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

IV.

Jocund Hymen next appears
His fragrant head with chearful joy he rears
With freshest wreaths his hair was bound
With brightest flames his torch was crown'd
Onward he came and coming smil'd
And saw and kist and blest the happy Child
He saw and kist and blest, and laugh'd aloud
Whilst all the little lovely crowd
Who with officious Joy stood hov'ring by
Laugh'd aloud with Him, and blest the Augury.

V.

Wanton and gay came Venus by
Venus saw Dorinda's Son
Smil'd and took him for her own
And much She wou'd have said of flames and darts
Of sighing Maids and yeilding hearts
But Pallas with majestic gravity
Reprov'd the light discourse, and know she crys
This Child is born to nobler Victories
Arms and the dusky field shal be his care
'Tis he shal lead the gene'rous Britain forth
To hazardous encounter and hard war
He shal renew his fam'd forefathers worth
And bid the wond'ring Soldier imitate
His Virtue and be great.
She said, and reverently low deprest
Her armed head down to the Lovely Child
The lovely Child with Ominous gallantry
Threw his young Arms around her glittering Crest
And claspt it to him close and smil'd
Whilst all the greater Gods that waited by
Bow'd to the Babe, and blest the Augury.
With mild Magnificence and humble State
See Jove himself vouchsafes to wait.

MATTHEW PRIOR

A Hymn to the Spring.

I.

FAIREST Child of flowing time,
Earths refreshment, Heav'ns delight,
Beauties honor, Natures prime
Joy of our Soul, and glory of our sight!
O bridle in the posting hours;
Thy too precipitated course restrain,
Cast out thy blossoms, spread thy flow'rs,
Augment our pleasure, and prolong thy reign.
For t'were impiety to wish Thee gone,
Tho Summer next and all her fruits come on.

II.

All, thy absent Deity
With repeated Pray'rs implore;
All rejoice, thy Presence nigh,
Behold thy Miracles, and bless thy Pow'r.
The Farmer from thy looks receives
The blooming promise of a fruitful Year:
The Lover from thy bounty weaves
An early Honor for his Mistress' hair:
The sullen Warrior smiles, to see thee spread
The future Pride of his ennobled head.

III.

Senseless as the Year we lye,
'Till kind spring's enlivening fires
Wakens our activity,
Improves our Joys, and heightens our desires.
For thee ev'n Venus we'l despise
Thou brighter Queen of Harmony and Love!
And Thee too born above the skies
Without a fictious Metaphor we'l prove:
For what is Heav'n but bright recesses, where
A constant Spring inriches all the Year?

A Session of the Poets
(imperfect).

SINCE the King like a venterous Gamster at Loo
Threw by his old Courtiers, and took in for new
Till by shuffling and drawing the cards were so mix't
That those which Won this deal were laid aside next
The Sons of the Muses began to repine
That who e'er was turn'd out John Dryden kept in
So, Numerous and Noisy to Phœbus they came
To ask why of All the Knaves he shou'd be Pam.

John Dryden appear'd at the head of the Gang,
And with a low bow and learned Harangue
He said with Submission he thought t'wou'd be hard
If he of the Bays shou'd at length be debar'd
Who so well had writ and so frankly declar'd.
Declaring says Phœbus, concerns not this court ;
They that set you at work let 'em e'en pay you for't
Whats Religion to Us, tis well known that many
Have manag'd the Place well without having Any.
For matter of Writing 'tis frankly confest
If we'l take your bare word for't You do it much best.

next thing that advances
Is the Priest to the Sacrifice honest St Francis
Ochanti, Huy Hannon, Rozarno, Tzinzummeey
Bloody hands, blazing Comets, Priests devils and Mummy
Sure this will engage You? Apollo says No
All these pritty tricks Lee in Bedlam can show
Why then (tho Despina and Tamerlane fail)
I'm my Lord Dorsets Friend, I hope that may prevail,
Apollo bow'd low at the name, and declar'd
What a just Veneration he had for my Lord.
But heark'ye Sir Knight, says the God, that wont do
For if he had the Bays whom his honor best knew
W. R. has fairer pretences than You.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Old Waller came next, and handsomly pleaded
That none writ so neat and so calmly as he did
That with very much Wit he no anger exprest
Nor sharpen'd his Verse with a Venemous Jest.
And granting all this, said Apollo, old Friend
'Twil signify little to'th' business in hand
For as he that's dubb'd Hero, must first to the Wars
And bring home sore bruises and hazardous scars
So, he that wou'd rise and be prov'd a true Bays
(To be fitted in every respect to the Place)
Must be damn'd for his plays and for Satyr Sustain
To beatings at least in a little By-Lane.

Next little Tom Durfey demanded the Bays
For the sense of his Songs and the Plot of his Plays
A double pretence which I'l vow very Strong
But I've heard says Apollo a Scurrilous Song
In which You've affronted my friend Mrs. Long
And heark-ye Squire Durfey the Man that refuses
Respect to the Sex is no friend to the Muses.

Next Maidwel who young Poetasters can bring
As some do tame Blackbirds, to Whistle and Sing
His Tropes and his Figures most finely employs
To purchase the Wreath for himself and his Boys
For if he that Taught best had most right to the Laurel
Old Busby not he must determine the Quarrel
Apollo inform'd him he shou'd be most glad
If from his own Works any Plea cou'd be made
But at present he thought his pretences but bad.

From the Island of Love with a Shipload of Verse
Comes Afra and asks the Court leave to Rehearse
Enjoyment and Raptures and pretty Devises
Enamell'd on Watches for Damon and Isis
The Poetess Sung: at length swore She'd prove
That She and Jack Hoyle taught the whole Age to Love
And on with't She ran, nor had ended till now
But Phœbus reprov'd her, and gave her to know
That her Tongue went too fast, and her Love watch too Slow.

If e'er he was found
To chuse words for any thing else but the sound.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

The next that put in for't was little Jo Crown
He swore his Sir Courtly had ravish'd the Town.
Then Shadwel too sweated amain in the Praise
Of the language and Plot of his Squire of Alsace
They both were put by, So were two or three more
That fell short of the Lawrel the Session before
For they cou'd no more their Pretensions repeat
Than a horse thats once distanc'd may run second heat.

With a bundle of Poetry Settle was there
Some brought from the Play-house, and some from the Fair.
But Apollo assur'd him, he never wou'd chuse
The Laurel from such Demi Poets as those
Who write Treason in Verse, and recant but in Prose.

Sir Ch:... that can write and better Translate
Was likewise Deny'd it for he'd an Estate
And from Homer to D....n it never was known
That the Laureat had three Pence a Year of his own.

Tom Wicherly challeng'd the Bays as his Due
And brought the plain Dealer to prove his words true.
I own says Apollo the Strength of Your Plea
But e'er You've the Place, there's one rub in Your way
The Test my Dear Friend, You must certainly take
Wou'd to God we cou'd get it repeal'd for your Sake.

After these a whole Gang with ill looks and hard Names
Thrust up to Apollo and forc'd in their Claims.

To a Friend on his Marriage.

CHAMONT was absent, and remembrance brought
Him and past blessings thick upon my thought;
Those but my Tortures now, whilst my vext heart
Beat quick and throb'd, and sought its nobler part
Nor wou'd have rest, uneasy still Alone
I scorn'd the Wretch My self, my Worth was gon.
In Company I strove for ease in Vain,
Whilst Mirth in others but increas'd my Pain.
Med'cines from Books as vain I often took,
They that writt best but told me how you spoke

MATTHEW PRIOR

In vain I saw: each object thrô my Eye
 Touch'd my Soul quick with something stil of Thee
 My Friend and I sat there, we that way mov'd
 These read, these Talk'd, and every where we Lov'd.
 But when 'twas said thou n'er must hope to see
 That Friend return to things below and Thee.
 Happy He triumphs, happy has possest
 A Seat of Glory and a Heav'n of rest
 'Twas base to Sigh and grew a Crime to moan
 So much I Prize Your Bliss beyond my own.

Theseus stil lov'd, and stil desir'd his Friend
 Whilst great Alcides yet on Earth remain'd:
 But when the Hero to his Heav'n arriv'd,
 Most the Youth wanted him, yet least he griev'd
 Pleas'd that the Friend was in the God improv'd,
 He learn'd to Worship what before he lov'd.
 Accept my first Oblation, thy own heart,
 (For Friendship shal be forc'd to let it part)
 'Tis Love demands it, and I will resign:
 Honoria gave her own, and merits Thine,
 And to return it thus I triumph more
 Then keeping it from all the Sex before.
 Accept my Wishes too; meet all the Charms
 The Muses gave, in Dear Honoria's Arms.

[Herself a Muse more Noble than the Nine
 For when we harmony it self wou'd paint
 Art does but in One graceful figure join
 The Lovely Woman and the Pious Saint.] }
 May all thy Hours in glad Procession pass
 Kind as her look and soft as her Embrace
 And every Hour new Pleasures may'st thou find
 All fair and Lovely as thy Mistress' Mind
 And sure that's very lovely, very fair
 Nothing but Heav'n and You, my friend, are there.
 May all her future Minutes happy prove
 As are Thy Numbers when Thou writst of Love
 How strangely happy these well beauty knew
 She fled Apollo but she ran to You

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

May smiling Peace and gentle Concord spread
Their blooming Sweets around thy spotless Bed
And may Mankind with pleasing wonder see
Successive Hopes of Thy great Progeny
'Till Dear Chamonts and Virgils labours Dye.

Letter to J....

MY little Wid: to you I send
Or as my Doctress or my Friend
Hoping these Lines may find You S....g
As I am at this present writing
I yesternight read Nendicks bills
Believ'd his lies and took his Pills
No sooner was the Rascall swallow'd
Ah J...y can you guess what follow'd?
I'll swear I thought I shou'd have quicken'd,
And from that moment fondly reckon'd.
At last my Physic like your Marriage
Brought nothing forth but a Miscarriage.
When I had suffer'd as I tell Yee
Those plaguey wamblings in my Belly
Backwards I much Dismist, and after
Indeed I scarce cou'd hold my Water.
Faith J..e those Pills are past enduring
That work at once by Stool and Urine;
I shou'd not, were you here, intreat Yee
To give me liberty to beat Yee;
For gentle walking will alone
Bring neighbor Nendick kindly down.
Thus having Thirty times I think
Drank your dear health in posset drink
I Answer to my Billet doux Require
And rest

Sweet J..e

Your filthy Friend

M. Pr...r.

MATTHEW PRIOR

To Dr F.....

in a Letter to Beverley
disswading him from drinking
Waters.

TO clear the Brain or purge the thought
Your Waters are not worth a Groat,
The Spaw it self cou'd never do't
Unless Your Brain lay in your Gutt.
Your Costive fancy if You'd stir up,
Add to your Waters Pills or Syrrup.
So your loose Muse may chance to store yee
With Arguments a Posteriori
You (like the Spaniard) may be writing
Some handsom Traçt of easy Sh...g,
Or making some clean Returnello
Of who Sh...s white or who Sh...s yellow.
But if some labour you design
Like all its Breth'ren fair and fine
Lay by your Element and rather
Drink (by my Lords good leave) Forefather.
When Jove his Godhead purg'd with water
He got some Sneaking Fountain Daughter.
But for the Offspring of his brain
His head ak'd much, and he cry'd Alass!
Twas Wine that brought the generous pain
The God drank hard, and out sprang Pallas.
To her pale Sons, insipid *Isis*
The draught of her own Stream advises;
But well We know, our *Alma-Mater*
Holds Claret wholsomer than Water:
And by her *Caudle* and her *Cup*
Bids Sitt up late, and drink all up.

[Inspired Wit.]

I F ever I had any Wit t'was when I had the Honor to
 be with Your Lordship, and then too it was not mine by
 Nature but inspiration.

So when the meanest Priest comes near the Cell
 Where the pleas'd Deity vouchsafes to dwell
 Farewell Humanity, a Nobler ray
 Descends and drives Him from Himself away
 With mighty Joy his sacred Silence breaks
 And much the God inspires, and much the Prophet speaks.

Epistle to Lord —.

T HAT with much Wealth and large encrease, My Lord,
 Your happy Granaries are amply stor'd ;
 That You can boast a Noble race, and show
 United Honors Center'd all in You ;
 That in all Turns of State Your word has stood,
 To Your own Honor, and Your Countries Good ;
 That You so sing, that since great Strephons death
 No daring brow claims ev'n the Second wreath :
 Yet these Perfections, were my thoughts declar'd,
 Nor ask that praise, nor merit that reward,
 As that One good, which ev'en Your Foes confess
 (If any such there can be) You Possess.
 A real Judgment, and a Solid Mind
 Expert to use these blessings in their kind,
 As Prudence dictates, and as God design'd. }

'Tis true, I think not an impartial dole
 Of Sense distributed to every Soul ;
 So that no Two, but can exactly say,
 Each had his Measure, tho a diff'rent way :
 Yet potent Nature frankly has bestow'd
 Such various gifts amongst the mingl'd Crowd,

MATTHEW PRIOR

That I believe, the dullest of the kind,
Wou'd he but Husband and Manure his Mind,
Might find some Exce'llence there, which well-improv'd
At home might make him Pleas'd, in public Lov'd.

Some with grave Judgment can decide the Cause,
And govern Nations and Establish Laws.
Others in rougher Policy Excell,
Manage their Troops and wage the Battel well.
With useful Science, some, and wholsom rules,
Improve our Virtues, and exalt our Souls.
And some search cunning Nature, and declare
How all things did, and why they thus appear.
Some know to bound the Earth; and some to Guide
The lab'ring Bark above th' impetuous Tyde.
Some can with Art alure the trembling string,
And happy wonders in apt Measures Sing.
Others can form the Hero or the Saint,
In breathing Stone, or animated Paint.
Thus some may profit us, and some may please;
All may have diff'rent Honors, diff'rent ways.
Some have large Wealth and may receive the guest
Others have Wit and Mirth to crown the feast.

Then all that Vice, and those absurdities,
Which every moment every body sees,
Arise, (might I declare my thoughts,) from this;
Not that Men want, but use their Parts amiss:
Not One in Twenty their own Tallents know,
The Ox wou'd champ the bitt, the War horse plough;
The Coward Sieges and Campaigns recites,
The Cripple dances, and the Coxcomb writes.

[1.] Is there a Man, on whom indulgent fate
Has smil'd, and thrown a competent Estate?
With Sense enough to use the blessing right,
To his own Pleasure, and his Friends delight.
On he shal run, where Nature never mean't,
Nor friends, nor force, nor Bedlam, shal prevent.
Perhaps his Whim runs to Divinity,
Not *Pulton* then, not Casuist *ABC*,
Or their new Converts, troublesome as he.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Perhaps to Law; his Cases then shal tire
 A City Orphan, or a Norfolk Squire;
 His unintelligible Talk shal put
 A Widow, or a real Lawyer, out.
 Take heed (crys all the Country) come not near!
 'Tis Term-time at his Table all the Year.

[2.] Is there another, with such moderate Sence
 As just suffices not to give offence?
 Tis odds but he shal Print his Poetry,
 Tho' such perhaps as *Higden* writes or I:
 Nestles amongst the Criticks in the Pitt,
 And talks at Will's, and wou'd be thought a Wit.

(1) No Ancient Piece, much harder than the rest,
 That by Translation scorns to be exprest,
 But all those People who to Phillis chime,
 And make *admiring* and *desiring* Rhime,
 With Emu'lous Labour turn and tumble it,
 And heads forthwith are scratch'd, and nailes are bitt.

No happy Picture, whose rich features show
 Vandyke! Thy labour, or Thine, Angelo!
 But whilst the Dawbers with joint pains combine
 To rival each inimitable line,
 The great Original comes forth a *Sign*.

Painters and Poets any thing may dare—
 I grant You, Sir, but with a previous care
 Of what their Strength denys, & what t'wil bear.
 Who, after Waller sings the *Holland-fight*,
 Tells but how Ill 'tis possible to write:
 & who wou'd throughly show his want of Skill,
 From Lely draws my Lady Cleveland ill.

Well; most their business, their Discourse, their Cloaths,
 Their very Vice, unfit for them will chuse.
 The Squire from Mother sent unfleg'd and raw,
 To learn good breeding and to read the Law,
 Though he has little else to justify
 His parts, but Innocence and modesty,
 Quitts these as soon as possibly he can,
 And swears, and drinks, and fain wou'd be —

MATTHEW PRIOR

The rough Tarpaulin when he home has brought
Health, Strength, and Treasure, every thing but Thought:
Must needs turn Spark forsooth; and to be known
Keeps very High, is jilted, and Undon.

The Land-Commander, whose ill favor'd face
Might make him rail at Love, and break his glass;
If he 'as been once in France, affects to go
Odly ill-drest, and spruce as any Beau,
Ogles, and Combs, and Bows, and does not doubt
To raise his Fortunes by the Pettycoat.

The Awkerd City Spark, who shou'd not Swear
But sneaking Shop-Oaths to put off bad Ware,
Nor drink but at the chusing of the May'r,
Getts very drunk, and with it very rude:
Some Suit their Inclinations, and are lewd;
On Vice, in him, 'tis Saucy to intrude.
Vice (Says the Moralist, and wou'd dispute)
With no Mans Nature realy can Suit.
It may Deceive us thô, Sir; but in these
It looks so ill, it scarce appears to please.

But to my Theme—I firmly still aver
Tis not through want of parts, but want of care,
To use those Parts aright, so many err.
They wont spare time to weigh the good or ill,
We blame their *Intellect*, the fault lyes in their *will*.

I know a hopeful Youth about the Town,
Whose Friends and Parts design'd him for the Gown;
His body was but weak, his quiet mind
To gentle peace seemed happily inclin'd:
Yet Thoughtless he, and erring in this Care,
Of his own strength is fall'n in love with War;
Herds with the Fighters, and with pleasure feels
A long Toledo jarring at his Heels:
Talks ill of Sieges rais'd, and Armys led,
And wears his Cravat string, and Breeches red.
I met the Youth, and truly, far from spight,
Told him his Tallent never was to fight—
He frown'd, and said, "*Nor Yours perhaps to Write.*"

To My Lady Exeter,
on New Years day.
Her Birth-Day.

I.

GREAT God of Time, whose early care
Ordain'd the first-born of the Year
To wait the gentle Anna's birth
O stil that happy Care employ
And stil let all her Minutes fly
All wing'd with Peace, & crown'd with Myrtle.
With softest Slumbers bless her Nights
And wake her still to new Delights
Bless all her Days and bid the Year
To show'r its blessings all on Her.

II.

If Autumn blasts or Winter Storms
O turn on us the threaten'd harms.
From all that ill her beauties guard
For her let Spring diffuse its flowers
And Harvest spread its richer Stores
With all thats good her cares reward.
O let delight and Plenty spread
Their blooming Sweets around her Head
O let the Seasons all desire
To Shower their Blessings all on Her.

[III.]

In the dear Lord of her Desires
Bless her, for all his Joys are hers :
Bless him Secure from noise and harms
And O when Love appoints the Day
Enrich it with thy Noblest ray
And bring him safe[ly] to her Arms
O let her all those Blessings know
That Men can ask or Gods bestow
Let Love and Heav'n and Earth conspire
To Shower their Blessings all on her.

MATTHEW PRIOR

[Answer to an]

Orange.

Good People, I pray
Throw the *Orange* away,
'Tis a very sour Fruit, and was first brought in Play,
When good *Judith Wilk*
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cushions and Warming-Pans labour'd to bilk
This same *Orange*.

When the Army retreats,
And the Parliament sits,
To vote our King the true use of his Wits ;
'Twill be a sad means,
When all he obtains
Is to have his Calf's Head dress'd with other Mens Brains,
And an *Orange*.

The Sins of his Youth
Made him think of one Truth,
When he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at the Mouth,
That your fresh sort of Food
Does his Carcase more good,
And the damn'd thing that cur'd his putrify'd Blood
Was an *Orange*.

This hopeful young Son
Is surely his own,
Because from [an] *Orange* it cry'd to be gone :
But the Hereticks say,
He was got by *Dada*,
For neither King nor the *Nuncio* dare stay
Near an *Orange*.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Since *Lewis* was cut
 From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Openarse delicate Fruit :
 We wiser than so,
 Have two Strings to our Bow,
 For we've a good Queen [that's] an Open[arse] too,
 And an *Orange*.

Till *Nanny* writ much
 To the Rebels the *Dutch*,
 Her Mother, good Woman, ne'er ow'd her a Grutch :
 And the Box on the Ear
 Made the Matter appear,
 That the only foul Savour the Queen could not bear
 Was an *Orange*.

An honest old Peer,
 That forsook God last year,
 Pull'd off all his Plaisters, and arm'd for the War :
 But his Arms would not do,
 And his Aches throb'd too,
 That he wish'd his own Pox, and his Mistress's too
 On an *Orange*.

Old *Tyburn* must groan,
 For *Jefferies* is known
 To have perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son ;
 And [*Devonshires*] Cause
 Must be try'd by the Laws,
 And *Herbert* must taste a most damnable Sauce
 With an *Orange*.

Pen, *Lob*, and a score
 Of those honest Men more,
 Will find this same *Orange* exceedingly sour ;
 The Queen to be seiz'd,
 Will be very ill pleas'd,
 And so will King *Pippin*, too dry to be squeez'd
 By an *Orange*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Song

Set by M^r K.

I.

LOVE has often threaten'd War
Beauty led up all the Fair
Yet stil my heart repell'd the Harms
Their cruelty intended
But when my Cælia took up Arms
Unable to resist her Charms
The Fort no longer I defended.

II.

Strength and Wisdom useless prove,
Once to see her is to Love ;
Others in Time a heart may gain
By Treaty or Perswasion,
Their Conquests They by Siege obtain ;
You o'er my heart were born to reign
And bravely took it by Invasion.

Song

Set by Mess^{rs} Pickering and Tudway.

LOVE I confess I thought Thee but a Name
The Painters fancy and the Poets Theme,
The Old Wives Tale, the wishing Virgins dream
But if indeed Thou art a God
Supreme in Goodness and in Pow'r
Now make it clearly understood
And I'll repent and I'll adore.

Or use thy Mercy, and withdraw the dart
Gently! Ah! gently, from my fester'd heart ;
Or strike the weapon thrô my Cælia's breast
And be Thy Godhead by thy Pow'r exprest.
For whilst I follow and my Cælia flies

Whilst I entreat and She denies

I own my Self a harden'd Atheist stil
And must deny thy Power, or blame thy Will.

To M^r K—s Tune
of the Prince's march.

GREAT Nassau rise from Beauty
Leave Maria's softer Charms
Call the Soldier to his Duty
Bid the Trumpet sound Alarms
To renown Love excites Thee
 O prepare
 Sudden War
Mary's injur'd Cause invites Thee
Love and Mary bless thy Arms.

Great Nassau rise to Glory
Rise to Save our sinking State
Truth and Justice march before Thee
Vi[c]tory behind shal wait.
Death and Hell n'er shal vex Thee
 Faith and Laws
 Back thy Cause
All our Isle with Joy expects Thee
March to Conquer and be great.

Sound to France, spread Thy Banner
Hoist thy Sails and plow the Main
Guarded by Success and Honor
Vindicate thy own again
Fortune laughs Fate is willing
 To Advance
 Thee o'er France
Court the Hours whilst yet they'r smiling
March to Overcome and Reign.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Cælia.

WERE Cælia Absent and remembrance brought
Her and past Pleasures thick upon my thought
With Bacchus' Liquors I'd Loves flames defeat
He'd soon leave flut'ring, if his Wings were wet.
Else to my Books I'd dedicate my Days,
Forget my Daphne whilst I sought the Bays.
Or shou'd all other Cures successful prove
To some kind Present She my Suit I'd move
Burns are expell'd by fire and Love by Love
But when I want my Friend, when my vex't heart
Beats short, and pants and seeks its nobler part
That absent one not millions can atone
Amidst a Multitude I'm stil Alone
My mind like Telephus's hurt is found.
The cause that gave can only Cure the wound.

The same

Varied.

WERE C[æ]lia absent and remembrance brought
Her and past raptures thick upon my thought
The next kind She might meet my rais'd desire
And beastly Lust quench Loves disabl'd Fire.
But when I want my Friend, when my vex't heart
Beats short, and pants and seeks its nobler part
For the sad Ill no medi'cine can be found
'Tis You that made, 'tis You must cure the Wound.

A Hymn to Venus,
upon a Marriage.

I.

ALMIGHTY pow'r of Harmony and Love
That Governst all below and blessest all above
At whose command this well proportion'd frame
From the dark womb of empty Chaos came
Whose smile bid wild confusion cease
And charm'd the jarring Elements to peace,
Who life and joy to th' earliest beings gave
And stil with new supplies defeats the conquest of the Grave
Marriage I sing be thou my Muse
To thy young Prophets Soul infuse
Such vigorous heat such active fire
As tun'd thy dear Anacreons Lyre
That my officious Song may prove
Noble as was our Lovers first desire
Sweet as their Courtship lasting as their Love.

II.

Yes Venus your Divinity we own
Your pow'r and goodness equally are shown,
Since this happy pair you join
Forsake Cythera's crouded shrine
Victims of vulgar hearts disclaim
Nor seek new Conquests but the last m[ai]ntain
Your last which has outdone
All other glories which your Cupids won
Since yielding to your Godhead Jove
Confest his Thunder less then were the Shafts of Love
Go let your darlings useless arms be broke
Let his torch languish in enactive Smoak
His little Deity must now despair
To see such Lovers at his Altars crown'd
Or vanquish with an equal wound
So great an Hero, and a Bride so fair.

MATTHEW PRIOR

III.

On these may all your Blessings flow
On these your choicest Gifts bestow
Let all their after minutes prove
Kind as is your kindest Dove
And soft as down upon the wings of love :
Still with their years encrease their joy
Stil be their raptures full yet never cloy
 Whilst each succeeding Night
Improves the Transport of the last delight
In glad procession may each rolling Year
 See the joyful Parent bear
 A Beauty second only to her own
 Or if the smiling Gods conspire to crown
 Her stronger Wishes in a Son,
His Fathers Soul as Image let him share
And prove his Honors & his Virtues Heir.

A Fable.

IN *Æsop's* Tales an honest Wretch we find,
Whose Years and Comforts equally declin'd;
He in two Wives had two domestick Ills,
For different Age they had, and different Wills;
One pluckt his black Hairs out, and one his Grey,
The Man for Quietness did both obey,
Till all his Parish saw his Head quite bare,
And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

The Moral.

The Parties, hen-peckt *W*—*m*, are thy Wives,
The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives;
Tories thy Person hate, the Whigs thy Power,
Tho much thou yieldest, still they tug for more,
Till this poor Man and thou alike are shown,
He without Hair, and thou without a Crown.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

*A new Answer to an Argument against
a Standing-Army.*

Would they who have nine years look'd sour
Against a *French* and Popish Power,
Make Friends with both in half an hour?
This is the time.

Would they directly break the Sword
By which their Freedom was restor'd,
And put their Trust in *Lewis* Word?
This is the time.

Would they leave *England* unprotected,
To shew how well they are affected,
And get themselves next bout elected?
This is the time.

Would they preserve their Wives and Pullets
Against the Soldiers Lusts and Gullets,
And break our Guns to save our Bullets?
This is the time.

Would they oblige a Winter-Sea
Their prudent Orders to obey,
And keep a standing Wind in pay?
This is the time.

Would they but say what they're pursuing,
Whom they're advancing, whom undoing,
What pack of Knaves shall prove our Ruin?
This is the time.

A-God's Name let 'em shew their Games,
And fix to one of these Extreames,
A Commonwealth, or else King *James*;
For now's the time.

MATTHEW PRIOR

[A Prophecy.]

THY King (O may I call him by that Name?
But he shal be the last that e'er shal bear it).

No Man more heartily shal hate his Wife
Then he shal Thee; nor fly with more impatience
Into a yielding Mistress' dear Embraces
Then he to Belgia's shore, Belgia thy Rival
In Empire and in Interest. She shal Triumph,
Shal to the farthest East send forth
New Colonies and build her proud Abodes
On Ganges and in India, She shal have Treaties
Made for Her sake alone and Kingdom given.

Thy Miters shal be worn by Men at best
Stupid and Ignorant, scarce capable
To guide a Parish Flock, by others famous
For Rapes, and Outlaw'd from their Native Country
For having by Vile Treasons giv'n up
The Masters that had fed them, Fools and Madmen
Shal Prophecy false dreams, that take distemper
For Revelation
And comment Blasphemy on sacred Scripture
These, these shal Rule thy Clergy.

Thou shalt have Priests immerst in Lust & Gluttony
And Bishops Three times Married, thy Cathedrals
The Seats where Prayer and Hospitality
Shou'd dwell, shal be the Taverns of the Land,
Where drunken bowles incessantly go round
In leud debauch and midnight Dice are Hurl'd,
The Beds wherein the wearid Pilgrim us'd
To ease his crippled Limbs, he now shal find
Possess'd with Women, Nurses, She Attendants
And a dishonest Brood of ugly Children.

Ballad.

THE Factions which Each other claw
 By joint consent have both undone Thee
 Thou like the Goat in Moses Law
 Hast all the Nations Sins upon Thee.

Whilst H.. upon thy Faults descants
 H..... and M..... shal join
 Not one but roars at Irish grants
 But all forget You past the Boyne.

Five hundred Hams all pleas'd all proud
 That they their Fathers Shame discover
 But not one Japhet in the Crowd
 To draw the Decent Mantle over.

What in Thy Government is right
 To So....r's Name shal stand recorded
 The Lawrels Thou hast gain'd in fight
 Let O.....d's Merit be rewarded.

Thy Ministry supports the Throne,
 With prudence O.....d all disasters :
 What proves successful is their own,
 And what Miscarrys is their Masters.

Twas by a House of Commons wrought
 That Priests and Papists shan't Alarm ye
 But twas His Majestys own fault
 That we have neither Fleet nor Army.

[A Ballad of Vigour.]

THE Crown once again
 Its Rights shal maintain
 And the Nation shal make a good Figure
 For our Glorious Redeemer
 Tells Harley and Seymour
 Tis time They shou'd Act with great vigor.

MATTHEW PRIOR

When the Hands of the Pages
Find how sad a thing Age is
In our little dispirited Fr:—
Tis likely his Brains
New fire shou'd retain
And He'l act with abundance of Vigor

His Majesty's Actions
Shal soon suppress Factions
And by May he shal Paris beleaguer
For without Troops or Pence
Without Counsels or Sense
The King has a fancy for Vigor.

Whilst He lays his concerns on
The shoulders of Vernon
His Credit will surely grow bigger
And if Sunderland comes
Sound Trumpet beat Drums
No doubt but We'l act with great Vigor.

Albemarle leads the way
Drest like Mars in a play
With Cassie as fierce as a Tyger
And Miremont the Prince
Shal his Country convince
That His Majesty's Fav'rites have Vigor.

Vice Chamberlain Bartie
Is in the Court Partie
Lord Cuts for the Combat is eager
And for Jore and Laloe
Grand Louïs shal know
What it is to be given to Vigor.

But if Whigs get the better
You'l see how He'l fetter
And Hamstring our Royal Intreguer
If the Tory prevails
In comes little W....,
And have We not acted with Vigor?

Seneca, Troas. Act 2^d.

The Chorus Translated.

IS it a Truth, or but a well told Lye
 That Souls have being, when their Bodies Dye.
 When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husbands Eyes
 And pier[c]'d the ecchoing Vaults with doleful crys,
 Is not the Husbands life entirely fled,
 His Soul extinguish'd as the Body dead ;
 Or does that other part of Him remain
 Stil chain'd to Life, and stil condemn'd to Pain ?
 No no, before Our Friends officious Care,
 Can light the Torch and solemn rites prepare,
 Our breath is mix'd, and lost, with common air.

}

As far as East or West extended go,
 As far as Sun-beams gild or Waters flow,
 All beings have a destin'd space to run,
 And all must Perish, as they all begun.
 The Sun, the Moon, and every Sign above
 Fix'd by strong Fate, in destin'd Courses move
 Like Us for certain Periods they endure,
 Their life much longer, but their end as sure.
 As smoke which rises from the kinling Fires
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
 As empty Clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found, then lost,
 So vanishes our State, so pass our days,
 So life but opens now, and now decays
 The Cradle and the Tomb alas ! too nigh
 To live is scarce distinguish'd from to Dye
 After Death nothing is, and very Death,
 It self is nothing, 'tis but want of breath,
 The utmost Limit of a narrow span,
 An end of Motion which with life began.
 Death shows us only what we know was near,
 It cures the Misers wish, and checks the Cowards fear,

MATTHEW PRIOR

Where shalt Thou be when thou art laid in Earth
Where we'rt Thou timorous thing, before thy birth?
Disolv'd in Chaos, on the formless Mass,
Of what may be contending with what was,
Old Night and Death extend their noxious Pow'r,
O'er all the Man, the Body they devour,
Nor spare the Soul, a Kingdom in the dark
Furies that Howl three headed Dogs that bark
Are empty Rumors form'd in Childrens Schools
The Tales of Pedants, and the Dreams of Fools.

Translated from the Original French.

WHILE soft She Parly'd with becoming grace,
And courteous smiles adorn'd her lovely face;
Who heard her speak Himself might soon deceive;
And fondly hope she felt the wound she gave:
But, Oh! great Love Thy Votarie's must take care
To Serve Thee well, but trust Thee not too far.

[Reality and Image.]

FOR instance, when You think You see a
Fair Woman, 'tis but her Idea:
If You her real Lips Salute,
Or but their shade, will bear dispute.
“Look there (say You) I see a Horse”—
Lord Sir how Idly you discourse?
“I see a Horse, I'm sure thats true.”
I say the Devil a Horse see You;

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

You see a Horse's Image, lain
In Miniature upon your brain ;
But what you take for fourteen Hand,
Is less than half a grain of Sand.
Things must be stated by their Nature ;
The less cant comprehend the greater :
Now, if your Groom wou'd n'er be able
To set old Crop into the Stable,
Unless (pray mind) the Door at least
Was something larger than the beast :
The Fellow sure wou'd never be
Devoid of Sense to that Degree,
As to desire, much less to try,
To thrust his Nagg into your Eye.

Verses Intended for Lock and Montaigne.

LOCK, wou'd the Human understanding show ;
In vain he squanders Thought & Time and Ink.
People themselves most certainly must know,
Better than He cou'd tell, how they can think ?

I fancy things may quickly be agreed,
If once for All we state our notions right ;
And I (thank gracious Heav'n) need never read
One line that Thou, Friend Lock, did'st ever write.

Sic argumentum pono: if my head
Had been exactly made, and fill'd like Thine,
I shou'd have known what ever thou had'st said,
Tho in Thy work I had not read a line.

And if again, pray mind, Thy head and Mine
Are form'd and stuff'd quite diff'rent from each other ;
I n'er shal understand one single line,
Thô I shou'd read thy Folio ten times over.

Written at Down-Hall.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Fragments Written
At Down-Hall.

FOR when your Judge becomes your Foe
Think nor to give nor ward the blow
The danger prudently to shun
Forbear to plead and learn to run
What good can Culprits staying do
When Laws explain'd by Pow'r pursue?
Avails it [a]ught what you can say
If all the Bench resolves the Nay?
When Truth out-voted comes too late
What does She but Prevaricate?
The Circumstances change the case,
'Tis now no Tryal but a race,
What signifies Achilles speed
But to be rid in time of need?
When angry Paris aim'd the Dart
Against the Heroes Mortal part
Instead of Fighting, had he fled,
His Heel might have secur'd his Head.

To her loose dress She calls some foreign Aid
That shows the wanton fears to dye a Maid
Some flow'ry Honor from the neighbo'ring field
Or Emblem taken from her Lovers Shield
Yet when her fine degrees thy Column rise
Their secret charms illude our captive Eyes
With too much Science we admire Thee wrought
Yet praise thy Beauty while we own thy Fault.

The Plowshares now deform the martial plain
Raking the Sculls of the once glorious Slain.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Still craving yet stil Roger cry'd
I'll live to-Morrow but to-Night he dy'd
Strange the delusion of his hopes and fears
While that he Starv'd himself to cram his heirs.

Stil base to those who meant Thee well
Ungrateful stil to those that rais'd Thee.
Forget my too officious Zeal
And pardon Me if I have prais'd Thee.

Fragments for Alma.

STIL like to keep their fancy up
No more can drink yet kiss the Cup
* * * those who have weak heads
Their Answer from their fitts provide
And wear their Logic by their side.

Blind Folks shall know You by Your walk
And Dumb and Deaf shal see You talk.

All this says Richard is but Nonsense
For whats the Will without the Conscience
That mighty Pow'r by whom the thought
Is from Kings Bench to Chancery brought
What Seat for her have You assign'd
When She may view and sway the mind.

Dear Dick at Surgeons Hall they tell Y[e]
There are two Regions in the belly
The Diaphragma (You love Greek)
The Midriff as the Vulgar speak
Lyes between both that thou may'st know
How far the bounds of either go
As in the Tennis-court the Nett
Determines either Parties bett
Or Berwick whilom did distinguish
The Limitts between Scots and English.

MATTHEW PRIOR

For hark You, Richard, shou'd we put
The Conscience lower towards the Gut
It wou'd remain inept and quiet
And stil go downward with our Diet
Hence the Desires She wou'd Produce
Wou'd all be Sordid Base & Loose.

Now place her in a higher part
Amid'st the Region of the heart
From thence so many Conduits lead
Directly upward to the head
That mounting by too swift advances
And bursting in ten thousand fancys
She wou'd from Neighborhood of place
Be always flying in your face
And fire your Brain with so much Heat
That You wou'd neither Sleep nor Eat
For Dick Your Conscience——

Yet happy Human race my Friend
Did here the sickly madness end.
But Mitis troubl'd half the nation
About his Offsprings Education ;
And urg'd by some unhappy fate
Gave him Two Thirds of his Estate
To settle the sad Wretch in Mariage
(This of his life the Sole Miscariage)
Yet Hopeful counts his Fathers Years,
And blames the Sloth of Clotho's Sheers ;
That thus protracts the long wish'd death ;
Of whom? the Man who gave him breath,
Say this, and the ill jesting Calf
Replies ye with an impious laugh
His Mother help'd, and he cou'd spare
Her too, from all this Worldly care :
Were She, good Soul, but once in Heav'n
Her Jointure wou'd set matters even.
Wou'd Fate this double Blessing give
A happy Orphan he shou'd Live.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Hence Frantic Att-all's endless rage
Hates the Recess requir'd by Age

* * * * *

Most People live by Drink and Diet,
He feeds on other Mens disquiet.
Eternal Watch the Madman keeps
When e'er he knows his Neighbor Sleeps.
Scar'd with his own injurious Deed
He thinks it safest to proceed.
Hears jingling Chains and Clinking Fetters
And wou'd impose 'em on his Betters
Which does the Bedlam fear the most
H..... Alive or G.....y's Ghost
Leave him as God and Man has done
And let the Muse go gently on.

With the Image of his own ill deed
Frighted he must to worse proceed
Hearing the Clinck of Chains & Fetters
He hopes to put them on his Betters.

And make Him say what just they please
As Statesmen do with Witnesses.

Further tis easy to produce
People who make the proper use
Of others Limbs, for Instance now
The General (Poets thus Allow
And Socrates) gain the Price of War
The Lawrel hides his want of Hair.

Besides, Dear Dick, tho You and I
With ipse dixet shou'd comply
He never will obtain his Ends
On many of our Gresham friends;
Who with Authority dispense
And in its Place have setl'd sense.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Besides a Man must never put
His Oar into anothers Boat.
Are there not Bells in every Steeple
To Summon in the Docile People?
And Deans and Prebends, whose great Care
Some Two and Fifty times a Year
Shou'd to their Parish gravely read?
But if They send them in their stead
Some Curate who can hardly spell,
This some conceive does e'en as well.

The World was 200 Year in the Dark
following Aristotle.

TILL great Des-Cart and his Sectators
Light up their Philosophic papers
Which say th' Aristotelians again
Were but Jack-a-lents by which men
Thinking they saw mistook their way
More then before.

Fragments.

ODD is the Justice of that Land
Which only lopps the Thiefs right-hand:
The left, before inur'd to Robb,
Is each new Sessions in your Fobb.
In Britain We with wiser care
Chastise a Limb that has no pair;
And when You hang him by the Neck
E'en trust him for a Second Trick.

But that of which he was bereft
Alas, had n'er a fellow left.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Anaxarchus being upon the Torture in hopes of some discovery bitt off his Tongue and spit it into the Tyrants face—The Tongue thus separated from the dear root

Thus wounded and thus spit
Express'd more Wisdom Sense and Wit
Then Homer Sung or Plato writ.

Virtue and Love instruct me well
What to Conceal and what to tell.

Yet Distant and Undone by those
Whom sure thou did'st Excell in Prose
When thou thy long mistake did'st see
And los'd from Prison came to me
Say did I not receive thee say
As thou had'st never gone astray.

To make thy Fortune fair Amends
In raising Thee Twelve Hundred friends
By which succeeding Age may see
Who Lov'd the Muse and Pardon'd Thee.

I saw a Thousand ill look'd foes
Their Daggers to thy breast oppose.

And if the Motion by the Sense you prove
The Ship stands still the Shoars & Cities move.

And be the Wretch thy Pitty or delight
Yet Swim or sink I'll hold the rudder right.

I'll have a Dart
Shal strike him to the heart
Else let me n'er to Heav'n soar
Nor e'er on Earth do Mischief more.

Who e'er a serious view will take
Of that learn'd book the Almanack
Will find a figur'd Man Pierc'd thro'
With sundry Darts from head to toe

MATTHEW PRIOR

Just so at least a Year stood I
Smote breast and back and hip and Thigh
Full twenty Foes around me came
And each at me took several Aim
Against some part each took
One at my head with Malice Stroke
T'other ram'd Perjury at my throat
This with Sophisticated reason
Shot at my hand for writing Treason
Against Them All I stood.

We bid the Men stand and deliver their Purses
And tying their Hands up we laugh at their Curses.

To Florimel.

CARELESS and Young O Florimel
Thou little Think'st of whats to come
O it wou'd fright Thee shou'd I tell
What soon must be Thy Countries Doom.

Written under a Picture painted
by Mr Howard.

Invocation to Fortune.

ASSIST my Cause with Honour, Justice, Truth,
And Thou great Fortune wont to favor Youth
For me Thy Godhead by Thy Mercy prove
Chain cruel rage, and aid afflicted Love
Great Heavens Decrees undaunted let me try
And live with Empire or with Virtue dye.

True Statesmen.

TRUE Statesmen only Love or Hate
 What Lessens them, or makes them great.
 With wond'rous kindness each Ascends,
 Supported by his Shouldring Friends:
 And fleeing Criticks sometimes Note
 His dirt imprinted on his Coat.

Some Lords like Wife and Husband Squable
 For this fine thing, for that blew bauble,
 But soon the present folly ends
 And common Intrest makes them Friends.
 Whilst yet Erinnis rages high
 And Paper Darts in Pamphlets fly
 He whose hot head wou'd interpose
 Is sure to have his share of blows
 But in the reconciling feast
 When all the bustle proves a Jest
 Where matters are adjusted fairly,
 And sweetly kisses H.....y
 The little Agents of the Plott
 The understrappers are forgot
 And if the Doctör uninvited
 Afraid to fancy he was slighted
 Comes in, his Labours he may spy
 Fix'd to the bottom of a Pye
 Or find how those reward his trouble
 That light their Pipes with Dear T.. D.....

Be not the Bully of the Nation
 Nor foam at mouth for Moderation
 Take not thy Sentiments on trust
 Nor be by others Notions just
 To Church and Queen and Laws be hearty
 But hate a Trick and scorn a Party
 And if thou ever has't a voice
 Tho it be only in the Choice
 Of Vestry Men or grey-Coat-Boys

MATTHEW PRIOR

Vote right thô certain to be blam'd
And rather Starve than be asham'd
This Method I shou'd fancy best
You may think otherwise. I rest.

Simile.

THE worthless Cypher, when alone,
Is in himself much less then one;
But plac'd behind more Cunning Men,
Exalts each figure up to Ten:
And when Two thoughtless Noughts have blunder'd,
The Knave before becomes a Hundred.
So rise, by Aid of worthless Fools,
The Men who know to use their Tools.

The Courtier.

Fragment.

OUR Courtiers traffick for their fame
Like Nymphs for what I need not name
If this and that time they hold out
It is their Virtue? Yes no doubt
In short they happen to despise
The Lover now and now the Price
But be the Youth Gallant, the Sum
Sufficient, what reply they—Mum
Nature and Intrest must prevail
And flesh and blood you know are frail.
To charm the fair to cheat the Wise
To lure us to the Proffer'd Vice
'Tis all but coming to our Price.

Fragments.

FOR K-n-tt call'd White, and Bu...t Gil. show,
That Doctors may change as Preferment may go
And Twenty Years hence for ought You and I know
Twill be *Hoadly* the high & *Sacheverel* the Low.
Who knows how each Author may alter his mind
As they or the Text other Comments may find.

Grey hairs the blossom of Old age appear
To show that Death the fruit of Time is near.

When thy fair Soul ascends her Native Skys
Lillys and Roses from thy Dust shal rise.

One commonly talks most when one has least to say.

And giving You both Yea and Nay
Talks most when he has least to say.

Beauty.

HOWE'ER confess'd O Queen of Love Thy pow'r
It acts precarious to the coming Hour
And as with certain wings Old Saturn flies
It blossoms flourishes decays and Dies.

Pursu'd by time the pow'r of beauty flies
Arises flourishes Decays and dies.

In its midd Empire darts precarious rays
By distance bounded and confin'd to place.

The joyful Health and blooming Youth combine
To lay the Gift on Cythereas shrine
Far as the Nymph can look, she only reigns,
The Youth must see her Charms, to feel her Chains.

Sickness can spoil and absence can remove
The fond Ideas that arise from Love.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Whilst yet it flourishes with fullest grace
Tis bound by distance and confin'd to place
Tho joyful health and blooming Youth combine
To bring the sacred flame to Cupids Shrine.

Narcissus.

O HAPPY Youth what can destroy
The long Excesses of thy Joy
For nothing in the whole Creation
Will prove a Rival to thy Passion.

On the Marchioness of Caermarthen.

future time shal say
How Harleys Daughter studious past the day
While four-fold to the Patriot Father She restor'd
Blessings, which from him She at Morn implor'd.

Virgils Georgic 4 Verse 511

Qualis . . . implet

Translated.

SO Philomel beneath the Poplar shade
Mournful bewails her Brood whom the rough hind
Finding has taken Callow from the Nest
All night she weeps and sitting on the branch
Often repeats her Melancholly song
And fills the Country with her sad complaint.

Answer to the Female Phaeton.

AS Almoner in Holy Week
 Dealing good George's Cloth and bread
 Sends forth his Officers to seek
 The People who stand most in need.

So Thou Director great in Wit
 Amongst Us Authors rule'st the roast
 Distributing as Thou think'st fit
 To those that seem to want the most

Thou didst to me a Bard half starv'd
 A plenteous Dole of Fame provide
 And gav'st Me what I n'er deserv'd
 Something of Phaeton and Hyde.

Respect and Memory O look back
 Recall the beauteous Mothers Youth
 Curl thou hast put me on the Wrack
 And now believe I tell thee truth

That bright great good Nymph such I found
 Such! how? durst I? cou'd Kneller tell:
 How many Years hid I the Wound
 Which forc'd by Curl I now reveal!

The Mothers beauties as I lov'd
 And thought She rul'd by Right Divine
 I saw the Daughters Charms improv'd
 I courted — in the Legal Line

When I saw J... what can they mean
 Said I that e'er can think of Kitty
 As Kath'arine grew and pleas'd my view
 Poor Charlotte I beheld with pitty

Next Charlotte comes and on They run
 Like Banco's offspring in Mackbeth
 All to the Rebels of their Throne
 Denouncing Anger wrath and Death

MATTHEW PRIOR

If beauteous Hyde can thus supply
Her everlasting Store of Darts
Come on I cry'd we all must dye
Tho every Man had twenty Hearts

What e'er may to my charge be laid
In public Prints or Secret Whispers
I'll tell thee all I ever said
Of Jinny or her beauteous Sisters.

In these I the Graces three
All beautifull all like their Mother
And Each the reigning Toast shal be
Why? because Each is likest t' Other

If You three Sister Roses view
From that which is the fullest blown
The beauties of the other Two
Without much forecast may be known

Soft April, blooming May, bright J[u]ne
Do each in diff'rent Charms appear
Yet with succeeding Pleasures crown
The Joys and Honors of the Year

But Phaeton or Kittys Act
Has set our Amorous World on fire
If Similes are not quite exact
Why must they needs be made by Prior?

Alas By adding to my fame
Oh gentle Curl, thou hast undone me
Making me richer than I am
Thou draws't my Creditors upon Me

From *Blanket* and *Purgation* free,
Thou long shal't live and we'el be friends,
Put out my Name & We'el agree
Make me at least this smal Amends.

Then Curl for Mine and for Truths Sake
They righteous Printing Press employ
To prove I never did mistake
A Lady for a Boy.

In a Window
in Lord Villiers house.
1696.

I N Vain by Druggs and rules of Art
Poor Ratcliff wou'd my Lungs ensure
They lye too near a wounded heart
Whose sickness Death alone can cure.

To a Painter (*fragments*).

I N foreign Lands my Poetry stands dumb
Thy Pictures speak and Act where e'er they Come.
But narrow bounds the English Muse can boast
Confin'd and fetter'd to her Native Coast.

On foreign Shoars she sullen stands & Dumb
Larger her Sisters pace

at Paris and at Rome
She speaks the Tongue and always is at home.

The pride of Babel that confin'd our Tongue
To narrow bounds confines the Poets Song
The Painters meaning thro' the Earth may fly
For Babels Curse affected not the Eye.

Unequal is our Labour & our fame
Whilst Men talk different but they see the same.

But Thou may'st go to Athens or to Rome
And in each Region think Thyself at Home.

Shou'd adverse Fortune banish Me or Pope
What cou'd our Pens from France or Holland hope?
With cruel *je n'entens pas* we shou'd meet,
Or soft *veracht et ik verstaen ye neet*.

MATTHEW PRIOR

A Prologue intended to the Play
of Chit Chat, but never finished.

THE ugly Beau too partial to his Glass,
As more he looks, and better likes his face,
In every place is certain to appear
Abroad I mean—but there are None such here.
'Tis much the same with those who trade in verse
Fondly they write, then saucily rehearse,
By frequent Repetition bolder grown
First tire their Friends and after plague the Town.
This from Our Author I am bid to say
As some Excuse for his First coup d'Essay
When next he dares his Cens'ring Pen to draw
E'en leave him to the Letter of the Law :
With gentle Stripes Correct the young beginner,
And hang him if he proves a Harden'd Sinner.
What he attempts to paint is Human life,
A good Man injur'd by a Modern wife ;
While neither Sense or kindness have the charms
To keep the Cocquet from the Coxcombs arms.
Had the wrong'd Husband been deseas'd and Old
Or to her play deny'd the needful gold,
The Lady might have done as She thought fit,
And these lose Scenes perhaps had n'er been writ.
But in the flower and vigour of His Age
To Cuckold him, creates so just a rage
It is a very Scandal ——— to the Stage. }

Now à propos to what we nam'd, these Scenes :
Some will be asking what the Author means.
Loose and irregular they are 'tis true,
But pray reflect it is your Lives he drew.
A well laid Plot, close order, clear design
Shou'd all conspire to make the Damma Shine
His Plot he hopes will pardon every fault
'Tis what wou'd puzzle Machiavels own thought
'Tis such pray find it out ———
As Alberoni to his Pupil taught.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Follow these Steps, ye learn'd in State Intreagues !
Who deal in Politicks and Powder'd Wiggs.
E'er yet quite form'd, your Schemes are all reveal'd,
But here ————— }
The action's done, but yet the Plot conceal'd.
For the design, 'tis twenty several facts,
First dropt in Scenes, then shuffl'd into Acts.
He builds his Schemes in the Lucretian way ;
Atoms their motions into forms convey : }
And Chance may rule in wit, as well as play.
One thing he bids me beg in his Defence,
That none may Praise or blame that have not Sense.
Take not poor Culprits just request amiss ;
It reaches None of You—pray freely Clap or Hiss.

Prelude to a Tale from Boccace
in blank Verse.

To the D^s of Shrewsbury

Frederick &c:

WHAT Bocace with superior Genius Cloath'd
In Tuscan dress, and ludicrous Fontaine
(Modern Anacreon) well has imitated
In Gallic Style, Himself inimitable :
How e'er unequal to the glorious Task,
Yet of the noblest Heights and best Examples,
Ambitious, I in English Verse attempt.
But not as heretofore, the line prescrib'd
To equal cadence, and with semblant Sounds
Pointed, (so Modern Harmony advises)
But in the Ancient Guise, free, uncontroll'd,
The Verse, compress'd the Period, or dilated,
As close discourse requires, or fine description.
Such Homer wrote ; such Milton imitated ;
And Shrewsb'ury, candid Judge of Verse, approves.

MATTHEW PRIOR

What Shrewsb'ury may approve, to whom pertains it?
But to the Lady, loving Shrewsbury best,
And best by Him below'd? To Thee, fair Matron!
The warm debate I bring and soft recital
Of constant Passion, and rewarded friendship.
Weak the Performance haply, yet the work
Beneath Thy feet I lay; and bless'd in this,
As Thou good Princess, in each part of Life:
That I but act what Thy great Lord commands.

As Dorset's smile benign, and fair Example,
In pleasing Rhime indulg'd my Infant Years;
(O be his Memory ever wept and Honor'd!)
May Shrewsb'ury's will prescribe my Elder Muse
A diff'rent course, Great, bounteous Adelida!
Be Thou my Friend, my gentle Intercessor,
That thy great Lord with his Illustrious Name
May shield the Goddess from the Darts of Censure
Unwounded, and assure her future flight
With equal favour and successive goodness.

How e'er again reflecting, She must blame
Her own Ambition, that with vain Attempt
Wou'd bring Thee [a]ught from Paris or from Rome,
Transfer'd and Habited in English dress:
When Thou, great Mistress! in Italian sounds,
Canst breathe Thy thought, not Petrarch's Laura sweeter:
When thou in Gallic Style can well indite,
So well, the famous Scudery's learned Sister.
Or Faber's Daughter might attentive learn.
Yet Thou hast right, fair Dame, to claim the Song
In British sounds; amongst her best lov'd daughters
Britannia Numbers Thee, by Twofold Title
To her endear'd: Partner of Talbots bed,
And right descended from the race of Dudley.
And well hast Thou with correspondent Grace
Answer'd thy gentle Mother's Love endearing,
To form her Accents, and to speak her language:
In Womanhood, industrious to Reclaim
By Study and by Art the legal Portion

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Which Fortune to Thy Infancy deny'd.
 And well hast Thou Achiev'd the Task; Thy care
 By subtil Mem'ory aided; and Thy Lessons,
 Practis'd with Wit, and perfected by Judgment.
 But *Love*, fair Dame (and Thou with Pride may'st own
 The grateful Impulse) constant o'er Thy toyle
 Presided; Well we learn, when *He* is Master.

Not harsh, I hope fair Judge thou wilt avow
 The British tongue, thô sometimes charg'd with words
 Saxon and Danish, when the Manly Sounds
 Break from the Potent lipps of *Finch* or *Harcourt*.
 Our Language, semblant to our Native Streams,
 O'er little Flints and scatter'd Pebbles rolling
 Its curled Wave, unequal not unpleasing
 The Surface. But, O Mercury! O Venus!
 (For I attest You Both) when the fair Sex,
 When *Buckingham*, or *Grafton*, (kind comperes
 And faithful Friends to that Illustrious Dame
 Who claims my Song) when They (or beauteous Cloe
 My Hope, my Joy,) emit their Natal Sound;
 Softer than Down from Venus fav'rite birds,
 Or flakes of feather'd Snow, the Accents fall!

Exalt Thy Thought my Muse! when our great
 Sov'raign
 Disparts Her comely Lipps, August Pronouncing
 The Speech; 'tis sweet as Morning fumes which rise
 From Sharon's Rose; grateful as Arabs gums,
 By Cædar fir'd, and curling from the Altar:
 Our Dread at Once and our Delight! She guides
 And charms the Senate; from her silver voice
 Pou'ring her fierce Forefather's diction, temper'd
 With Heav'nly Mildness and Angelic Grace.
 We then, disdainful of our Modern Rivals,
 Provoke the Latian or the Greek; resigning
 But to the Sacred Hebrew. Agrippina,
 Or great Andromache by Homer aided,
 Speaks with less height, and Majesty of Style,
 Than British ANNA. With resembling Prevalence
 Pleads *Hester*, and victorious *Deborah* Sings.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Around the Throne the Nations to their Queen
Obedient stand, and bid Her Live for Ever!

Illustrious Patroness, excuse the Prelude,
And Thou Calliope begin the Song.

* * * * *

I N FLORENCE heretofore (who knows not Florence
Beautiful Sov'raign of Etrurias Cities)
Liv'd FREDERIC from a Noble race Descended
With fair Revenues blest and large Estate.
His Years were just arriv'd to perfect Manhood
Well limb'd his Body and his Person comely
His Mind with all those open Virtues bright
Which an Indulgent Mothers previous Hope
Can figure for her best lov'd Infants Age.
Unmarri'd yet (his Marriage is my Story)
On Frederic therefore every Eye was cast
What e'er he did was Talk'd: he went or came
The public Care: The P:— the G...:
Illustrious Houses courted his Alliance
And every noble Virgin sighing wisht
Her Father might succeed, but O in vain
Propose the Parents, or the Daughters Hope:
CLITIA, so Venus destins, must alone
Gain Frederic's Love; and Love must rule his Fortune.
Rich Young She was a Widow, of One Son
The Mother and the Tutoress: Frederic courts Her
Courts her but How? With Presents, with Expence
Surpassing all his Rivals, of that sort
How many gather, where the prevalent charms
[At] once of Beauty and of Wealth Attract
From Homer's time to ours stand fair recorded.
The Tilt and Tournament, so Gallantry
Ancient allow'd, and Frederic well Excell'd
In Feats of Arms and Manly Exercises
Took up the Dance delightful: Clitia Seated
Sublime, commands the sports. Clitia's Device
Portray'd on Frederics Shield declares her Champion.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Music the splendid Ball and costly banquet
First fruits to hopeful Love by all his Zealots
Offer'd employ the softer Hours of Night,
Queen of the Feast reigns Clitia, Clitia's Name,
Adorns the Song, and at her Health alone
Breathes the shrill Hautboy, and the Clarion sounds.

* * * * *

The Mem'ory of kind Frederic and good Clitia
They drink, and tell the Story of the Hawk.

She sigh'd she wept and gave the Year to Mourning
As Decency requir'd, but mighty Love
Had erst possess'd her heart, that Monarch God
Admits no rival Pow'r, his Ardent flames
Dispel the little damps which sorrow casts
Upon the Soul, nor suffers others Tears
To fall adown the Cheek, but those alone
Which his Attendant Cares and fears create.

But where Necessity obliges, Patience
Lessens the Ill, and grief is born away
Upon the wings of Time.

Not Snow melts faster on the craggy mount
The Alp, or Appen[n]ine, when Sol in Spring
Arising cheers the World, not Waves and winds
Subside more sudden, when great Neptune rears
His awful Trident, and commands a Calm
Then in one moment fell from Clitia's breast
The coldness of Disdain, the Widows Pride
And Prudery of the Sex.

Here since Great Maro dos not doubt to Sing
Cayeta Nurse to his eternal Hero
Let poor good Thestylis my Muse be mention'd
Not without praise :
Fresh Flowers upon her Grave were strew'd by Clitia's hand.
And on her Tombstone stand Engrav'd her Virtue
Gracious acknowledgments of faithful Service.

MATTHEW PRIOR

and all that chain of mad expence
Whose extreme link is ruin, Lands are Sold
And Mortgages contracted, false Trustees
Greedy She Wins, and Frederick willing Loses.

And Faithless Stewards join to wrong the Master
and profit by those Negligences
Which 'twas their only Service to retrieve.

for not the Noble Matron
Whose Womb bore pensive Frederic lov'd him better
Then did old Thestylis whose breast had fed him.

as he now has fed
His darling Hawk, and in his Garden water'd
The Rose and Jess'mine or with careful hand
Propt the Figg-tree luxuriant from the danger
Of its own weight, or view'd
The little promise of his future Vintage cluster'd grapes
Half purple round the verdant Elm encircled
His little hopes of Vintage.

For better then my Self thee Thee I love
My Self how can I name having prefer'd
My Ease to Thine, having in Lux' and wealth
Securely slept, while Thou perchance hast Wak'd
With fear of Debts alarm'd and shame of want.

O to Thy Arms receive that Penitent
That never shal again repent of [a]ught
But of too late Conversion O my Frederic
Mine wilt Thou be, receive Thy Clitia Thine
And be our next Endeavor join'd to save
The lingring life of him,
And Thou wilt grant I next to Thee shou'd Love
My Son.

Brouillon of a Poem

Begun at Wimpole in August 1721.

Transcribed from the Authors Papers
since his Death.

PREDESTINATION.

A POEM.

APOSTLES teach, and Holy books declare,
That 'tis in God we move, and live, and are:
In him we all begin, continue, end,
And all our Actions on his help depend.
I therefore must eternally have laid
In Nothings bosom, and Oblivions shade,
Among existing Beings not confest,
(For nothing by no words can be exprest)
Unless obedient to his High command,
Call'd by his word, and Plastor'd by his hand,
And from his breath receiving Vital flame,
I had begun to be the thing I am.

Then the same pow'rfull, constant, heav'nly Aid
Must stil prese[r]ve the Creature it had made.
For shou'd that Aid one Moment be deny'd;
Dissolv'd and lost, I shou'd again subside
Into the sad Negation where I lay,
Before I swell'd the Womb, or saw the Day.

Form'd by his Will, assisted by his Powr,
From the great period of my Native hour
Forward I hasten thro this path of life,
Nor with false pleasure smooth no violent Strife
Why was I then of my sole guide bereft?
And why to errour and amazement left?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Collected to my self I sadly find
Ten thousand doubts divide my anxious mind.
The potent bias of my crooked will
I found averse to good, and prone to ill;

Whence rises this depravity of thought
Was it from mine or my forefathers fault?
Shal I descend and say that Death and Sin
Did from ill judging Adams crime begin
Or tracing them from springs perhaps too high
To good and Ill give Coeternity?

Say did the Godhead infinitely wise
Create all good? then whence did ill arise?
Do two great Pow'rs their adverse strength employ
This to preserve, and t'other to Destroy?

Wou'd God set free what Deemon cou'd enslave?
Cou'd Sin annoy what Sanctity wou'd save?
Of this no further Mortal man can know,
Than as from Scripture God has deign'd to show.
Here too we find the mighty Probleme laid
In Mystic darkness, and Prophetic shade:
Pen'd by the Poets rage and breast enlarg'd,
Adorn'd with Emblems, and with figures charg'd;
Form'd to the Lyre, and fitted to be Sung
To proper measures of the Hebrew Tongue;
By time corrupt, at first however pure;
And by Translation render'd more obscure;
By Sects eluded, and by Scholes perplex't,
Till in the Comment we involve the Text.

E'er Time was bid his measures to begin,
E'er Angels knew to praise, or man to sin,
(Say Austin's words transfer'd to Calvins school,)
God fix'd one firm unalterable rule.
The word was fated which th' Almighty spoke
Nor can his future Will that will revoke.
All things determin'd by this Solemn Doom,
And settled in the order they must come.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Select to pleasures, or condemn'd to pains ;
 Man only Executes what God ordains.
 Is God subservient to his own Decree ?
 Is that Omnipotent which is not free ?
 Providence then in her continual course
 Must stil be stopt by some superior force :
 Then upon strict enquiry will be found,
 That God himself by his own Act is bound ;
 That in a like dependence, he and Man
 Must own a Pow'r which neither can restrain ?
 Then those Elect by this eternal doom
 Must have been Sav'd, thô it had never come ;
 And the reprov'd in vain for Mercy call
 To him who came to free and save us All.
 Vain therefore prudent thought, and previous care
 Useless our Alms, and foolish is our Pray'r :
 And with superfluous babling we have said,
 "Give us this day our Father ! daily bread" ;
 If what we ask by fixt decree of Heav'n
 Was giv'n before, or never can be giv'n.

Now what is Man ? a reas'nable Machine,
 A puppet danc'd upon this Earthly Scene,
 An instrument in Gods o'erbearing hand,
 Mov'd by his Pow'r and forc'd by his command.
 Cou'd destin'd Judas long before he fell
 Avoid the terrors of a future Hell ?
 Cou'd Paul deny, resist, or not embrace
 Obtruded Heav'n, and efficacious Grace ?

Yet is the great Apostle heard to say,
 "Does not the Potters hand dispose the Clay ?
 "And shal the Vase his makers Art upbraid,
 "If or to honour or Destruction made ?"
 'Tis true ; but view we then the different State
 Of beings living and inanimate :
 Incapable of Sense and void of mind,
 The passive Vessel cou'd no pleasure find,
 Thô plac'd above where Saints and Angels reign ;
 And damn'd to Hell beneath, cou'd feel no Pain.
 Nor in his action is that Agent free

MATTHEW PRIOR

Who must fulfill immutable decree.
Allow we freedom to the whirling Stone,
Which in the Battel from the sling is thrown?
Allow we freedom to the flying reed,
From the drawn Bow elanc'd with violent speed?
If these attain, or if they lose their Aim,
Their rectitude or Error is the same: }
Who blames their fault, or celebrates their fame?
Now scale our Deeds and let the Plummet fall
Betwixt the senseless and the rational.
If Both alike by primitive decree
Are bound to Act, and if what is must be;
For Slain Goliah to young Davids praise
Can we in justice greater triumph raise,
Than to the chosen Pebble, which he took
Among the thousand from the Neigh'ring brook?
Or greater Crime impute to furious Saul,
Than to his Jav'elin struck against the Wall?

Far other sure with Human Mind it fares
Now raised to pleasures now deprest with Cares.

Possess we not free liberty of Will
How are our Acts imbu'd with good or ill
Allow Gods promises and threatnings made
E'er the foundations of the World were laid;
They were contingent, and conditional;
From Adams Choice proceeded Adams fall.
By Cains free action Abells blood was spilt,
His Punishment must presuppose his Guilt.
And Abra'ms faith on Isaac doom'd to dye
Was founded on the Patriarchs piety.
When Judah breaks Jehovahs great command,
He turns his wrathful Viols on the land:
When of her Sins in Ashes she repents,
The weeping Priest atones and God relents.
Our Deed is form'd and guided by our thought,
And equal to our Duty or our fault.
By means however hid from human eyes
Gods future threatnings and his Mercy rise.
While yet we reconcile free Will to fates
To solve this doubt we greater doubts create:

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

That God regards the simple Act alone,
Making Omnipotence by Prescience known ;
And leaves to Us by Impulse from within,
To Cloath that Act with Duty, or with Sin.

But does he then his previous will suspend,
And does his Science on our Deed attend ?
If this way acting, we the sequel draw,
We act as God permitted and foresaw :
But if our Act be otherways employ'd,
Is his permission and prevision voy'd ?
Has he, as human means may change the Scene,
In other guise permitted or foreseen ;
And left the Slacken'd Reins of Providence
To the mad guidance of our feeble sense ?

Say rather, that he Will'd what he foresaw ;
That his volition is his Creatures law :
For God (excuse the saying) cou'd not see
Contingences which never were to be.
And if they were to be, that very sight
Brought them from Nothing into future light
Permitting their Existence, fix'd their fate ;
And to forsee, was to Predestinate.

Well then Man Wills and from that Will proceed
The stains and Colours of his sinfull deed
The Son whom he destroy'd he might have sav'd
And freed the Captive whom his hand enslav'd.

As rolling down the Rocks the waters bring
The last and hue of their original spring ;
So from our Will, that fountain of our Deed,
The stains and Colours of our Acts proceed.

Against Gods Spirit here we fight
Had leave to cho[o]se but wou'd not use it right
Our ill produc'd and we must suffer Woe
But had we merit or Perfection, No.
In vain You cite this Liberty of Will
Free to do good, but more inclin'd to ill.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Almighty Lord the way, the door, [the] light,
O let me stil find favor in thy sight
Excuse my going wrong or set me right. }

O Sovereign! great Three in One! O God and Man!
Who set those Measures which I dare not Scan;
If I have leave to chuse, I beg that choice
Guided at least by thy Assistant Voice.
If I must pursue a Destin'd way
Direct my Footsteps for thou can'st not stray
From dang'rous doubts my wandering Soul retrieve
I cannot Argue, grant me to believe!
Lifeless I lay, thou wak'st me into Sense;
Frailty is mine, and Thine Omnipotence.

Dare we reply or frighted stand we Mute
Shall Man, assertion dire! to God impute
Or Ignorance, or Mutability,
Or want of Pow'r to finish his Decree?

While God does in his hand Sustain
This last great Link of this eternal Chain.

So run the close Meanders of our mind
By this first Cause stil secretly inclin'd
This guidance of our thought
To this high power be brought
and backward we must run
To that high Origin where all begun.

Nor can we justly say that we Possess
A Will which we can Govern as we please.

Who reasons thus his sense in terms confounds
Speaks one Idea in two different sounds.

Before we grant or Answer let us bring
Our pow'r of thinking to its pristin spring.

Trace we this Thought to its Original
Let Heav'n be justify'd in Adams fall.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

All was settl'd by Gods primeval Will.

Nor do I ask whence Sin came, but it was such that to
Save the World from it the Son of God must Dye.

Could the Heathen by the dictates of Nature obtain Salva-
tion, where was the necessity of Christs coming, and if they
could not, how happens it that they were not called to partake
the benefit of His passion.

Nor matters it that God gave a free Will to Man since by
his Prescience he had ordered that Man could not employ that
free will otherwise then he had forseen Man should employ it.

If we had not freedom of Will there would be neither
Good or ill in our Actions. There would be no occasion for
a Judgement, nor Punishment, nor reward.

Now if we have not Liberty of Will
How are our Deeds imbu'd with good or ill.

is it in Our Choice

To love or hate to weep or to rejoice?
Are not the Texture of our Actions wrought
By something inward that directs our thought
And we perceive delight and suffer pain
Which we can neither quicken nor restrain?

Now change the Scene my friends & let us see
How are our Actions & our Motions free.

Whence else a Dying Saviors grief & fame
And dire Convulsion of this general frame
That shook the Earth, made frightened Nature groan.
And the great Fathers will that must be done.

some middle means

Which Man but hardly comprehends
and let us see
How destin'd Sentence and free Will agree.

That with spontaneous Liberty we move
In vain the adverse Sect desires to prove
From inward Power and Nature of the Soul
Which Natures God can alter or controll.

MATTHEW PRIOR

If God does Universal Vows reject
Or only justifys his own Elect
Or those in Climes remote who never heard
His Word reveal'd are from his Anger Spar'd.
By time and Age its Notions are disrang'd
By passions short and by distemper chang'd
Nor let us vaunting fancy we are free
That we can mend or alter Heavn's decree.
Or with our little Arms go up to fight
With Omnipresence & with Infinite
Our Operations by his Will were wrought
And when he gave he fixt the Pow'r of thought.

All matters particles, all Motions laws,
Cou'd not produce so great a Second cause.
Atoms, how ever sep'rate or combin'd,
Cou'd not compose or animate the mind.
That with spontaneous Liberty we move,
In vain the adverse sect desires to prove,
From inward Pow'r and Nature of the Soul
Which Natures God can alter or controll.
Earth cou'd not form it then from heav'n it came
A part it self of the Celestial flame
Let Christians sanctify the Heathen chain
And that Prometheus which their Poets feign
Was Gods great Spirit enlight'ning passive Earth
And kindling Human action into birth
If then its vigor from Heav'n proceed
By Heav'n its force and measure is decreed
That First who did this Second cause produce
Proportions it to each recipients use
Tis Sisyphus' Stone returning stil
If God who gave the freedom form'd the Will
To form it and incline it was the same
You grant the thing while you dispute the Name.

As running Streams their parted Waters spread
Adown the hill or thro' the flow'ry Mead
Here rising bold and Turbulent in waves
There sunk in Sand or sunk in Rocky Caves

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

The human Eye may still collect and bring
 To their first Murmur and Original spring:
 So from the various action of our mind
 To pleasure better or to grief enclin'd
 Glitt'ring in Courts and shining bright in Arms
 Fond of Mans praises & of Womans charms
 Or flying Crowds desiring more to dwell
 In the thick Woods or Melancholy Cell.

Pursue this Search to its Original:
 Allowing Heav'ns Decree and Adams fall
 A new Alliance and firm Covenant made
 By God to be requir'd, by Man Obey'd:
 Faith and Repentance on the Mortal side
 The two great knots by which the Bond is ty'd
 And on the part of God the human race
 Assisting Mercy and preventing Grace.
 Yet how can we believe or how repent
 Unless the influence first from Heav'n is sent?
 Strong the Condition to our bounded view
 Contracted seemingly and sign'd by Two
 To perfect which unable one attends
 While t'other furnishes the Total means.

Again whilst Grace is Gods immediate Gift
 To Heav'n in vain my Voice and heart I lift
 To ask th' Almighty's Tutelary Care
 Except this Grace prevents my very Prayer.
 Now of this Gift if once I stand possess't
 Yee Angels am I not for ever blest?
 Tell me can Satan take what God has giv'n
 Or all Hells darkness quench the light of Heav'n?
 What after this do I implore or Crave
 And need I ask what I already have?
 What light of Comment can these Clouds remove
 Backward and forward I uncertain rove
 Thrô Labyrinths wander and in Circles prove
 If the Creator call'd me forth to birth
 Wou'd he, I ask, his helpless Creature leave
 Thus wand'ring dark, thus groveling low on Earth
 That I might Sin, he punish or forgive.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Before we Grant or Answer let us bring
Our pow'r of Thought to its primæval spring.

* * * * *

The deep decrees the fatalist replies
Of an eternal God supremely Wise
As firmly fixt are permanently sure
Thro endless chains of Ages shal endure.
Made before heav'n and Earth the word shal last
Unchangeable when heav'n and Earth are past.
Allow free will that Sentence is destroy'd
A Covenant Seal'd which after Acts may void
A Casual Fabric built upon the sand
Which can nor winds nor falling rains withstand
But yields inflex'd and sapp'd by human pray'rs
Blown down with Sighs and wash'd away by tears.

Or trace your steps thro the determin'd way
Or from the Christian Principles You stray
The Godhead thô with all perfection crown'd
Inclin'd to Mercy is by justice bound
Else whence the wond'rous kind necessity
That to Absolve poor Adam Christ must Dye
Whence the old stains imprest on human race
The heav'nly means that must those stains efface
And Nature lost redeem'd by saving Grace. }

* * * * *

Hence the long Series of Events to come
And four Monarchic Empires stated doom
Else future knowledge of Three thousand Years
The Psalmists raptures and the Prophets tears
The unveil'd Mysteries to a world restor'd
Forseen by Angels and by Men ador'd;
Hence the great Object of our future hope
And blessings following in that bitter Cup
Which God incarnate loving and belov'd
How'ever yielding beg'd might be remov'd
When prest with Agonies the suffering Son
Said Father not my will but Thine be done.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

[Fragment from *Britanicus*.]

WHO would prevail o'er Men must first Observe
Their Darling passion of their hearts, and thence
Govern their Ductile reason, in *Britanicus*
The power of Love prevails the Dazl'd Lover.

To the Horse of Henry the Fourth
of France.

PETIT Cheval, gentil Cheval
Propre à monter, propre à descendre
Tu n'es pas grand comme Bucephale
Tu porte plus que l'Alexandre.

To a Lady, given with a Nosegay.

SOUVIENS Toy, Cloe, du destin
De ces fleurs si fraiches si belles
Elles ne durent qu'un matin
Comme Elles vous brillez, vous passerez comme Elles.

To Cloe.

THERE'S all Hell in her Heart, and all Heaven in her eye
He that sees her must love, he that loves her must Dye.

Epigram.

MY Lord there's a Christ'ning the Officer said,
The Gossips are ready, the Cushions are laid:
What, without my leave ask'd? said the Prelate inflam'd
Go lock up My Font, let the Infant be damn'd.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Translation of an Epitaph upon
Gilbert Glanville Bishop of Ro-
chester as written in Rochester
Cathedral.

GILBERTUS Glanville whose heart was as hard as an
Anvil
Always litigious who shou'd have been highly religious
Full fraught with Law suits he to that Court aptly descended
Where quiet appears not, and quarrels never are ended.

From Ronsard's Franciade
Book the IVth Folio 465.

ON yonder Guilty Plain, long Seasons hence
Perhaps a thousand Years, Helmets and Shields,
And plated harnois shal be found, sad marks
Of memorable War, with sudden wonder
Appal'd the Villager lab'ring the Glebe
Shal hear his Plow-Share crash on buried Armour,
And throw up bones of Horses slain in Battle.

[Fragments in Prose and Verse.]

WHO e'er forsakes Old Mother Church
And of new Doctrines makes profession
Will find himself soon left ith Lurch
Or cited to the Quarter Session.

I learn to think no Precept strange
That Convocation can propose
Nor ever wish nor seek for change
Except in Mistresses & Cloaths.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

A less desert may gain a People's trust
But Thou and Aristides were too just
And whilst Thy Mind had ev'rywhere its Home
They were most banish'd who were nearest Rome.

Like a true Irish Marlin that misses her flight
Little Nanny sat Pensive & Sullen all night,
The Jack-Daw escap'd her, the loss was not great,
She may yet take a Woodcock, & that's better meat.

The God of Love was but a Boy
What Amrous Cares did P[s]yches Mind employ
And yet the God of Love was but a Boy.

Even Chast Diana mindless of her way
Stop'd on the hill where Young Endymion lay
Lay by the Stream or Slumber'd in the Wood
And rose next Day as late as e'er She cou'd.
Diana too forsoo[k] her other Cares
To teach Endymion to Observe the Stars
Stopt on the Mountain where the Lover lay
And rose But very little before Day.

Early in Life We learn the Mighty Rule
Taught by Old Bess the Foundress of our School
Neither to Flatt'ry, nor to Frowns to bend
To Scorn our Foe, but Dye to Serve our Friend.

The same Man in Place and at Court or turned out and removed from thence has a different way of Voting and speaking, as some Pictures that in another Light she[w] a quite different figure. On one side it is a Pope, on the other side a Devil, here it is a Magistrate, and there a Monkey.

Everybody Commends Modesty, Few Practice it, and None get by it.

MATTHEW PRIOR

We often yield to Importunity, and do good to those who do not Deserve it, meerly for our own Ease. This kind of Generosity is at best Blameable, and shews Us rather the Weakness of our Tempers than the goodness of Our Inclinations.

Regards no Judges Frown, nor Courtiers fawn
Contemns the Knave tho hid in Furrs or Lawn
Not covetous of Praise nor fearing blame
With Honour Dyes, but will not live with Shame.

Act Honestly however blam'd
And rather Dye than be asham'd.

Broghil did Cowleys thankful Muse commend
And is not Broghils Grandson Prior's Friend?
Roscommons Verse indulg'd poor Drydens Pride
While to the Patrons Voice the Bard reply'd.
Roscommon writes to that unerring Hand
Muse—slay the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Sheffield great Buckingham Illustrious Name
Old in Policy and in Civil Fame
Transferr'd his Lawrel to his Pupil Pope
The Patrons goodness pass'd the Poets hope.

Let Reason then her Arts imploy
Let her convince Thee doubtful Maid
That Venus is the Queen of Joy
And Thou art gentle when Obey'd.

Let reason therefore leave the breast
Which vainly we wou'd Strive to hold
And try his strength in Cælia's breast
Severe and disengaged and Cold.

There bid her all her Arts imploy
And showing Thy eternal Slave
Convince her Victors may destroy
But Legal Sov'raigns always save.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Thou arm'st thy Self in Cælias Eyes
Great Love when reason wou'd rebell
And ev'ry time I dare be wise
Thy rage more terrible I feel.
Repeated thoughts present the ill
Which seeing I must stil endure
They tell me Thou hast Darts to kill
And Wisdom has no Pow'r to Cure.
Avails it [a]ught to see the Ill
Which seeing I must stil endure
To know that Love has Darts to kill
While Wisdom wants the Pow'r to Cure.

O Dear to God and Man O Prince approv'd
And try'd by Heav'n, by Earth Confest and lov'd
Oh for our good Ascend thy Native Seat :
In Thee let Judah once again be great.
Let the glad Oyle from thy Anointed head,
Upon a bleeding Nation's wounds be Shed,
Pardon & Rule, let kindness grace thy Pow'r
The Throne on Mercy founded Stands Secure.

Song.

LET Us my Dear my life be Friends
Forget all fears and troubles past
Our Pleasure on this Hour depends,
And hence for ever may it last.
Stil to improve each opening Day
Be all our future thought imploy'd
And let our Faithful Tombstone say
That we liv'd, & lov'd, and Joy'd.
Nor more e'er let our Tombstone say
Then that we Liv'd, and lov'd, & Joy'd.
Since all indeed was done by Fate
We vainly of the Events complain
Our Sorrows why Shou'd we relate
If Mem'ory but renews the Pain ?

MATTHEW PRIOR

Those ills that were before too great
We stil augment whilst we complain
Our Sorrows why shou'd we relate
If Memory but renews the Pain.

Mankind whose various Action strives
Each others blessing to destroy
Wou'd smile malicious if our Lives
Knew any Interval of Joy.

[Jinny the Just.]

RELEAS'D from the noise of the Butcher and Baker
Who, my old Friends be thanked, did seldom forsake her
And from the soft Duns of my Landlord the Quaker

From chiding the Footmen and watching the Lasses,
From Nell that burn'd Milk, and Tom that broke Glasses
(Sad mischiefs thro which a good housekeeper passes !)

From some real Care but more fancy'd vexation
From a life party Colour'd half reason half passion
Here lies after all the best Wench in the Nation

From the Rhine to the Po, from the Thames to the Rhone
Joanna or Janneton, Jinny or Joan
Twas all one to her by what name She was known

For the Idiom of words very little She heeded
Provided the Matter She drove at succeeded
She took and gave Languages just as She needed

So for Kitching and Market, for bargain & Sale
She paid English or Dutch or french down on the Nail
But in telling a Story she sometimes did fail

Then begging Excuse as She happen'd to Stammer
With respect to her betters but none to her Grammer
Her blush helpt her out and her Jargon became her

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

Her Habit and Mein she endeavor'd to frame
To the different Gout of the place where She came
Her outside stil chang'd, but her inside the same

At the Hague in her Slippers & hair as the Mode is
At Paris all Falbalow'd fine as a Goddess
And at censuring London in smock sleeves and Bodice

She order'd Affairs that few People cou'd tell
In what part about her that mixture did dwell
Of Vrough or Mistress, or Medemoiselle

For her Sirname and race let the Heraults e'en Answer
Her own proper worth was enough to advance her
And he who lik'd her, little valu'd her Grandsire.

But from what House so ever her lineage may come
I wish my own Jinny but out of her Tomb,
Tho all her Relations were there in her Room

Of such terrible beauty She never cou'd boast
As with absolute Sway o'er all hearts rules the roast
When J— bawls out to the Chair for a Toast

But of good Household Features her Person was made
Nor by Faction cry'd up nor of Censure afraid
And her beauty was rather for Use than Parade

Her Blood so well mix't and flesh so well Pasted
That tho her Youth faded her Comliness lasted
The blew was wore off but the Plum was well tasted

Less smooth then her Skin and less white than her breast
Was this pollisht stone beneath which she lyes prest
Stop, Reader and Sigh while thou thinkst on the rest.

With a just trim of Virtue her Soul was endu'd
Not affectedly Pious nor secretly lewd
She cut even between the Cocquet and the Prude.

Her Will with her Duty so equally stood
That seldom oppos'd She was commonly good
And did pritty well, doing just what she wou'd.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Declining all Pow'r she found means to persuade
Was then most regarded when most she Obey'd
The Mistress in truth when she seem'd but the Maid

Such care of her own proper Actions She took
That on other folks lives She had no time to look
So Censure and Praise were struck out of her Book

Her thought stil confin'd to its own little Sphere
She minded not who did Excell or did Err
But just as the matter related to her

Then too when her Private Tribunal was rear'd
Her Mercy so mix'd with her judgment appear'd
That her Foes were condemn'd & her friends always clear'd

Her Religion so well with her learning did suite
That in Practice sincere, and in Controverse Mute
She shew'd She knew better to live then dispute

Some parts of the Bible by heart She recited
And much in historical Chapters delighted
But in points about Faith She was something short sighted

So Notions and modes She refer'd to the Schools
And in matters of Conscience adher'd to Two Rules
To advise with no Biggots, and jest with no Fools

And scrupling but little, enough she believ'd
By Charity ample smal sins She retriev'd
And when she had New Cloaths She always receiv'd

Thus stil whilst her Morning unseen fled away
In ord'ring the Linnen and making the Tea
That she scarce cou'd have time for the Psalms of the Day

And while after Dinner the Night came so soon
That half she propos'd very seldom was done
With twenty god bless Me's how this day is gone

While she read and Accounted & payd & abated
Eat and drank, Play'd & Work't, laught & Cry'd, lov'd & hated,
As answer'd the end of her being Created.

POEMS FROM LONGLEAT MSS.

In the midst of her Age came a cruel Disease
Which neither her Julips nor receipts cou'd appease
So down dropt her Clay, may her Soul be at peace

Retire from this Sepulchre all the Prophane
You that love for Debauch or that marry for gain
Retire lest Ye trouble the Manes of J——

But Thou that know'st Love above Intrest or lust
Strew the Myrtle and Rose on this once belov'd Dust
And shed one pious tear upon Jinny the Just

Tread soft on her Grave, and do right to her honor
Let neither rude hand nor ill Tongue light upon her
Do all the smal Favors that now can be done her

And when what Thou lik't shal return to her Clay
For so I'm perswaded she must do one Day
What ever fantastic J... Asgil may say

When as I have done now, thou shalt set up a Stone
For something however distinguisht or known
May some Pious Friend the Misfortune bemoan
And make thy Concern by reflexion his own.

MATTHEW PRIOR

FRAGMENTS FROM PRIOR'S
LETTERS, ETC.

FROM A LETTER TO THE EARL OF
DORSET.

Hague $\frac{14}{4}$ May, 94.

S PARE Dorsett's sacred life, decerning fate,
And death shall march thro' courts and camps in state,
Emptying his quiver on the vulgar great ;
Round Dorsett's board lett peace and plenty dance, }
Far off lett famine her sad reign advance, }
And war walk deep in blood thro' conquered France. }
Apollo thus began the mystic strain,
The muses' sons all bow'd and sayd Amen.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

From the Lexington Papers, 1851.
In a Letter from Prior to Lord and Lady Lexington,
1 March, 1695.

'Written on Scheveling Sands, with the point of my sword.'

N UMBER the sands extended here ;
So many Mary's virtues were :
Number the drops that yonder roll ;
So many griefs press William's soul.

WRITTEN IN THE LIBRARY,

[Wimpole] Dec. 2, 1720. M.P.

F AME counting thy books, my dear Harley, shall tell,
No man had so many and knew them so well.

APPENDIX

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR.

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MATTHEW PRIOR
AN
ANSWER
TO THE
Curious MAID.
A TALE.

*To Cloe's Lap all Men must yield ;
Against this Part there is no shield.*

Late Miscel.

THY Muse, O Bard ! that Wonders tell,
Fair CLOE's Charms Below Reveals ;
The Blissful Seat all Men Adore,
When felt ; when seen, that strikes no more :
Tho' thus thy MUSE Displays the Place,
Full oft Review'd in SHINING GLASS ;
Yet still *Neglects* thy vent'rous Lyre,
The *Greatest Joys* which Youths inspire.

As *Lab'rors* in the Oozy Mine,
Must deep Descend, (as Lakes of Brine)
In Caverns dark, thro' Veins below,
Thro' Mazes, Turnings, Windings go,
Earth's Treasures far beneath unbind,
The Gold and Silver Oar to find ;
So must each *Swain his Courage prove*,
Within, to seek the Joys of Love.

When *Ships* at Sea, in Storms are tost,
By furious Gales in Tempest lost ;
When foaming Waves disturb the Main ;
Below the Waters move *Serene* ;
Thus *Ruff* to view tho' CLOE's *Pride*,
Within the greatest Charms reside.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

'Tis no *One Toy* that wins the Swain,
 That gives to Youthful *DAMON* Pain ;
 The Eyes like Stars, and shining Hair,
 The globous Breasts our Youths Ensnare ;
 Fine Ivory Limbs conceal'd, Surprize ;
 The Vale, and Mount, and Snowy Thighs,
 Of Beauteous *CLOE* ne'er employ'd
 In Love, nor *Ever Once Enjoy'd* ;
 He's more than Man that *These* can view,
 And not the Game of Love persue.

When panting Breast to Breast is join'd,
 We Feast on Raptures unconfin'd,
 Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove,
 'The Immortality of LOVE.

Love's Pallace fills each Breast with Fire,
 This *Damon* moves with strong Desire :
 As *Lillies* fair the Banks adorn,
 And *Violets* in the Bosom worn ;
 As near some purling Streams are seen,
 The *spreading Boughs* of Willow Green ;
 As *Trees* that grace the verdant Plain,
 And *Hills* compleat the Rural Scene ;
 As Noble *Mansions* furnish'd round,
 With *Hangings* fair and *Fringe* abound ;
 So *CLOE* gay has *pow'rful Charms*,
 To set off what the Lover warms.

No single Joy the Swain excites,
 'Tis *All the Female* that invites ;
 Her Sense, her Wit, her Beauties all,
 By which the Youthful Lovers fall.

As Warriors in the Martial Field,
 Make stubborn Foes to Conduct yield ;
 By *various Arts* and *Toils* prevail,
 When *Canons* loud and *Mortars* fail ;
 Thus when their *Charms Below* are vain,
 By *others* Females Conquest gain.

FINIS.

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE
LYON
AND THE
FOX.

A LYON by his valiant Deeds preferr'd,
Was made the shepherd of a stately Herd ;
And carefully defends his Flock from Foes,
Tho' pow'rful Enemies their Peace oppose ;
And they who offer any Injury
Soon feel his Fury and are sure to die ;
The Trust he bore he did so well discharge,
His Mistress daily did his Pow'r enlarge :
For each good Deed She bore so much regard,
That each great Act ne'er mist a great Reward.

Whilst he abroad thus serviceable were,
Reynard at Home did no less Glory share
With Prudence manag'd mystick State Affairs,
As skill'd in them as th' other was in Wars.
He with such Faithfulness discharg'd his Trust,
Esteem'd by all to be both Wise and Just ;
And in his Service so successful Prov'd,
His Mistress Him next to the Lyon lov'd :
Which when the Lyon saw he angry grew
Being now grown Great he was grown haughty too.
A Partner in Glory he wou'd not allow,
And strives to work the Fox's overthrow.
As wicked Men do never want pretence,
When they wou'd wrong unspotted Innocence.
So He wou'd Treason lay upon his Head,
And make him bleed for what another did :
He wou'd against all Reason and all Laws,
First have him flea'd, and then he'd tell the Cause.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

The Fox had Truth and Justice on his side,
And all his Actions this base Deed denied.
He soon his former Lustre did regain,
And wipes away the Lyons Fatal stain :
He patiently puts up the Injury ;
But in a proper time reveng'd will be.
The haughty Lyon now was grown so great,
He ne'er expected any Change of State :
And the Allowance that his Mistress gave,
He thought too little, He still more wou'd have ;
And watchful Reynard by his Subtilty,
Did soon perceive the Lyons Roguery ;
Informs his Mistress, that what She allows
He on himself, not on Her Flock bestows,
Which He not only said, but prov'd it too,
And justly did procure his Overthrow.

THE MORAL.

A Man in Pow'r shou'd always cautious be
In off'ring any one an Injury ;
Lest fickle Fortune shou'd Reduce his State,
And bring him Low, and make the other Great ;
When of his help perhaps he'll stand in need,
If not, He's able to revenge the Deed.

FINIS.

MATTHEW PRIOR

An EPISTLE from the Elector of BAVARIA to the FRENCH King, after the Battle of RAMILLIES.

I F yet, great Sir, your heart can comfort know,
And the returning sighs less frequent flow;
If yet your ear can suffer ANNA's fame,
And bear, without a start, her MARLBRO's name;
If half the slain o'er wide *Ramillia* spread,
Are yet forgot, and in your fancy dead:

Attend, and be yourself, while I recite
(Oh! that I only can of losses wri[t]e!)
To what a mighty sum our ills amount,
And give a faithful, tho' a sad account.

Let not *Bavaria* be condemn'd unheard,
Nor, 'till examin'd, have his conduct clear'd;
Charge not on me alone that fatal day,
Your own commanders bore too great a sway.
Think! Sir, with pity think! what I have lost,
My native realms and my paternal coast,
All that a firm confed'rate could bestow,
Ev'n faith and fame, if you believe the foe.
Think what a heavy load o'erwhelms my breast,
With its own sorrows and with yours opprest;
After one battle lost, and country gone,
Vanquish'd again, alas! and twice undone.

Oh! where shall I begin? what language find
To heal the raging anguish of your mind?
Or if you deign a willing ear to lend,
Oh! where will my disastrous story end?

Conquest I often promis'd, I confess,
And who from such a pow'r could promise less?
There *Gallia's* force, and here *Bavaria's* shines,
Th' experienc'd household fills our crowded lines;
Already had our tow'ring thoughts o'er thrown
The *Belgian* host, while we survey'd our own,

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

Destroy'd their provinces with sword and flame,
 Let in their seas, and sack'd their *Amsterdam*;
 Already had we shar'd the fancy'd spoil,
 (Imaginary trophies crown'd our toil)
Batavian standards at this temple gave,
 In that the *British* crosses doom'd to wave,
 A rural seat assign'd each captive chief,
 In flow'ry gardens to assuage his grief,
 And by his Arts, and first escape prepar'd,
 On *MARLBRO* had bestow'd a double guard.

Paris impatient for the conquer'd foe,
 Hasten'd the tuneful hymn and solemn show;
 Triumphal chariots for the victor stay'd,
 And finish'd arches cast a pompous shade;
 With nicest art the bards had dress'd their lays,
 Of nothing fearful but to reach our praise;
 But all our hopes and expectation crost,
 What lines have we? what fame has *Boileau* lost?

Your army now, fixt on its high designs,
 Rush forth like vernal swarms, and quit their lines;
 Eager the *Dyle* they pass to seek the fight,
Judoïna's fields with sudden tents are white,
 The foe descends, like torrents from the hills,
 And all the neighb'ring vale tumultuous fills:
 Preluding cannons tell th' approaching storm,
 And working armies take a dreadful form.

Soon your victorious arms, and stronger force,
 Tore all the left, and broke the *Belgian* horse;
 Their scatter'd troops are rally'd to the fight,
 But only rally'd for a second flight:
 As when high heav'n on some aspiring wood,
 Which in close ranks, and thickest order stood,
 Pours its collected stores of vengeance down,
 Cedars are seen with firs and oaks o'erthrown,
 Long ravages and intervals of waste!
 So gor'd their lines appear'd, and so defac'd.
 The third attack had ended all the war,
 Sunk their whole force, and sav'd your future care,
 Had *MARLBRO*, only *MARLBRO*, not been there.

}

As some good genius flies, to save the realms

MATTHEW PRIOR

Which, in his absence born, a plague o'erwhelms,
Through op'ning squadrons did the hero haste,
And rais'd their drooping courage as he past.

Amidst the routed *Belgians* he arriv'd,
Turn'd the pursuit, the fainting fight reviv'd,
Supply'd each rank, fill'd ev'ry vacant space,
And brought the battle to its former face.

With trembling hearts we see our fate decreed ;
Where MARLBRO fights how can a foe succeed ?
To reach his life our boldest warriors strive,
On him the storm with all its thunder drive ;
He stems the war, and half encompass'd round
Still clears his way, and still maintains his ground :
Amaz'd I saw him in such dangers live,
And envy'd him the death I wish'd to give.

But how our rising pleasure shall I tell ?
The thund'ring steed, and the great rider, fell :
We thank'd kind heav'n, and hop'd the victor slain,
But all our hopes, and all our thanks were vain :
Free from the guilt of any hostile wound
Alive he lay, and dreadful on the ground.

As when a lion in the toils is cast,
That uncontroll'd had laid the country waste,
Th' insulting hinds surround him, who before
Fled from his haunts, and trembled at his roar ;
So round beset the mighty *Briton* lies,
And vulgar foes attempt the glorious prize.
'Till fresh battalions to his succour brought,
Contending armies for the hero fought ;
The wanted steed some friendly hand prepar'd,
And met a fatal, but a great, reward :
A glorious death ; of his lov'd lord bereft,
The pious office unperform'd he left.

The rescu'd chief, by the past danger warm'd,
Our weaken'd *houshold* with new fury storm'd :
While all around to our admiring eyes
Fresh foes, and undiscover'd squadrons, rise.
The boasted guards that spread your name so far,
And turn'd where-e'er they fought the doubtful war,
With heaps of slaughter strow'd the fatal plain,

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

And did a thousand glorious things in vain ;
 Broke with unequal force such numbers die,
 That I my self rejoic'd to see them fly.
 But oh ! how few preserv'd themselves by flight !
 Or found a shelter from th' approaching night !
 Thousands fall undistinguish'd in the dark,
 And five whole leagues with wide destruction mark.

Scarce at *Ramillia* did the slaughter end,
 When the swift victor had approach'd *Ostend* ;
 Took in whole states and countries in his way,
Brussels, nor *Ghent*, nor *Antwerp* gain'd a day ;
 Within the compass of one circling moon,
 The *Lis*, the *Demer*, and the *Scheld* his own.
 What in the foe's, and what in *William's* hand,
 Did for an age the power of *France* withstand ;
 Tho' each campaign the crowded nations drain'd,
 And the fat soil with blood of thousands stain'd ;
 Those forts and provinces does *MARLBRO* gain
 In twice three suns, and not a soldier slain ;
 None can suspend the fortune of their town,
 But who their harvest and their country drown ;
 Compell'd to call (his valour to evade)
 The less destructive ocean to their aid.

Oh ! were our loss to *Flandria's* plains confin'd !
 But what a train of ills are still behind ?
 Beyond the *Adige* *Vendome* feels the blow,
 And *Villars* now retires without a foe,
 The fate of *Flanders* spreads in *Spain* the flame,
 And their new monarch robs of half his fame ;
 But *France* shall hear in some late distant reign,
 An unborn *Lewis* curse *Ramillia's* plain.

Whither, oh ! whither shall *Bavaria* run ?
 Or where himself, or where the victor shun ?
 Shall I no more with vain ambition roam,
 But my own subjects rule in peace at home ?
 Thence an abandon'd fugitive I'm driv'n,
 Like the first guilty man by angry heav'n
 From his bless'd mansions, where th' avenging lord
 Still guards the passage with a brandish'd sword,
 Or shall I to *Brabantia's* Courts retire,

MATTHEW PRIOR

And reign o'er distant provinces for hire?
Shall I with borrow'd government dispense,
A royal servant and another's prince?
These countries too (oh my hard fate!) are lost,
And I am banish'd from a foreign coast;
Now may I fight secure of future toils,
Of no new countries a third battle spoils.

Oh, *Tallard*! once I did thy chains deplore,
But envy now the fate I mourn'd before;
By bondage bless'd, protected by the foe,
You live contented with one overthrow;
Her captive, *Britain* kindly kept away
From the disgrace of the last fatal day.

How does my fall the haughty victor raise,
And join divided nations in his praise;
Grateful *Germania* unknown titles frames,
And *CHURCHILL* writes amongst her sov'reign names.
Part of her states obey a *British* lord,
Small part! of the great empire he restor'd.
From the proud *Spaniard* he extorts applause,
And rivals with the *Dutch* their great *Nassaus*.
In ev'ry language are his battles known,
The *Swede* and *Pole* for his, despise their own.
A thousand sects in him their safety place,
And our own saints are thank'd for our disgrace.
England alone, and that some pleasure gives,
Envies herself the blessings she receives.

My grief each place renews where-e'er I go,
And ev'ry art contributes to my woe;
Ramillia's plain each painter's pencil yields,
Bavaria flies in all their canvas fields:
On me, young poets their rude lays indite,
And on my sorrows practise how to write;
I in their scenes with borrow'd passion rage,
And act a shameful part on ev'ry stage.

In *Flandria* will the tale be ever told,
Nor will it grow, with ever telling, old:
The lisping infants will their *MARLBRO* raise,
And their new speech grow plainer in his praise;
His story will employ their middle years,

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

And in their latest age recall their fears,
 While to their children's children they relate
 The business of a day, their country's fate :
 Then lead them forth, their thoughts to entertain,
 And shew the wond'ring youth *Ramillia's* plain ;
 'Twas here they fought, the *houshold* fled that way,
 And this the spot where *MARLBRO* prostrate lay.

Here they, perhaps, shall add *Bavaria's* name,
 Censure his courage, and his conduct blame :
 'Tis false, 'tis false, I did not basely yield,
 I left indeed, but left a bloody field :
 Believe not, future ages, ne'er believe
 The vile aspersions which these wretches give ;
 If you too far my injur'd honour try,
 Take heed, my ghost, it will, it shall, be nigh,
 Rise in his face, and give the slave the lie.

Why should the stars thus on *Britannia* smile,
 And partial blessings crown the fav'rite isle ?
Holland does her for their great founder own ;
Britannia gave to *Portugal* a crown :
 Twice by her queens does proud *Iberia* fall ;
 Her *Edwards* and her *Henry's* conquer'd *Gaul* :
 The *Swede* her arms from late oppression freed,
 And if he dares oppress, will curb the *Swede*.
 She, from herself, decides her neighbours fates,
 Rescues by turns, by turns subdues their states ;
 In the wide globe no part could nature stretch
 Beyond her arms, and out of *Britain's* reach :
 Who fear'd, she e'er could have *Bavaria* seen ?
 Such realms, and kingdoms, hills, and seas between ?
 Yet there,—oh sad remembrance of my woe !
 Distant *Bavaria* does her triumphs show.
 Proud state ! must *Europe* lie at thy command,
 No prince without thee rise, without thee stand !
 What share ? what part is thine of all the spoil ?
 Thine only is the hazard and the toil.
 An empire thou hast sav'd and all its states,
Iberia's realms have felt severer fates :
 What wou'dst thou more ? still do thy arms advance ?
 Heav'n knows what doom thou hast reserv'd for *France* !

MATTHEW PRIOR

From whose wise care does all the treasure rise,
That slaughter'd hosts and shatter'd fleets supplies?
From whence such boundless conquest does she reap,
Purchas'd with all her boasted millions cheap?

O bless'd! oh envy'd QUEEN! that does command
At such a time, in such a happy land;
Great in her armies and her pow'rful fleet!
Great in her treasures! in her triumphs great!
But greater still! and what we envy most,
That can a MARLBRO for her subject boast!

Oh, *Gallia*! from what splendors art thou hurl'd!
The terror once of all the Western World;
Thy spreading map each year did larger grow,
New mountains still did rise, new rivers flow;
But now surrounded by thy ancient mounds,
Dost inward shrink from thy new-conquer'd bounds.
Why did not nature, far from MARLBRO's worth,
In distant ages bring her *Louis* forth?
Each uncontroll'd had conquer'd worlds alone,
Happy! for *Europe*, they together shone.

Cease! *Louis*, cease! from wars and slaughter cease!
Oh! sue at last, 'tis time to sue, for peace!
Urge nor too far your twice unhappy fate,
Nor MARLBRO's stronger arm confess too late:
Who never camps or rough encounters saw,
Can no just image of the hero draw:
He must, alas! that MARLBRO truly knows
Face him in battle, and whole armies lose.
Believe me, Sir, on my unwilling breast,
Fate has his virtues one by one impress:
With what a force our *Schellemburg* he storm'd!
And *Blenheim*'s battle with what conduct form'd!
How great his vigilance; how quick his thought;
What his contempt of death, *Ramillia* taught.
These nature cool for peace and counsel forms,
For battle those with rage and fury warms;
But to her fav'rite *Britain* does impart
The coolest head at once and warmest heart;
So does *Sicilia*'s lofty mountains show
Flames in her bosom, on her head the snow.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

My youth with flatt'ring smiles did Fortune crown,
The more severely on my age to frown?
Of Pleasure's endless stores I drank my fill,
Officious Nature waited on my will;
The *Austrian* rescu'd, and the *Turk* o'erthrown,
Europe and *Asia* fill'd with my renown:
Blasted are all my glories and my fame,
Lost is my country and illustrious name;
The titles from their present lord are torn,
Which my great ancestors so long had borne;
No native honours shall my offspring grace,
The last Elector with a num'rous race.
Half my unhappy subjects lost by wars,
The rest for a worse fate the victor spares:
Were they for this entrusted to my care?
This the reward the brave, the faithful share?
My sons lament, in distant dungeons thrown,
Unacted crimes, and follies not their own;
But oh! my consort!—my o'erflowing eyes
Gush forth with tears, and all my sorrows rise,
While the dear tender exile I bemoan;
Oh royal bride! oh daughter of a throne!
Not thus I promis'd when I sought thy bed,
Thou didst the brave, the great *Bavaria* wed:
Curst be ambition! curst the thirst of pow'r!
And curst that once-lov'd title Emperor!

Excuse, great Sir, the ravings of a mind,
That can so just a cause for sorrow find;
My words too rudely may a monarch greet
For oh! was ever grief like mine discreet!
No suff'rings shall my firm alliance end,
An unsuccessful, but a faithful friend.

MATTHEW PRIOR

*An Apology to a Lady, who told me,
I cou'd not love her heartily, be-
cause I had lov'd others.*

In Imitation of Mr. Waller.

FAIR *Sylvia*, cease to blame my Youth
For having lov'd before ;
So Men, e'er they have learnt the Truth,
Strange Deities adore.
My Youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like Bees o'er gawdy Flow'rs ;
And many thousand Loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.
For, *Sylvia*, when I saw those Eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there ;
Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
And vanish into Air,
If I from this great Rule do err,
New Beauties to explore ;
May I again turn Wanderer,
And never settle more.

Against Modesty in Love.

FOR many unsuccessful Years
At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay ;
And often bath'd 'em with my Tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate Wretch before the Shrine
Of any Saint above,
E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.
Still the disdainful Dame look'd down
With an insulting Pride ;
Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,
Or toss'd her Head aside.
When *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
Use more prevailing Charms,

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

Fond, whining, modest Fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your Arms.
With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,
From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;
The Lips he warmly must invade,
Who wou'd possess the Heart.
With that I shook off all my Fears,
My better Fortune try'd;
And *Cynthia* gave, what she for Years
Had foolishly deny'd.

On a young Lady's going to Town in the Spring.

ONE Night unhappy *Celadon*,
Beneath a friendly Myrtle's Shade,
With folded Arms and Eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his Love-sick Head:
Whilst *Thyrsis* sporting on the neighb'ring Plain,
Thus heard the discontented Youth complain.

Ask not the Cause why sickly Flow'rs
Faintly recline their drooping Heads;
As fearful of approaching Show'rs,
They strive to hide them in their Beds,
Grieving with *Celadon* they downward grow,
And feel with him a Sympathy of Woe.

Chloris will go, the cruel Fair,
Regardless of her dying Swain
Leaves him to languish, to despair,
And murmur out in Sighs his Pain.
The fugitive to fair *Augusta* flies,
To make new Slaves, and gain new Victories.

So restless Monarchs, tho' possess'd
Of all that we call State or Pow'r,
Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
Vainly ambitious still of more.
Round the wide World impatiently they roam,
Not satisfy'd with private Sway at home.

MATTHEW PRIOR

*When the Cat's away,
The Mice may play.*

A

FABLE,

Humbly inscribd to

Dr. Sw—t.

In Domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant :

In Domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant.

A Lady once (so Stories say)
By Rats and Mice infested,
With Gins and Traps long sought to slay
The Thieves ; but still they scap'd away,
And daily her molested.
Great Havock 'mongst her Cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her :
At length Grimalkin to her Aid
She call'd (no more of Cats afraid)
And begg'd him to relieve her.
Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The Vermin back retreated ;
Grimalkin swift as Lightning flew,
Thousands of Mice he daily slew,
Thousands of Rats defeated.
Ne'er Cat before such Glory won,
All People did adore him :
Grimalkin far all Cats out-shone,
And in his Lady's Favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.
Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's Glory :
Her favourite Lap Dog now was grown
Neglect'd, him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any T[or]y.
She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the Cat regarded,
But firmly is resolv'd upon 't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on 't,
She'll have the Cat discarded.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

She Begs, she Storms, she Fawns, she Frets,
 (Her Arts are all employ'd)
 And tells her *lady* in a Pett,
Grimalkin cost her more in Meat
 Than all the *Rats* destroy'd.

At length this Spiteful *Waiting-maid*
 Produc'd a Thing amazing ;
 The Favourite *Cat*'s a Victim made,
 To satisfy this prating Jade,
 And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now *Lap Dog* is again restor'd
 Into his *Lady*'s Favour ;
 Sumptuously kept at Bed and Board,
 And He (so *Nab* has given her word)
 Shall from all *Vermin* save Her.

Nab much exults at this Success,
 And, overwhelm'd with Joy,
 Her *Lady* fondly does caress,
 And tells her *Fubb* can do no less,
 Than all Her Foes destroy.

But vain such Hopes ; The *Mice* that fled
 Return, now *Grim*'s discarded ;
 Whilst *Fubb* till Ten, on Silken Bed,
 Securely lolls his drowsy Head,
 And leaves Cheese unregarded.

Nor *Rats*, nor *Mice* the *Lap Dog* fear,
 Now uncontrol'd their Theft is :
 And whatso'er the Vermin spare,
Nab and her *Dog* betwixt them share,
 Nor Pie, nor Pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their Deceit,
 At once, and slander *Grim* ;
Nab says, the *Cat* comes out of spight
 To rob her *Lady* every Night,
 So lays it all on him.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Nor Corn secure in Garret high,
Nor Cheesecake safe in Closet ;
The *Cellars* now unguarded lye,
On ev'ry Shelf the *Vermin* Prey,
And still *Grimalkin* does it.

The Gains from Corn apace decay'd,
No Baggs to Market go :
Complaints came from the Dairy-maid,
The *Mice* had spoil'd her Butter Trade,
And eke her Cheese also.

With this same *Lady* once there liv'd
A trusty *Servant Maid*,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her *Lady* was deceiv'd,
And hasten'd to her Aid.

Much Art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the Deceit ;
At length she to the *Lady* goes,
Discovers her Domestick Foes,
And opens all the Cheat.

Struck with the Sense of Her Mistake,
The *Lady* discontented,
Resolves again Her *Cat* to take,
And ne're again Her *Cat* forsake
Least she again repent it.

A FABLE OF THE WIDOW AND HER CAT.

A WIDOW kept a favourite Cat,
At first a gentle Creature ;
But when he was grown Sleek and Fat,
With many a Mouse, and many a Rat,
He soon disclos'd his Nature.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO PRIOR

The Fox and He were friends of old,
Nor cou'd they now be parted;
They Nightly slunk to rob the Fold,
Devour'd the Lambs, the Fleeces sold,
And Puss grew Lion-hearted.

He scratch'd her Maid, he stole the Cream,
He tore her best lac'd Pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the Beam,
Nor Chick, nor Duckling 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the Fox to Dinner.

The Dame full wisely did Decree,
For fear he shou'd dispatch more,
That the false Wretch shou'd worry'd be;
But in a saucy manner He
Thus Speech'd it like a L[echme]re :

“Must I, against all Right and Law,
“Like Pole-Cat vile be treated?
“I! who so long with Tooth and Claw
“Have kept Domestick Mice in awe,
“And Foreign Foes defeated!

“Your Golden Pippins, and your Pies,
“How oft have I defended?
“'Tis true, the Pinner which you prize
“I tore in Frolick; to your Eyes
“I never Harm intended.

“I am a Cat of honour.”—“Stay,”
Quo' She, “no longer parley;
“Whate'er you did in Battle slay,
“By Law of Arms became your Prey,
“I hope you won it fairly.

“Of this, we'll grant you stand acquit,
“But not of your Outrages:
“Tell me, Perfidious! Was it fit
“To make my Cream a Perquisite,
“And Steal, to mend your Wages?

MATTHEW PRIOR

“So flagrant is Thy insolence,
“So vile Thy Breach of Trust is,
“That longer with Thee to Dispense,
“Were want of Pow’r, or want of Sense :
“Here, Towzer !—Do Him Justice.”

A Paraphrase on the FRENCH.

I N Grey-hair’d *Celia*’s wither’d Arms
As mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry’d, if I have any Charms,
My Dearest let’s away.
For you, my Love, is all my Fear,
Hark how the Drums do Rattle :
Alas, Sir ! what shou’d you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle ?
Let little *Orange* stay and fight,
For *Danger*’s his Diversion ;
The Wise will think you in the Right,
Not to expose your Person :
Nor vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory :
You ought to leave so mean a Care
To those who Pen your Story.
Are not *Boileau* and *Corneile* paid
For Panegyrick Writing ?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of Fighting.
When Foes too saucily approach,
’Tis best to leave them fairly :
Put Six good Horses in your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.
Let *Boufflers*, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it ;
Whilst you, great Sir, at *Nostredame*,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

NOTES

p. 1. The Hind and the Panther, etc. Written jointly by Prior and Charles Montague. Re-published in *State Poems*, 1703, and (verses only) in the unauthorised edition of Prior, 1707 (see Vol. 1 of the present edition, p. 362). It was also published in 1709 'London: Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-fryars, near the Water-side, 1709. Price Three Pence.' The edition of 1709 is practically identical with the text of 1687 here printed, differences of spelling and punctuation excepted. A few differences in the 1707 edition are noted below.

Among the Longleat papers is preserved the following copy of a letter from the original in Prior's own hand:

THE OCCASION OF WRITING THE COUNTRY-MOUSE, AND THE CITY-MOUSE.

In a Letter To

Mr Dryden turning R: C: wrote a Poem which he called the H. and the P. by the H. he means the Church of R: and the C: of E: by the P: The Argument of the whole Work is that the P: walking abroad one Evening was met by the H. and invited to her Cell, and there entertained with abundance of Civility. They talk together of the Plot and the Test, real presence in the Sacrament, Infallibility in matters of Faith. Tell one another two long Stories in which they allude to the State each C: has of late been under, and is in at present, and so bid each other good Night.

When People expected a great deal from so famous a Man on so fine a subject, Out comes this Poem applauded by the Pa: and at first a little dreaded by the Protestants: but the noise it made (like that of the Log in Æsop's Fable) was only terrible at first, like the Log to[o] the Poem was found lumpish and ridiculous, & so soon trampled and insulted on by every One. The main objection against it was that the matter of it was false and invidious, and the way of its writing ungentile & rayling; but Billingsgate Manners in better Language, and far below even the dignity of Satyr, for which the Author has formerly been beaten. For it affirms that the Reformation took its Original from the Lust of K. II. VIII, and the luxury and incontinence of Martin Luther, that the C. of E. sides with the Phanatics against the K. that her Doctrines continue or change just as the State pleases with many other indignities as malicious as any Jesuit could invent, & yet so very absurd as hardly an Irish man would repeat 'em.

The second Objection was that this piece contradicted the known rules of Poetry and even common Sense, for the whole being a Fable the Beasts who speak should have reference to the Characters of the Persons they represent, thus by a Lion, a Wolf or a Fox, we mean a fierce, a rapacious, or a designing Man because the Nature of these Creatures and the Inclinations of such Men bear something of resemblance and proportion. Now, by his two Beasts how can we Understand the Two Churches the C: of R: is no more like a hind

NOTES

than 'tis like an Elephant, & the Rhinoceros is as good a representation of the C. of E. as the Panther.

Then the Beasts should keep such Company as tis likely they may love as tis probable they should know, or else 'tis not a Fable. A hind, who is so quiet and innocent a beast would not in all probability be much delighted in the Conversation of so fierce & Cruel a Creature as a Panther, or if She was, they would discourse rather of Woods and Shades and Streams than of St Paul to the Corinthians and the Council of Trent. The hind, I fancy would not run over the Fathers, or repeat the Canan Law and the Code, and if She did the Panther would scarce be able to tell her where she quoted false or when She argued foul.

Amongst Authors who have written a Fable, Correct and well Horace has told the Common Tale of the City M: and the C: M: in Latin, and Mr: Cowley has Translated it into English. This Fable we have ridiculed and told in the same way Mr. Dryden does his H: and P: it being really as probable and Natural that two Mice should take a Coach, go to the Tavern, get drunk, break windows and be taken by the Constable, as that a hind and a Panther should sit up all Night together a talking; One proving Oates and Bedlow were Villains, and desiring the Penal Laws may be Repealed, and t'other defending the Doctrines of Non resistance and Passive Obedience.

To make the thing yet more ridiculous we took the same humour the D: of B: had some years since in his play, the Rehearsal, that is we Bring in B: by whom we mean D: defending (as his way is) the foolishhest things in his Poem, and Smith & Johnson by whom we mean any two Gentlemen of Tolerable Sense and judgement finding these faults which are most Obvious, and urging B. to be ridiculous. Thus M: I have given you[r] Honor an Account of the Original of this Trifle, the Credit it happened to gain at L. was indifferent to me till my L: of Ex: was pleased not to discommend it at Burleigh, and what ever was said of it before I had no reason to sit down contented with the Value of it, or of any thing I ever writ, till Your Honor thought it not unworthy Your Acceptance

So thõ we chance to have some smal Estate
And few dispise and some approve our Fate
Repining stil we view our little Store
Judge the World errs, and think our Selves but poor
But when we offer to the Pow'rs above
When they are kind, when they our Gifts approve¹
Then our own Happiness we justly Prize
And bless the Stores that gave the Sacrifice.

I beg your Honors pardon for making Similies, a Young Poet can no more write without them, than a parson preach without a Text, I am

May it please Your Honor

Your Honors
most Devoted and Obedient
Servant

M. PRIOR.

p. 3, l. 23. *misprint*] Atteninto.

p. 4, l. 9. *misprint*] Chnrch. l. 10. *misprint*] iu. l. 14. *misprint*] bring. l. 15. *misprint*] Thongh. l. 22. *misprint*] Understanding.

¹ Alt. reading:

But when to Heav'n that very Wealth we give
And the kind Pow'rs our little Gifts receive.

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- p. 19, l. 7. 1707] Jenner's took.
 p. 20, l. 4. 1707] observations. l. 17. 1707] But thank you.
 p. 21, l. 36. 1707] does in Darkness.
 p. 22, l. 2. 1707] makes the. l. 4. 1707] of a. l. 6. 1707] tribe below. l. 36. 1707] with her.
 p. 23, l. 17. 1709] which this.
 p. 24, l. 19] *an exclamation mark has been added at the end of the line.*
 p. 27, l. 34. 1707] us not.

p. 29. The original title includes (between 'Friends' and 'Vain') the following: 'To which is added, | Threnus: | or, | Stanzas upon his Death. | By a Fellow-Collegian.' Copies exist with the couplet signed Buckingham, and a Dublin imprint: 'Printed by & for George Grierson, at the Two Bibles in Essex St. 1722.'

p. 31. The footnotes throughout are those of the text reprinted.

p. 33. First published in 1718 (?). The title *The Female Phaeton* is scratched through in the undated British Museum copy, and above it is written in ink: *Upon Lady Kitty Hyde's first appearing in Publick. By Mr. Prior.* It bears the following imprint:—'*Printed for E. Curll, and sold by T. Warner in Pater-noster-row. (Price Twopence.) N.B. The Copy, before publish'd, has not one Stanza printed right.*' It differs from the text here printed as indicated below. The 'Copy before publish'd' may be the one entitled 'Upon Lady Katherine H—de's first appearing at the Play-House in Drury-Lane. By M—w P—r, Esq.; Sold by W. Graves in Paternoster-Row; and W. Chetwood at Cato's Head in Russel Court, near the Play-house. 1718 (Price Two-pence), a copy of which was in the Locker-Lampson collection. See also notes to *The Judgment of Venus*, below. l. 4. A MS. copy in the Brit. Mus. reads 'mad as Colt.' l. 23] better has She.

p. 34, l. 3] And make her. l. 9] Obtains.

p. 34. Published in A New | Miscellany | of | Original Poems, | Translations and Imitations | By the most Eminent Hands, | viz. | Mr. Prior, Mr. Harcourt, | Mr. Pope, Lady M. W. M. | Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Manley, &c. | Now first Published from their Respective | Manuscripts. | With some Familiar Letters by the late Earl of | Rochester, never before Printed. | London, | Printed for T. Jauncy at the Angel, without | Temple Bar. 1720. |

This Miscellany contains, *inter alia*, Prior's poem to the *Countess Dowager of Devonshire* (see ante, p. 31), *The Female Phaeton* (attributing it and the following poem to Mr Harcourt) and *The Judgment of Venus*. It also contains some verses *To Mr. Harcourt, occasioned by reading his Judgment of Venus; sent from Cambridge*. It would seem, therefore, that, during Prior's lifetime, *The Judgment of Venus* was ascribed to another pen. It should also be stated that neither *The Judgment of Venus* nor *The Female Phaeton* were included by Prior's executor, Adrian Drift, in the two volumes of Miscellaneous Works published by him in 1740, nor has any reference to them been found at Longleat, save the, perhaps, negative evidence of the *Answer* (see p. 335). On the other hand the very rare *Memoirs of the Life and Publick Employments of Matthew Prior, Esq.*, published by E. Curll in 1722, states 'The Two Copies of Verses upon Lady Katherine Hyde, have been mistakenly applied by some Persons to another Hand; tho' who ever will in the least but impartially consider, they must allow, that the Easy Turn, and Epigrammatick Point, in those Performances, could be the Product of no other, than Mr. Prior's peculiar Pen.' Now, I hope

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it may not be uncharitable to say of Curll that he had few scruples, and his lack of accuracy is attested in the paragraph immediately preceding the one quoted above, wherein, speaking of the poem to the *Countess Dowager of Devonshire*, he says it was '(the last Performance of that Master, in his own Hand-writing, without taking a Copy of it) He gave near Thirty Years ago to his Friend Anthony Hammond, Esq., and to that Gentleman the Reader is now obliged for its first Publication.' We have seen above that, as a matter of fact, the poem was published two years before Curll's *Memoirs and Supplement* saw the light. The evidence against the attribution of *The Judgment of Venus* and *The Female Phaeton* to Prior appears to be strengthened by the *Answer* now first published.

p. 36. *The Song to his Mistress* was published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, The First Part, 1702, in the unauthorised edition of Prior's poems published in 1716 and also in the *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems*. See Vol. 1 of present edition, p. 362. The text of 1716 misprints *Desires* in the first line. The four poems that follow were part of the same collection.

An Ode...Horace was first published in 1692, 'London, Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges-Head in Chaucery-Lane near Fleetstreet.' Prior's authorship is acknowledged on the title-page.

p. 37, l. 8. 1692] Enervate. l. 21. *misprint*] Henecforth.

p. 42, l. 10. 1692] or Sighs. l. 23. *misprint*] dust. l. 31] *a comma has been taken away after* only.

p. 45. This poem had previously appeared in the *State Poems* of 1697 and the collections of 1707, 1716, 1722, etc.

p. 47. Published in Poems | on | Affairs of State: | from | The time of Oliver Cromwell, to the | Abdication of K. James the Second. | Written by the greatest Wits of the Age. | viz. | Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Rochester, Lord Bu . . . st, Sir John Denham, Andrew Marvell, Esq; Mr. Milton, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Waller, Mr. Ayloffe, &c. [in double columns] | With some Miscellany Poems by the same: | Most whereof never before Printed. | Now carefully examined with the Originals, and | Published without any Castration. | Printed in the Year 1697.

In 'The Table,' the poem is, possibly erroneously, dated 1684. The 1697 text shows the following variants:

p. 48, l. 1] fair. l. 3] too *John Dryden*. l. 17] halloo.

p. 49, l. 5] Verses. l. 8] can hit.

p. 51, l. 9] I wou'd.

In copies of the *Poems on Affairs of State*, dated 1698, the *Satire* is stated to be 'By Mr. P——r,' and the following variations occur:

p. 48, l. 21] Or if.

p. 49, l. 5] Verses. l. 8] can hit.

p. 51, l. 9] I wou'd. l. 26] Horace.

The *Satire on the Modern Translators* and the *Satire upon the Poets* form part of the collections of 1707, 1716 (see Vol. 1 of this edition, pp. vii, viii and 362) and 1722. In the *Memoirs* | of the | Life | and | Publick Employments | of | Matthew Prior, Esq., | with | A Copy of his Last Will | and Testament. | Drawn up by Himself in the Year | MDCCXXI | which formed part of Curll's 1722 edition, it is stated, in the part not 'drawn up by' Prior, but, presumably, by Curll, that 'In the Year 1720, He published his Works, by Subscription, in one Volume in Folio, and met with that

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Encouragement which was due to his deserved Merit. But tho' in this Collection of his Poems he added several *New Pieces*, yet he omitted some very valuable *Old Ones*, particularly his *First Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq*: which his great Modesty prevailed with him to withdraw, only upon there being in the Close of that Piece, an innocent Joke upon Mr. *Mountague*, late Earl of *Halifax*. For a like Reason, he Omitted that agreeable *Satire* upon the *Translators of OVID'S Epistles*, and a *Satire* upon the POETS, in Imitation of the *VIIth Satire* of *JUVENAL*, on account of a few *Nipping Turns* upon Two Noblemen, lately deceased. An ODE in Imitation of the *Second ODE* of *HORACE*, written by Him in the Year 1692, is likewise Omitted, because he declared to have made some Use of that Piece in the Composing his *Carmen Sæculare*. Tho' it is rather to be presumed, this Omission was obtained by the persuasion of some Political-Friends, who thought the Revival of this ODE a Panegyrick too High for (a Prince above all Panegyrick) the late Immortal King *WILLIAM of Glorious Memory*. An Excellent POEM, to the *Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE*, upon a PIECE of *WISSIN'S*, *whereon were all her GRANDSONS Painted*, (the last Performance of that Master, in his own Hand-writing, without taking a COPY of it) He gave near Thirty Years ago to his Friend *ANTHONY HAMMOND, Esq*; and to that Gentleman the Reader is now obliged for its first Publication. The Two Copies of Verses upon *Lady KATHERINE HYDE*, have been mistakenly applied by some Persons to another Hand; tho' whoever will in the least but impartially consider, they must allow, that the Easy Turn, and Epigrammatick Point, in those Performances, could be the Product of no other, than Mr. *PRIOR'S* peculiar Pen; And it is hoped, that the Preservation of these PIECES, will be looked upon as an Act of strict Justice to his Memory.

Since the late Collection of his POEMS in Folio, Mr. *PRIOR* himself published Four POEMS, viz. I. The *Conversation. A Tale*. II. *COLIN'S Mistakes*. Written in Imitation of *SPENSER'S* Style. III. *VERSES* Spoke to the *Lady Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley*, in the Library of *St. John's-College, Cambridge, November the 9th, Anno Dom. 1719*. IV. Prologue to the *ORPHAN*. Represented by some of the *Westminster-Scholars*, at *Hickford's* Dancing-Room in *York-Buildings*, the 2d of *February, 1720*. Spoken by the *Lord DUPLIN*.

This is an exact Account of all the Genuine Works of Mr. *PRIOR*, hitherto published. As to the *Manuscripts* he has left behind him, the most considerable, we are informed, is one intitled, *Dialogues of the Dead*.'

I have referred previously (Vol. 1, p. viii) to *Pope's* statement that certain of *Prior's* poems were prudently disowned, and, in the introductory Note to the present volume, to the copies of the two *Satires* at *Longleat*. The following lines follow the last line of the *Satire upon the Poets* in the *Longleat* collection:

Thus far my Satyrist and angry Friend:
 You, Sir, began the Verse; and You must end.
 And may just *Phebus* his wish'd Aid deny;
 And my vex'd Strings in sullen Silence lye:
 When they forget Your Name: for O! to You
 My Song, my Thought, my very Soul is due.
 Then O! receive my Thanks: O deign to take
 The little Offering a poor Muse can make:
 That pants and Strives and fain wou'd let Men see
 How good her Patron and how grateful She.
 Fain wou'd — but soon she finds the noble Song
 A Theme too mighty for a Muse so Young;

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Then owns her Weakness, wishes, rages, grieves;
And with mad trouble the wrong'd subject leaves:
Yet Vows her Labor She'l one day renew,
With strengthn'd Wings the glorious Toil pursue;
And sing of wondrous Piety and You.

I am

Sir, may it please You,
Your most obliged and
most Obedient Servant

PRIOR.

The following variants occur in the text of 1707:

- p. 47, l. 21. like Tom Sternhold.
p. 48, l. 3. J. Dryden. l. 4. censures. l. 31. of his. l. 37. he would.
p. 49, l. 8. can hit.
p. 50, l. 8. Z——ns. l. 9. P. m . . . n. l. 14. he could.
l. 18. Not be. l. 35. bullies. l. 36. urges 'em.
p. 51, l. 9. I would. l. 15. it knew.
p. 52, l. 16. who long.
p. 53, l. 37. be o'.
p. 54, l. 3] a Duck Lane. l. 4] stuck 'gainst. l. 14] you in. l. 17] me two. l. 20] wisely try.
p. 55, l. 20] And she's. l. 29] the miscall'd. l. 33] dun.
p. 56, l. 10] so their. l. 11] their example. l. 33] As Carlisle now i' th'.

p. 57. *Epitaph Extempore*. These ll. are to be found in the following collection, from which the poems that immediately follow are taken. Some editions (*e.g.* Evans) read:

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior.

A | New Collection | of | Poems | on | *Several Occasions*. | By | Mr. Prior,
and Others. | Adorned with Cuts. | [design] | *London*: | Printed for Tho.
Osborne, in *Gray's-Inn*, | near the *Walks*, MDCCXXV.

A prefatory letter To *Sir Henry Hussey, Bart.* runs as follows:

It will certainly be allowed, Sir, by all who have the happiness of Your Acquaintance, that I do as much Justice to the Memory of Mr. Prior, by inscribing to You these his Remains, as I should have done Injury to the Public by concealing them.

The Tender I hereby make, will I hope, be the more acceptable, as You sometimes divert a Solitary Hour in the same agreeable Amusement; and I likewise hope, that Your Own Productions will One Day convince both the empty *Fop*, and the cavilling *Critic*, that the *Gentleman*, and the *Poet* are inseparable Companions.

May every *Idea* You form, be pleasing, & may every *Action* of Your Life meet the just Reward of true Honour, Generosity, and Friendship, (Virtues which tho' seldom found, are fully possessed by You,) is the Sincere wish of Honoured Sir,

Your most Obliged,

Most Obedient,

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,

PHILO-MUSIS.

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The volume contains 'Some Memoirs of the Life of the Author'; 'A True Copy of Mr. Prior's Last Will and Testament: Drawn up by Himself. *E Registro Curiae Prerogativæ Cantuarien'* Extract; *Threnus*: or, Stanzas on the Death of Mr. Prior; The Inscription upon Mr. Prior's Monument in *Westminster-Abbey. Made by Dr. Freind*; [the same] Attempted in *English*; Epitaph *Extempore* [printed on page 57 of the present volume]; Postscript [explaining the circumstances under which the *First Epistle* to *Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq.*, was written]; To the *Editor*, On the Publication of some of Mr. Prior's Posthumous Pieces [signed W. Pattison]; and the following poems:—The *Turtle and the Sparrow, Down-Hall*, An Epistle to *Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq.*, An Ode, in Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book of *Horace*, Verses Spoke to the Lady *Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley*, Prologue to the *Orphan*, The Conversation, *Colin's Mistakes*, To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of *Devonshire*, *The Female Phaeton*, *The Judgment of Venus*, Song [Whilst I am scorch'd, etc.].

A portrait of Prior by J. Clark, 1722, faces the title-page, and engravings by G. van der Gucht face *The Turtle and the Sparrow* and *Down Hall*. The volume also contains *The Curious Maid: A Tale. In Imitation of Mr. Prior.* By Hildebrand Jacob, *Esq.*, with the well-known plate by the same artist; *The Bubble: A Tale.* By Dean Swift; *The Nightingale* [by W. Pattison]; *The Court of Venus*...By the Same; *The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice*...By the Same; and, separately paged, *The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd*. Two pages of *Contents* at the end of the volume index this last work as an Appendix to the poems that precede it.

p. 58. The original title-page is as follows:

The | Turtle | and the | Sparrow. | A | Poem. | By the late Matthew Prior,
Esq; | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms, in | Warwick-
Lane. MDCCXXIII.

p. 60, l. 7. 1725 *misprints*] wirh. l. 10. 1723] Pascarella. l. 13.
1723] whole cruel.

p. 63, l. 36. 1723] was a.

p. 64, l. 17. 1723] died on.

p. 65, l. 12. 1723 *omits*] From.

p. 66, l. 27. 1725 *misprints*] ro. ll. 24—25. A copy at Longleat
inserts here:

These Notions oft' did I recite,
She drank them in with vast delight.
At home with equal freedom blest
We acted Both as each thought best;

p. 67, l. 1. 1725 *misprints*] constanr.

p. 68, l. 11. A copy at Longleat reads:

And as that veil she backward drew
And show'd her Opener face to View
The plagues, etc.

p. 69. Printed from Drift's volume. See my Note, p. viii. A copy at Longleat gives, as an alternative to ll. 5 and 6 of the poem:

Grow Ancient in a worthy husbands arms
Enamour'd by Thy Virtues deathless charms

and states that the lines were addressed to Mrs Margaret Harley.

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p. 70. The original edition contains the following title-page and preface:

Down-Hall: | a | Poem. | By the Late Mr. *Prior*. |

*Whene'er in moving Lines the Bard unfolds
The Solomonian Phrase, he strikes our Souls;
We scorn, the while we read the solemn Lays,
The World's Delusion, and the Bubble Praise.*

*Whene'er he girts with Wreaths the Victor's Brow,
He crowns the Hero, and the Poet too.*

*When Chloe's Form, and Emma's Flame he tells,
Th' infectious Passion ev'ry Reader feels.*

*Each diff'rent Song does ev'ry Breast inspire,
Our Hearts are tun'd according to his Lyre!*

London, | Printed for J. Roberts, in *Warwick-Lane*, | MDCCXXIII.
[Price 6d.]

THE PREFACE.

The uncommon Success that always attended the Works of Mr. *Prior*, is sufficient Encouragement to any one, to publish any Performance of that Gentleman's. But stronger were the Motives that induced me to it; I thought it an Injury done to the Memory of the Dead, and a Wrong to the World, to screen from Light any Thing of that immortal Man's; especially when it was in my Power to oblige the World therewith.

I thought it proper, on this Occasion, to inform the Reader, that the posthumous Works of Mr. *Prior*, publish'd some Time ago by Mr. *C—l*, are thought to be spurious. That this is genuine, will surely be doubted by none, unless of a very depraved Taste. Look on the *Thief* and *Cordelier*, and *Down-Hall*, then think if they could be wrote by separate Hands. See the Easiness of Thought, and Nature so artificially drawn, and judge if they can be any one's but a *Prior*'s.

Such are the Sentiments of some judicious Correspondence; by whose Advice I no longer conceal'd the following Poem, (the Copy of which has been above a Year in my Hands) but took this Opportunity to favour the Ingenious with it.

p. 70, l. 16. 1723] must go poke in. l. 4. 1723 adds footnote to Gadzooks] A Word that Mr. M—y often uses.

p. 71, l. 10. 1723] repair to Oliver M—n. l. 14. 1723] all your. l. 20. 1723] D—l. l. 21. 1723] Friend M—y. l. 32. 1723 adds footnotes to Ralpho and Newman] The Name of a Horse and The Name of a Man. [Cf. p. 405.] l. 35. 1723 adds footnote to Nymph] At Hodsdon, where in the Road is the Shape of a Nymph pouring Water out of an Urn.

p. 72, l. 1. 1723 adds footnote] Mr. M—y speaks. l. 3. 1723] that liv'd. l. 11. 1723] strangely are. ll. 30, 32. 1723] M—y . . . M—y.

p. 73, l. 5. 1723] call'd hey Down, hey. l. 8. 1723] and the Stocks. l. 9. 1723] Of the wise. l. 10. 1723 adds footnote] Mr. M—y speaks. l. 23. 1723] of our. l. 29. 1725 misprints] Eut.

p. 74, ll. 1, 3, 9, 11, 22. 1723] M—y. l. 24. 1723] G . . bs. l. 28. 1723] B—tt. l. 29. 1723] B—tty. l. 33. 1723 adds footnote] My Lord Harley.

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p. 75, l. 5. 1723 *omits this line.* ll. 6 ff. Published in 1720 'LONDON: Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-against Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXX. [Price 2d.]' Also 'Cambridge, Printed for Cornelius Crownfield; and are to be Sold by Jacob Tonson, Bookseller in London. Price Two Pence.' A framed copy can be seen in the library of S. John's College, Cambridge.

p. 76, ll. 11 et seq.] Published separately: 'London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-against Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXX.' There is a copy among the papers at Longleat.

p. 77] *a full-stop has been added at the end of l. 2.* The original edition of The | Conversation. | A | Tale. bears the following imprint: London: | Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head, over- | against Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXX.

p. 78, l. 20. 1720] Clark.

p. 79, l. 37. 1720 *adds*] Finis.

p. 80. Published separately: London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-against Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXXI.

p. 83. Also published in *Examen Poeticum: being The Third Part of Miscellany Poems.* The following are the variations in the Second Edition of this collection, 1706 (Jacob Tonson). l. 26. *E. P. omits part of and the following line.* l. 30] And curs'd I am, for God neglects my cry. l. 31] O Lord in. l. 35] O rise and save me from.

p. 84, l. 3] none sing. l. 5] is sweet. l. 7] and set me safe to. l. 8] O make my Longings and thy Mercy sure. ll. 11—14]

Behold the weary'd Prodigal is come
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home:
No Father he could find, no Friend abroad,
Depriv'd of Joy, and destitute of God.

l. 15] and his. l. 16] thou his Father...his Friend. ll. 19 ff. A copy at Longleat shows the following variants: Upon the King's taking Namur... that Lewis bought our King requires With Gold one bribed, the other storms with fires...Let flattering Boileau sing his earthly Jove. Jove Bribed...When he like...Active and young.

p. 85. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, wherein the following variations occur. l. 3] of Five. l. 4] the Author suppos'd Forty. l. 10] Passion. l. 23] *I have deleted a comma after things.*

There is also a copy at Longleat with the above alteration in the title and the addition of the name of Lady Mary Villiers.

p. 86. Published in *The Examiner*, Sept. 7, 1710, *i.e.* Number 6 'From Thursday August 31 to Thursday Sept. 7, 1710,' wherein the following variations occur. ll. 11 and 12] The Riddle. l. 19] cou'd do. l. 28] grown. l. 29] his stick. l. 32] What stranger Creature. l. 36] *The footnote is, apparently, Drift's.*

p. 87. The *Fable* was published in *The Examiner*, No. 3, 'From Thursday Aug. 10 to Thursday Aug. 17, 1710.' It is quoted in an article entitled 'A Continuation of the Remarks on Mr. Pett—m's Letter.' Mr Abel's *Song* is also among the Longleat papers.

p. 88. Both these poems were published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 5, where the former is called *The Wedding Night* and the latter *To a Lady That design'd going to a Fortune-Teller.* l. 12, p. 89 *reads*] matter.

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p. 89. Published in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, 1702, which reads :
l. 30] But when. l. 31] Then we presently.

There is also a copy at Longleat.

p. 90. Published in *Poetical Miscellanies*, Part 5, 1704, which reads :
l. 11] said. l. 12] Dream. l. 15] I lost. l. 16] Moonless. l. 24] I
gave. l. 28] did I.

p. 91, ll. 15 et seq.] A copy at Longleat describes it as 'Faithfully Translated from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 1,' and gives *rustic* for *rusty* (p. 92, l. 3) and *beauty* for *beauties* (p. 92, l. 12).

p. 95. Compare with the *Prologue to the Orphan*, p. 76.

p. 96. The Longleat copy of this poem is entitled simply *Written in the Year* 1696. l. 13 (*page, not poem*) reads] Horace and — on.

p. 98, l. 31] *a superfluous bracket at the beginning of the line has been removed.*

p. 111, l. 1. A copy at Longleat shows the following variations :
l. 3] Caelia. l. 5] For mass. l. 9] without bound. l. 11] Caelias.

p. 122, ll. 17 et seq. There is a copy of this poem at Longleat.

p. 127, ll. 10 et seq. *There is a copy at Longleat which reads (l. 4 of Enigma) o'er the waters, and gives, as an alternative to the last line:*

And half the Year they Sink and half they Swim.

l. 20. These lines are also among the Longleat papers, where they are entitled *The Lame & the Blind disputing the right to an Oyster found; The Lawyer decides the controversy*. The last two lines, however, appear to be a separate fragment.

p. 128, ll. 17 et seq. There is a copy of this poem at Longleat.

p. 129, l. 27. Cf. p. 360, l. 17.

p. 130, ll. 26 et seq. *The Longleat copy adds: Written in Lady Harriettes hand.*

p. 137, l. 25. *misprints*] cease.

p. 140, l. 31] *a comma has been deleted after happy.*

p. 153. The text of Evans's edition has been collated with the music-book in which these songs were first published, and one verse, the fifth of the 18th song, which previous editions have lacked, is now reprinted. This music-book is very rare. There is a copy in the Library of S. John's College, Cambridge. The title-page runs thus: Lyric Poems; | Being Twenty Four Songs | (Never before Printed;) | by the Late | Matthew Prior Esq^r.; | Set to Music | by Several Eminent Masters. |[Portrait] | Printed for & Sold by | Sam: Harding, | On the Pavement in St. Martins-Lane. | MDCCXLI | Publish'd Jan^{ry}. 1st. 1740/1.

The order of the songs here adopted is that of the above edition.
l. 14] *title obtained from music-book.*

p. 154, l. 21. *Evans*] should Heaven.

p. 156, ll. 20, 23. *Evans*] you. l. 26. *Evans*] will sure prevail.

p. 158, l. 10] *title obtained from music-book.*

p. 159, l. 17] *the s has been added to rhyme with cause.*

p. 160, l. 4. *Evans*] Let cruel fate us still. l. 8. *Evans*] trouble.

p. 161, l. 9. *Evans*] when the other.

NOTES

p. 162, l. 3. *Evans*] of paces. l. 16. *Evans*] disdain'd.

p. 163, ll. 2 and 17] *title and date obtained from music-book.*

p. 164, l. 25] *title obtained from music-book.*

p. 167, l. 28. *Evans*] in her does.

p. 168, ll. 13 et seq. A copy of this poem at Longleat shows the following variations: l. 26] pattern, Sir, She learnt to. l. 27] pursues. l. 28] And sure She ne'er...follow. l. 29] command. l. 30] smiling an aspiring. l. 31] To make.

p. 169, l. 2] palm, the muses. l. 3] Where closely both with glad embraces join'd. l. 4] twin'd. l. 5] to Your virtue due that could. l. 10] the sacred Song which. ll. 11 et seq. Cf. note to p. 272. There is a copy of this poem at Longleat, entitled *The First Copy To My Lord of Ely*, containing the following variations: l. 20] hour of rest. l. 21] by rig'rous Winters frost. l. 29] her greater shepherd. l. 31] your Tears.

p. 170, l. 2] soul. *omits* ll. 4 and 5. l. 6] Say what. l. 24] he that caus'd. l. 30] on their throne. l. 31] But Daphnis, friend, and happiness are fled. l. 32] tears I shed. l. 34] Was Daphnis then so kind.

p. 171, l. 1] ah. l. 4] like Thee. l. 5] sorrows. *adds*, between ll. 5 and 6:

Come, give thy anxious Soul its wonted Peace

And from this Hour let all sad troubles cease.

l. 6] Suppress thy sighs, those downcast. l. 7] present Thou adore'dst, him.

p. 172. A copy of the *Epigram* at Longleat shows the following variations: l. 3] Meek Franco. l. 5] caitiff claw. l. 6] may yet. l. 9] He may. l. 12] a single. l. 14. *Evans, though corrected in Errata*] Attebury's.

p. 175, ll. 8—12. In the Longleat papers this epigram is attributed to Pope, with the additional couplet:

This in the days of good King George I writ,

When Ambrose Phillips had a place for Wit.

A. Pope.

pp. 175 and 176. These two poems (*Ombre* and *Birthday*) should have been printed along with those contained in Drift's collection and not at the end of those taken from Evans, though both are to be found in Evans.

p. 180. These essays and dialogues exist in more than one MS. at Longleat. A few variants have been noted in a collation by Mr G. A. Brown of the various copies, and are given below: l. 13] of the Mathematicks. l. 16] *a full-point has been added after Greek and in similar cases at the end of a sentence.* l. 28] from the Isles.

p. 181, l. 8] *a colon has been added after Public.*

p. 182, l. 9] Picture. l. 18] of the Mind. l. 21] *a comma has been supplied after hand.*

p. 183, l. 9] Vertuosos. ll. 19 and 38] *commas have been added after Historians and Success.*

p. 184, l. 11] *a colon has been added after eminent.* l. 25] *so in the revised MS. printed from, but another MS. has but in the Latter the Ill and this may be the correct reading.* l. 26] in Sentence.

NOTES

- p. 185, l. 7] *a colon has been added after* thing. l. 16] continue in. l. 17] my part.
- p. 186, l. 2 *MS. printed from (referred to henceforward as MS.) reads* Definition depend. l. 14] into Quibble. ll. 26 and 29] *commas have been supplied after* Ordered and Convocation. l. 32] ward as Cautiously.
- p. 187, l. 33] *a semi-colon has been supplied after* Communication.
- p. 188, l. 13] of Orchestre.
- p. 190, l. 31] but a.
- p. 191, l. 12] Exercise. l. 21] thro' our Leggs.
- p. 192, l. 8] *a comma has been supplied after* Sword.
- p. 194, l. 36] the Shirt of.
- p. 195, l. 36] *a comma has been supplied after* Rule. l. 37] only for reason.
- p. 196, l. 5] dislikes it before. l. 39] has.
- p. 197, l. 37] *a colon has been supplied after* ensued.
- p. 198, l. 5] him that he. l. 8] is it for. l. 19] or levelled from. l. 29] Crump.
- p. 199, l. 22] grow.
- p. 202, l. 7] yield to or.
- p. 207, l. 10] *a comma has been supplied after* Preposition.
- p. 208, l. 17] Why Hast. l. 36] blank. l. 38] of one Hundred. l. 39] them the next.
- p. 209, l. 12] were useful. l. 33] not I.
- p. 210, l. 14] at Pavie. l. 18] Ordered Processions.
- p. 211, l. 2] in this life. l. 9] Errors. l. 15] Calliamachus. Cf. Vol. 1 of this edition, p. 198. l. 23] forgot the little.
- p. 212, l. 1] than the Heroes in. l. 8] Commonwealth, *Quo ad hoc*, than. l. 14] upon that.
- p. 213, l. 7] and ran over. l. 20] Assaulting every Body he. l. 23] throughout Christendom. l. 24] That of Franckfort.
- p. 214, l. 14] and Gout.
- p. 215, l. 15. MS.] Pheobus. l. 19] Orchard. l. 23] you have Answered, it was for Your Interest or your. l. 33] now so desired. l. 36] be strictly. l. 40] Colourings.
- p. 216, l. 1] to the Picture. l. 15. MS.] sately. l. 16] she does out. l. 25] Stories of how. l. 31] were mere Grammarians. l. 33] Declamations. On my Conscience I think there are but two very great Exceptions to my General Rule, Julius Caesar and Antoninus who could either tell what they did or how they thought.
- Chas.* What Signifies telling, words are your Province, Deeds are Ours, for under favor, Sir, all the while you live upon us you only write what we Act.
- p. 217, l. 13] part of the.
- p. 218, l. 12] nor sleep quietly. l. 40] is it for.
- p. 219, l. 4] Nay Since...Facts, Charles, before. l. 22] Equivoke two. l. 35] power. He.

NOTES

p. 220, l. 9] States at Bruxelles. l. 19] Monk of St. Just. l. 20] and when you waked.

p. 221, l. 14] my own life. l. 35] against who.

p. 222, l. 20] hark Ye.

p. 224, l. 16. MS.] avoding.

p. 225, l. 1. MS.] their.

p. 226, l. 4] You 1st set...and who ever. ll. 17 and 18] *commas have been supplied after is and Memnon.*

p. 227, l. 27. MS.] Extant. l. 30] *a comma has been supplied after Solidity.*

p. 228, l. 18] of you meant. l. 21] Grocer and the Fishmonger.

p. 229, l. 12] could doubt. ll. 35 ff.] upon the same squares of the board where we placed them, are said to be in the same place tho' the board it self be carried out of one Room into another and the Chessmen are stil said to be in the same place the chess board is still in the same place it was if it remains in....

p. 230, l. 2] the parts of.

p. 231, l. 1] that, and that. l. 38] traces made on.

p. 232, l. 19] whom You do. l. 29] we would do.

p. 233, l. 3. MS.] too. l. 16] together, seemingly unparted. l. 23. MS.] does. *Other copies read as a Swallow does at.*

p. 234, l. 7] Habitudes. l. 12] between Aversion. l. 16] Evils. l. 17] presented to me. l. 23. MS.] Diety.

p. 235, l. 14] Neighbours? you have. l. 38] too much nourishment. l. 40] may destroy our.

p. 236, l. 5] New. On another observation nothing is so firmly believed as that of which we know the least. l. 12] Losses should happen. l. 30] thought.

p. 237, l. 8] Lucretius his world. *A comma has been supplied after* Jumbled. l. 11] we skip to. l. 14] and lame. l. 18] ?Charron. l. 22. MS.] Mabbranch.

p. 238, l. 27. MS.] Petrach. l. 35] you say. l. 37] no other Creature.

p. 239, l. 9] but, do. l. 11] the Tassels to. l. 19] I told. l. 34] you seem to call.

p. 240, l. 18] that fall under. l. 25] Estates, or at least in the fixing our Wishes in regard to those Estates, l. 38] Estate where Pyrrho.

p. 241, l. 10 ff.] call in as many as you can of your Brother Philosophers to your Assistance, nay sometimes when you are talking against Orators and Poets you have recourse to Both for your very Figure and Expression when.

p. 242, l. 13] and the Audience Admired. l. 17] Languages. l. 24] your Page all represented. l. 26] the Cat might. l. 37] inclinations or Virtues. l. 39] Year.

p. 243, l. 1] *a comma has been supplied after* something. l. 12. MS.] nightground. l. 14] hours has been. l. 25] Men thro many. l. 38] Fiends upon.

p. 244, l. 3. MS.] kitching. l. 9] duplicated in error in the MS. l. 11] feelingly Hungry. l. 21] Science and labour. l. 40] are practicable; there.

NOTES

p. 245, l. 3] Side, nor to. l. 10. MS.] kitching. l. 16] Lord Truamadams. l. 19] *a comma has been taken away after* retain. l. 22] tho Margaret you. l. 23] Barrel or quart. l. 25] hundred Old.

p. 246, l. 13. MS.] your.

p. 247, l. 17] the Writings because.

p. 248, ll. 31 ff.] *M.* It is a debt we must all pay to Nature and some years sooner or later makes little difference in the Question compared with the years either past or to come, which joined together must make one Eternity for ought we know it was an uneasy thing to be born, and for ought we may know, we may not be sensible of those Pangs of Death under which the Standers by think we labour.

V. But to Dye as you did, to see the Headsman with the Axe after the Law had past your Sentence and Demanded the Execution of it.

M. No more than for the patient to see the Apothecary bring the Quieting Draught after the Physician has just given him over.

V. But that Pomp and Apparatus of Death, the Black Cloth and Coffin prepared, your Relations and Friends surrounding You—

M. Reason and Religion will soon get the better of these apprehensions. You see it did not as much as change or debase even my good Humour.

p. 249, l. 37] I was going to Animadvertise upon, he. l. 40] He lost his head because.

p. 250, l. 1. MS.] to. l. 24] Nil mali de Superiori.

p. 251, l. 5] *a comma has been supplied after* World. l. 33] is Communion.

p. 252, l. 1] put upon our. l. 6] respect of Persons. l. 20] into his House. l. 34] I find than.

p. 254, l. 13. MS.] Prudens futuri temporis exitum Caliginosa nocte premit Deus. A. l. 14] coming fraught with. l. 16] *a comma has been supplied after* durable. l. 36] laid him under.

p. 255, l. 13] with regret.

p. 256, l. 13] whimsical Persons have. l. 17] *M.* Let me give you some Examples in proof then [*rest defective*].

p. 257, l. 21] You are pleased. l. 27] the Mass of. l. 29] upon any.

p. 258, l. 1] Law. l. 10] a Compass, and. l. 32 ff.] Heresies. I tell thee plainly, Vicar once more that every Man is obliged to suffer for what is right, as to oppose which is Unjust, and conscience is at once the Law and Judge that will Convict or absolve You tho you stand accused by no Man and the Basis.

p. 260, l. 25] mention Men that were born.

p. 261, l. 8] many indeed there are that. l. 32] whereas without it I dyed.

p. 263, l. 16] of Three. l. 36] and thou.

p. 264, l. 9. MS.] of.

p. 265, l. 9] *a comma has been added after* real.

p. 266, l. 20. MS.] grows. l. 22] *commas have been added after* self and he. l. 38] their own Conscience.

p. 267, l. 14] have had what. l. 36] but of the mind.

NOTES

p. 268, l. 20] supplied from another MS. to take away the obscurity of the sentence.

p. 269, l. 12. MS.] Every Acts. *One MS. reads]* Every Man Acts.

p. 272, l. 1. Indexed in the MS. volume as *To Madam Katharine Prior*. Portions of the poem are utilised in the *Pastoral to Dr. Turner*: see pp. 169 ff. *ante*. There are several passages in the poems now reprinted that recall previously published lines and, in some cases, as in the poem under notice, lines have been bodily shifted from one poem to another. As in the case of all the poems, etc., printed from MSS., the punctuation is left as in the MSS. save where noted, or save in the addition of full-points at the ends of sentences. The MS. volume in which this and the following poems are contained is entitled *Poetical Miscellanies: Containing a Collection of Poems, etc., By Matthew Prior, Esq.*

p. 273, l. 12. MS.] the. l. 34. MS.] The.

p. 278, l. 9] blank in MS.

p. 281, l. 13] indexed as Katharine Prior. l. 24. MS.] repentance.

p. 283, l. 23. *A note in the index adds]* written very young.

p. 288, l. 3] The phrase 'To the Earl of Dorset' is crossed out in the index. ll. 11 and 12] the word 'Sir' before the beginning of the poem has been crossed out in the MS.

p. 289, ll. 8 ff. This poem was printed anonymously in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1703. I have followed the text of the printed version, inserting a few additional notes in square brackets from the Longleat MS. Cf. George Stepney's poem, 'Yes, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true.'

p. 293, l. 3. MS.] Conspiracy.

p. 294, l. 1. *The index adds]* written very young. l. 27] blank.

p. 298, l. 1. A verse of this is preserved in the Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 30303, where it is entitled 'A Song in praise of the Spring.' The Longleat MS. adds 'April 30, 1686. Set by Mr. Turner.' l. 6. B.M.] Joy and Glory of our sight! l. 7. B.M.] in thy posting. l. 8. B.M.] too swift flying course. l. 9. B.M.] Protect thy blossoms. l. 10. B.M.] Augment & still prolong. l. 11. B.M.] For oh we cannot wish. l. 12. B.M.] Tho Summer with her.

p. 299, ll. 1 ff. Cf. *The Second Part of Miscellany Poems...The Fifth Edition, London...Tonson...MDCCXXVII.*, p. 94, and earlier editions.

p. 302, ll. 25—28] these ll. are crossed out in the MS. and probably got into the transcript by error.

p. 303, l. 34] 'stinking' is crossed out in the transcript and 'filthy' substituted.

p. 305, l. 1. Titles in square brackets are mine. The fragment proceeds: 'Your writing to me I dare not thank You for that were to undervalue it, It shall be the business of my life to acknowledge as it has been the honor of it to have received so great a favor. I deferr'd writing too well knowing my own inabilities to perform your Lord^{ps} Commands. Alas, my Lord, we have little Wit stirring at London (but what Harry Pain has brought up for the Dissenters) or if there were a Distribution made, so little would fall to my share, that it would scarce be worth the sending.'

The 'Harry Pain' is probably Henry Neville Payne.

p. 305, l. 18. *Alternative reading rejected in MS.]* You write so that. l. 27. *Alt. reading]* Tho I dont fancy an.

NOTES

p. 306, ll. 25—30. *Alt. reading*]

Our vice & error chiefly spring from this
Not that we want but use our Parts amiss.

*Not Two in Twenty their own Talent know,
The Ox would champ the bitt, the War-horse plow,
The Coward Sieges and Campaigns recites,
The Cripple dances and the Coxcomb writes.

There is a note to these last four lines as follows: 'I was very Young when I wrote these 4* Verses in a Copy lost.'

p. 307, l. 30. *Alt. reading*] Who fain wou'd.

p. 309, ll. 1 ff.] dated 1689. l. 33. MS.] safe.

p. 310, ll. 1 ff. Printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. iii., 1704. I have followed the text of the printed version and supplied, in square brackets, a few words from the Longleat MS.

p. 311, l. 6] the line in *State Poems* reads 'Queen has an Open — too.'

p. 313, l. 15. MS.] Vitory.

p. 314, l. 19. MS.] Cœlia.

p. 315, l. 11] a comma has been taken away after earliest. l. 26. MS.] mentain.

p. 316, ll. 18 ff. This poem was printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. ii. 1703. In the index of the volume of *State Poems* the lines are stated to be 'written by the Lord J——s.' A copy at Longleat reads: Whose Tears and...One pick'd his...wou'd Both...the Parish...And that he wanted Sense as...William...And much...and They tugg.

p. 317, ll. 1 ff. This poem was printed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. iii., 1704. The text agrees with that of the Longleat MS.

p. 318, l. 10. *Alt. reading*] towring abodes.

p. 321, l. 6. MS.] pier'd. ll. 14—17. *Alt. reading*]

Far as the East and West extended goes,
Far as light Glitters, far as matter flows,
All beings have a certain Space to run.

p. 322, ll. 11 ff. The MS. states that the original of these verses were made by 'Theobald the fourth Comte of Champaign called Le faiseur de Chansons,' 'to Blanche the Wife of Louïs the VIII. King of France in 1200...' Vide the *Chansons du Roy de Navarre*. ll. 19 ff.] entitled 'Fragment' in MS. l. 24] *quotation marks have been added after horse*.

p. 324, l. 9. MS.] ought.

p. 325, l. 23. MS.] You.

p. 327, ll. 16—19] crossed out in the MS.

p. 329, ll. 25—28] these lines are crossed out. l. 29. *Alt. reading*] e'er with serious.

p. 331, l. 19] blank.

p. 332, l. 12. *Alt. reading*] So by the Aid.

p. 333, l. 27. *Alt. reading*] to sigh her Chains. ll. 15 ff. These fragments are given to show Prior's poems in the making. At end of l. 4 on p. 334 the couplet 'Far as the nymph,' etc., is repeated, with 'feel' or 'sigh' altered to 'own.' Lines 5—12 of the preceding fragments are crossed out in the transcript.

NOTES

p. 335, ll. 22 and 24. *Alt. reading*
 Having the Mothers charms confest
 I to The Daughters next Address.

p. 336, l. 9] blank. l. 17. MS.] Jane. l. 26. *Alt. reading*] Dear
 Curl. l. 29. *Alt. reading*] and from Physic. ll. 25—28] the position of
 this verse is queried in the MS. volume.

p. 337, ll. 8 ff. *Additional titles*] Poetry & Painting. The pride of Babel.

p. 338, ll. 10 and 20] full-points have been added. The prologue is dated
 Feb. 1719.

p. 340, l. 22. MS.] ought.

p. 342, ll. 5 etc. The MS. is marked 'Imperfect.' Brackets have been
 added in ll. 6 and 7, and 15. Full-points have been added at the end of
 ll. 9, 14, 24, 37. A colon has been inserted after 'Talk'd' in l. 17. l. 30.
 MS.] Of.

p. 344, l. 25. MS.] ought. l. 27] *a comma has been added after be.*

The fragments I have given are, perhaps, sufficient to show the nature
 of Prior's attempt 'in the Ancient Guise.' Further fragments, more or less
 imperfect, are extant, and it may be worth while to preserve the following.
 Some, it will be seen, are alternative lines to those already printed.

Noble his race, his breeding & behaviour
 Liberal, tho large his Lands his Mind much larger.
 By humble Suit by Service or by lure
 For Nature made all Women to be won.

Strange Sex, that wou'd be Woed
 Refusing to be won.

Poor Frederic trembling heard her speech his Eye
 Downcast endeavor'd to conceal yet told
 His inward woe.

'Till now too late two points he saw delude
 His love unprosperous & his ruin certain.

She said, and kneeling he embrac'd her knees
 And taking with respectful Awe her hand
 Kissed it, unable to express his Joy
 And impotent of Speech.

Where nor the care of Fig-tree or the Vine
 Torn from their branches are the largest Clusters
 And heap'd the Basket with abundant fruits
 That she may chuse the ripest: Fred'ric fear'd
 Least none be ripe enough.

Thus speaking on the Perch he Spyes his Hawk
 SIZES the bird and sudden wrings his neck
 Then flinging it to Thestylis enjoins her
 So in the Dressing to disguise the Meat
 That Clitia while She eats may not discern it.

Runs Thestylis She bids her Master come
 Horsemen were in the Court, the Coach was stop't
 And Clitia just alighted with surpris
 With Joy with fear divided Frederics heart:
 He came he saw he Welcom'd her, he sigh'd.

NOTES

Now alas nor Bird have I nor Clitia
Nor shal have: short he stopt, compos'd his look
And charg'd his Manhood to conceal his grief.
He said, and from his Tongue persuasive Venus
Great harbinger and friend of Love shot forth
Propitious; but she the God, the God himself
On the Youths thoughtful modest flaming Eye
Elate from out his fiery Quiver lanc'd
The chosen beam transfixing Clitia's heart.

p. 345, ll. 1 ff. I am indebted to Mr Dunn, of the University Library, Cambridge, for the transcript of this poem. l. 20. MS.] preseve.

p. 349, l. 22. The next fragment is a draft as follows:
I was made by God, and am preserved by him, else I shal be annihilated.
Whence ill?

Calvin says we were all Predestinated.

The consequences are that we are Machines, that our good Endeavors signify nothing.

Yet the Apostle says we are Clay in the hands of the Potter.

That Argument Answered Man & Inanimate being compared.

The Solution of this Doubt that God foresaw & permitted which is just the same as if he Predestinated.

ll. 24—26] crossed out in the MS. l. 33. MS.] chose.

p. 350, l. 1. *I have added*] the. l. 19. *Alt. reading*] This highest link of this perpetual chain.

p. 351, ll. 17 and 20] marks of interrogation have been added. l. 26] *a comma has been added after Earth.*

p. 353, l. 2] a colon has been added. l. 13] *a comma has been added after requir'd and a colon after Obey'd.* l. 17] a full-point has been added. l. 19] a mark of interrogation has been added. l. 27] a full-point has been added.

p. 354, ll. 7 and 9] full-points have been added. l. 31] a semi-colon has been added.

p. 355, ll. 1—5. There are several folios among the Longleat papers of 'Minutes for a Tragedy' to be entitled 'Britanicus,' but the draft is too imperfect to be printed. I have included these four lines mainly to put on record that such a poem was contemplated by Prior. The MSS. also include a long 'Argument of Ladislaus,' another 'Tragedy,' and many fragmentary 'Observations on Homer and Ovid,' of the nature of note-book entries. ll. 6 ff. To these French scraps may be added the lines given by Mitford in his edition of Prior, 1835, Vol. i. p. xviii. 'In a French company, when everyone sang a little song or stanzas, of which the burden was given—*Bannissons la mélancolie*,—when it came to his turn to sing, after the performance of a young lady, he produced these extemporary and elegant lines:

Mais cette voix, et ces beaux yeux
Font Cupidon trop dangereux,
Et je suis triste quand je crie
Bannissons la mélancolie.'

p. 356, ll. 10 ff.] Dated 'W. Dec. 1720.'

p. 357, ll. 5—8. These four lines were printed in the Aldine edition of Prior. I have printed them as they appear in the Longleat fragments. ll. 9 and 11. MS.] Psyche. l. 17. MS.] forsooth. l. 27. MS.] shews.

NOTES

It may be worth while to preserve the following additional fragment here :

And I was last Year a Ladys Page
 send her Letter in a riper Age
 When I in fact shal Act Siphax part
 Let ev'ry fair Leandra guard her heart.

p. 358, ll. 14 and 16] full-points have been added.

p. 359, l. 9. MS.] ought.

p. 360. An earlier draft shows the following variants : l. 14] Milk too, and.

p. 361, l. 3] Her Manner stil...mind still the. l. 24] Tho the blew...still
 the. l. 28] a nice trim. l. 30] She [*defective*] the Cocquet and she laught
 at the.

p. 362, l. 2] Was always most humoured, as most. l. 18] And in points.
 l. 20] And in points of Divinity adher'd. l. 22] So suppressing her scruples
 she frankly believ'd. l. 31] and she workt, while she pay'd.

p. 363, l. 2] her botles (?) nor. l. 4] all ye Prophane. l. 5] Ye that.
 l. 7] But ye that place Love. l. 16] If like me you should weep and should
 set up a stone. l. 18] Friend your Misfortune.

The following three verses are crossed out :

With her Parrot and Dog on the sides of her bed
 With the key of the Cellar close under her head
 Here J—— lyes extended as if she were Dead.

* * * * *
 And when that Day comes since no more can be done Her
 Than to take a due Care of her Corps & her Honour
 Lest unsanctify'd Hands or Ill tongues light upon Her.
 * * * * *

If a little beforehand her praises I mention
 My (?) you'll ascribe to my pious intention
 Good Doctors give Physic by way of Prevention.

p. 363. The following fragments are all from the Longleat Prior MSS. and seem worthy of preservation here. The first fragments show Prior practising, the second and third are items selected from similar notes of too slight a nature to accompany them, and the three documents that follow are of too characteristic a nature to remain in oblivion.

- (1) Thus the fair Vine with greatest Plenty crown'd
 Enclines her head stil nearest to the ground
 While with her gifts She joys the neighb'ring Swains
 And scatters blessings on the distant Plains
 The heave'nly modesty that adorns her brows
 Doubly enriches what her hand bestows.
 So the fair Vine with richest Vintage crown'd
 When most she gives bows nearest to the ground
 So the fair Rose tree lowest bears her head
 When the full flowers hang thickest round her head
 When to her Gifts she calls the neighb'ring Swains
 And scatters Odor on the distant Plains.
 With grateful blush She calls the chearful Swain
 And humble Scatters Plenty thro the Plain.
 Thus the fair Rose tree when her blossoms spread
 Their fullest Gifts, enclines her lovely head.

NOTES

Thus when the Vine looks nearer to the ground
With swelling Vintage her rich brows are crown'd.
Thus the rich Vine with swelling Vintage crown'd
With humble grace bows nearer to the ground.

(2) I read Horace & Virgil above Forty Years, but I never understood two passages of them till I saw Down.

Horace. O rus! quando ego Te aspiciam quandoq; Licebit
Ducere Sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae.

Virgil. Oh! qui Me gelidis submontibus Emi
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?

(3) PAINTING.

It is not enough to have Eyes, You must have understanding also, and in proportion to that understanding the pleasure you have from seeing the picture is augmented.

If any man views the Copernican System upon paper he takes notice only of so many Circles that compose one great Scroll, as he apprehends it more distinctly he will more particularly admire it, and when he is Master of it, He will wonder how it came into the Wit of Man to invent it; The like in Painting, an ignorant Person sees Men, Women, or Animals, Buildings or Landscapes, and contents himself by thinking these things thus painted resemble what he has seen in the World. As he remarks more difference in these Representations, he begins to reflect how far one Painter exceeds another, and as he grows up to a fuller knowledge, and examines more studiously the beauties of the design, the disposition, and the colouring, he falls into admiration that it should be in the Wit or power of Man to draw these lights and shades forth from a flat ground, and to raise a little Creation from a poor piece of wood or an extended canvas.

To Sr: Humphry Polesworth.

May, the 13th 1712.

Look You Sr: Humphry, as to the Promissory circumstances of our repairing, I cannot be upon the Catagorical for Friday; In case therefore that You correspond with Steny upon the Premises of that accidental, pray don't precipitate nor be a Fixer: I tip You this wink accordingly, that you may rather improve the point to an occasional prevention than otherwise, for as I am no specious Gilder but a downright under-flanker I shou'd deserve to be Chop't most damnably by You if from any omission, that is to say, of mine you shou'd happen to be Nebust; & This if Your Cogitation lies never so little towards the mature you will easily smoke to be Explicit, which is the necessary from,

Sr.,

Your old Corresponder &
customary Friend,
MATTHEW.

Know all Men by these Presents that I Matthew Prior of the Parish of St: Margaret Westminster, Do for several weighty considerations me thereunto moving make over Consign and give up to Ovinton of Wimple in Cambridge-shire, Esq: His Heirs Administrators and Assigns the Person and Body of one damned, lame, blood-roan, farcy, good for nothing Horse, for the use and behalf of the Hounds of my good Friend the Right Honorable the Lord Harley, And I do freely and of my own motion make a Present to the said Lords Hunts-man of the Skin and Shoes of the abovenamed Horse, Desiring

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and Impowering the said Ovington, Esq^r: to Execute this my Letter of Attorney in as due and ample form as if I my self were Present. In Witness whereof I set my hand and Seal this Eighteenth Day of September 1718.

M. PRIOR.

Witness
Adrian Drift.

John Rowland Groom † his mark.

Timothy Hobnail Farrier ☞ his mark.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Supposed Straying, as at Grass in the Fields or Meadows near Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, a Horse about 13 hand high, formerly Gray, now turning upon the White, consequently no mark in his Mouth, his Name Ralpho, or according to the Vulgar Ralph: Who ever brings him to Mr: Ovington, or in his absence to Thomas the Groom, at the House or Stables of the Right Honorable the Lord Harley in Dover-Street, Or, to Mr: Prior in Duke Street, Westminster, Shal have a Guinea reward, and no Questions asked; Excepting only what ought to be Excepted, that if the said White Ralpho shal be found in the Comp^y: of an Ancient but unhappy Friend of his called Blood-roan, Condemned some Months since to the said Lords Dogs, who daily expect and bark for the Execution of that Sentence; In this case who ever gives Notice of, or produces the said Ralpho, shal only have & receive for his Reward, One Shilling, One Sprig of Rosemary, and One pint of burnt Claret.

NB. The Supposed Proprietor of the above named Ralpho is very desirous to know where he is, and how he does, This being the Season of the Year in which Old Men peep out upon White Horses.

p. 364, ll. 3 ff.] from the MS. in St John's College Library.

p. 366. From a copy in the possession of Mr T. J. Wise. 'London: Sold by T. Bickerton at the Crown in Pater-Noster-Row.'

p. 368. From a copy in the possession of Mr T. J. Wise. 'The Fable of the Lyon and the Fox. London, Printed in the Year 1712. and Sold by the Booksellers. Price 1d.'

The above seem to me to be by Prior. Mr Wise informs me that he bought both as Prior's on the advice of Dr Garnett.

p. 370. This *Epistle* was published separately in folio in 1706 under the following title. There is a copy in the collection of Mr T. J. Wise, who has kindly allowed me to reproduce, as follows, the preliminary letter, and the poem that follows the *Epistle*, in the folio.

AN | EPISTLE | FROM THE | Elector of Bavaria | TO THE | FRENCH
KING: | AFTER THE | BATTEL of RAMILLIES.

*Triste petis munus: quis enim sua prœlia victus
Commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum;
Magnaque dat nobis Tantus solatia VICTOR.*

Ovid Metam. Lib. 9.

LONDON: | Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next | Grays-
Inn Lane. 1706.

To the Right Honourable | WILLIAM COWPER, Esq; | LORD
KEEPER | OF THE | GREAT-SEAL | OF | ENGLAND.

MY LORD,

NONE of the Profession, over which Your Lordship presides, ought to appear in Verse, without asking Pardon of Your Lordship for the Transgression.

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Ovid, whose Manner of Writing I have Endeavour'd to Imitate, was Censur'd by some of his Friends for leaving the Study of the Laws for that of Poetry; but I hope the Subject of the following Poem, and the Example of Your Lordship, as well as of the Greatest Men of this present Age, who have Condescended to be admir'd for these Sort of Productions, will sufficiently Defend me from any Reproaches of this Kind. The most Eminent for their Application to Business have sometimes employ'd their Vacant Hours in these Diversions: And those who have the Honour to Attend Your Lordship's Court will find Leisure enough to Exercise themselves in Poetry, if Your Lordship Continues to Determine Causes with the same Expedition with which You have hitherto proceeded.

Our General has not Signaliz'd himself more in the Field, than Your Lordship has done in the Courts of Justice. The Injur'd and the Oppress'd have been remarkably Reliev'd in both Places; and if in the One Towns have been Taken in a few Days that have been thought Impregnable, in the Other Controversies have been Decided in a few Hours that have formerly been look'd upon as the Work of Ages.

But the Publick Administration of Justice, and those Extraordinary Qualifications, with which Your Lordship so Eminently Adorns Your High Station, are everywhere Admir'd and Celebrated. Before a Performance of this Nature, it might be more proper to take Notice of the great Insight Your Lordship is allow'd to have in all the Politer Parts of Learning. As in other Respects Your Lordship falls short of none of Your Predecessors, so in this You shall be Deservedly Nam'd with Sir *Thomas More*, my Lord *Verulam*, and what is a far greater Honour, my Lord *Sommers*. This Particular Accomplishment of Your Lordship, would Discourage me from Offering You this Trifle, if I were not less Ambitious of gaining Your Applause, than of shewing my self,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Dutiful, and

Most Obedient

Humble Servant.

TO THE
DUKE

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

Pardon, Great DUKE, if *Britain's* Stile delights;
Or if th' Imperial Title more invites,
Pardon, Great PRINCE, the Failings of a Muse,
That dares not hope for more than Your Excuse,
Forc'd at a Distance to attempt Your Praise,
And Sing Your Victories in Mournful Lays,
To cast in Shadows, and allay the Light,
That Wounds, with nearer Rays, the dazled Sight,
Nor durst in a direct and open Strain
Such Acts, with her unhallow'd Notes, prophane:
In tow'ring Verse let meaner Heroes grow,
And to Elab'rate Lines their Greatness owe;
Your Actions, own'd by ev'ry Nation, want
Praises, no greater than a Foe may grant.

Oh! when shall *Europe*, by her MARLBOROUGH'S Sword,
To lasting Peace and Liberty restor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a Retreat,
To his lov'd Country and his rising Seat?

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Where your soft Part'ner, far from Martial Noise,
Your Cares shall sweeten with Domestick Joys :
Your Conquests she with doubtful Pleasure hears,
And in the midst of Ev'ry Triumph fears;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her Life,
A Friend Obsequious, and a Faithful Wife.

Hail *Woodstock* ! Hail ye Celebrated Glades !
Grow fast ye Woods, and flourish thick ye Shades !
Ye rising Tow'rs for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old *Henry* come from *Gallia's* War
The Gen'ral's Arms as far the King's o'erpow'r,
As this new Structure does surpass the Bow'r.

The Pleasing Prospects and Romantick Site,
The Spacious Compass, and the Stately Height;
The painted Gardens, in their flow'ry Prime,
Demand whole Volumes of Immortal Rhime,
And if the Muse would second the Design,
Mean, as they are, should in my Numbers shine.
There live, the Joy and Wonder of our Isles,
Happy in *Albion's* Love and *ANNA's* Smiles.

While from the Godlike Race of *CHURCHILL* born,
Four beauteous *Rosamonds* this Bow'r adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the Place,
In Charms might vie and ev'ry blooming Grace;
But bless'd with equal Virtues had she been,
Like them she had been Favour'd by the *QUEEN*,
Whom your high Merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest Beds of *England's* Peers.

Thus the Great Eagle, when Heav'n's Wars are o'er,
And the loud Thunder has forgot to rore,
Jove's Fires laid by, with those of *Venus* burns,
To his forsaken Mate and Shades returns;
On some proud Tree, more Sacred than the rest,
With curious Art he Builds his spacious Nest;
In the warm Sun lyes Basking all the Day,
While round their Sire the gen'rous Eaglets play;
Their Sire, well-pleas'd to see the Noble Brood,
Fill all the Loftiest Cedars of the Wood.

FINIS.

The text printed is from 'A Collection of Poems in Six Volumes. By Several Hands. London: Printed by J. Hughs, For R. and J. Dodsley, at Tully's-Head in Pall Mall. M.DCC.LVIII.' This also seems to me to be Prior's. Mr Wise tells me that it was identified as Prior's by Birkbeck Hill. l. 8. Folio] If all. l. 11. *misprints*] wire.

p. 371, l. 5. Folio] to this.

p. 376, ll. 11, 31, 32] Exclamation marks have been substituted for marks of interrogation.

NOTES

p. 378. Printed from 'Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems... London: Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys, between the Two Temple-Gates, in Fleet-street.' (? 1708.) They were first attributed to Prior by J. Nichols in 'A Select Collection of Poems... Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, MDCCLXXX.'

They follow immediately after '*A Simile. By Mr. P——r.*' in Lintott's volume and before '*Sanazarius on Venice. English'd by Mr. Hopkins.*' It may be part of the arrangement of Lintott's volume to put pieces by the same author together, even when he does not repeat the phrase *By the same* or *By the same Hand*. There is some slight evidence of this, but by no means sufficient to justify certain attribution. My copy of the *Oxford and Cambridge* volume belonged to John Boyle, fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery, whose signature it contains (dated November 25th, 1751), and who has written opposite the *Simile* 'by M. Prior. Esq. To Tom Southerne.' The *Simile* will be found in the first volume of the present edition, p. 134.

p. 380. Printed from a copy in the possession of Mr T. J. Wise. 'London: Printed for A. Baldwin, in Warwick-lane. Price Two Pence.'

p. 382. Mr T. J. Wise has very kindly collated the *Fable of the Widow and Her Cat* for me with his copy of the original folio.

These two poems also were first printed as 'probably' Prior's by Nichols, whose emendations are in square brackets, and who says 'The hints of this and the next [i.e. *The Widow*, etc.] appear to have originated from *The Fable of the Old Lady & Her Cats*, printed in the General Postscript, Nov. 7, 1709. They have both been ascribed to Dr. Swift.' And of *The Widow*, etc., Nichols says 'In Tindal's Continuation of *Rapin* xvii. 454, this fable is said to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State" 1720, p. 519, where it is applied to the Duke of Marlborough, it is said to be by Swift or Prior.' I have spent much time, and my friend Mr G. A. Brown has spent more, in endeavouring to find fresh evidence, but the search has proved fruitless.

p. 384. This paraphrase is printed among the poems of Dorset by Johnson. I have taken the text from Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, Part 3. Its attribution to Prior by previous editors, following Nichols, explains its presence here.

The following poems, among many others, have been attributed to Prior:

- A Law against Cuckoldom. 1700.
- The Shoe-Maker Beyond his Last. 1700.
- The Virtuous Wife. 1700.
- Wedlock a Paradise. 1701.
- The Character of a Covetous Citizen. 1702.
- The Lawyer Turn'd Butcher. 1702.
- The Perquisite-Monger. 1712.
- Yarhell's Kitchen. 1713.
- The Rape. An Epistolary Poem. 1714.
- To his Grace the Duke of Argyll. 1716.
- To the Knight of the Sable Shield. 1716.
- Austin, and the Monks of Bangor. 1718.
- The Enjoyment. 1719.
- The Silent Flute. 1729.
- The Statues: or, the trial of Constancy. 1739.

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